



THE BOYS'
BOOK OF SPORTS



A CLOSE DECISION

THE BOYS' BOOK OF SPORTS

EDITED BY
GRANTLAND RICE

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS



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No. 1.

DEDICATED:

TO ALL WHO LOVE THE OUTDOOR GAME
THROUGH LIFE'S YOUNG APRIL OUT THE WAY;
WHO MAKE THEIR BID FOR FUN OR FAME,
AND FEEL THE ANCIENT THRILL OF PLAY.

TO ALL THE KIDS WHO 'VE HEARD THE CALL
OF FIELD AND STREAM — OF TRACK AND SPAR —
WHO 'VE LOOKED AT LIFE BEYOND THE WALL —
AND THAT MEANS ALL THE KIDS THERE ARE!

INTRODUCTION

In selecting this material for "The Boys' Book of Sports" we had in mind but one thought. This thought was to try and confer upon the average normal boy — which most of them are — a double blessing. 1. A long period of entertainment and delight. 2. A full span of instruction and an inside view upon all the games that each boy plays, or would like to play, if he had the chance.

There is no normal boy in all the world who does n't thrill at the call of outdoor life; who does n't like to play football or baseball, golf or tennis; who does n't like to camp out, fly kites, have a camera, go fishing and swimming, shoot a rifle, jump, run, or sail a boat, or dream of riding in an aëroplane that will take him far above the trees he climbs and the birds that have eluded his reach.

What boy in the land is there who would n't like to have Billy Evans, the great American League umpire, come to him and tell all about the heroes of baseball — how Cobb bats and Johnson pitches, how Alexander wins, and how Speaker makes his three-base hits?

What boy is there who would n't like to have Christy Mathewson come and tell him how to throw the "fade-away" — how to hold the ball for various curves, how the great game should be played?

They both come to you in this book and tell you all of these things and many more.

What boy is there who would n't thrill at the chance to have Francis Ouimet, the youthful conqueror of

Ray and Vardon, come to him and tell the story of his golfing life; how he began the game; how he improved his play, and how he finally worked his way to the greatest glory any American youngster has ever known in sport? This is just what Francis Ouimet does in "The Boys' Book of Sports."

And these things are only a small part of the "sporting party" that "St. Nicholas" is giving. For after reading all the "hows" and "whys" of different games, there are still left the gripping stories of young heroes who make long runs down the field, or three-base hits, or who come to the tape with the winning spurt.

In making this selection from the best sporting stories that "St. Nicholas" has produced in the last twenty years, there was material, not only for a book, but for a complete library of books. There were many hundreds of the best possible stories to choose. But there was always the thought that in the final selection the reader would have his sporting library complete and compact in one volume.

The boy is going into sport more and more each year. This is the age of sport and the youngster is taking his part in the long parade. It has suddenly come upon older men, who started certain games too late in life, what they missed by not molding their playing form when muscles responded in a far quicker way. These men are seeing to it that their boys are not making the same mistake and missing the great chance for later pleasure. And they don't have to drive the boy to his task. He might like one game better than another, but he wants to know about them all. Given his chance, he would play baseball and football, golf and tennis, fly a kite, go swimming, and between sessions camp out and have a motor-cycle.

He probably won't be able to do all of these things. But what is at least next best — if not just as good — he has his chance here to know all about them, and to gather in the spirit of each game from the many stories this book contains.

Suppose you should take the average boy out and say to him: "I am now going to show you how to throw a drop; how to kick a field-goal; how to make a forward pass; how to play golf; how to play tennis; how to make a small aëroplane; how to train for running and jumping; how to stand at bat; how to ride a motor-cycle; how to make a tent for camping out; how to swim; the best way to fish; how to row a boat; how to shoot a rifle; how to work a camera." If he thought you meant it, you would have a sworn and staunch friend for life. Yet this is exactly what we are showing him in an even better way with the best instructors to be obtained: Christy Mathewson, Billy Evans, Francis Ouimet, Parmly Paret, Parke Davis, and dozens of others who stand at the top.

The reader will find the most attractive feature of the book its wide variety. Too much instruction, even in sport, might pall a bit. But instruction in the outdoor game is only a part of the combination. The various stories of athletic young heroes are not only intensely exciting in their appeal, but they are all written by the best writers of boy stories to be found. These too are instructive in another way, for they show how clean living, hard training, courage, and patience are not to be beaten.

In arranging this book we came upon only one regret — that is, if any such book was printed in our younger days, we never had the chance to read it. It is an opportunity we would not have missed for anything, if we had only known; and so it is an oppor-

tunity we hate to think any of the boys of to-day will miss.

To those boys who have never read the stories here, the treat will be well beyond any measuring. And those who have will find it greatly to their advantage to have in one book so much instruction and "inside" opinions upon so many games within easy reach.

The full proof of its value is that not only boys, but older men interested in the outdoor game, will find it well worth their while to make their way through its pages. Writing and reading sport is a big part of our daily existence. But when we had read the last of the manuscripts here, we wanted to keep going on into another volume.

In these pages you can not only learn — you can learn with the pulse-leap of continued excitement and an abiding interest that the rush of the game does n't permit to lag.

GRANTLAND RICE.

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THE BOYS'
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I

THE ART OF BATTING

BY UMPIRE "BILLY EVANS" OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

"PAYNE is now batting for Cobb!"

Such was the announcement made to the fans by the umpire, near the close of a game between Chicago and Detroit several years ago. No doubt you wonder what happened to make it necessary that a substitute batter be used in Cobb's place. You feel sure that Cobb suffered an injury of some kind. Nothing of the sort. The only thing wrong with Tyrus, on that memorable afternoon, was the fact that on his four trips to the plate he had struck out as many times. Not once did he even hit a long foul. Left-handers, as a rule, have the edge on a left-handed batsman. White, one of the craftiest pitchers in the business, was doing the twirling for the "White Sox." Throughout the game, he had outguessed the famous batsman of the "Tigers." At that time, Cobb was not the finished performer he is to-day. Some years of experience have perfected him in many of the fine points of the game that he lacked at that time. And Payne was almost as helpless before White, as Cobb had been.

The following day, I talked with Cobb for a few minutes before the start of the game. The fact that he had been struck out four times in one game was not to his liking. He did n't intend to stand for such treatment very often. No doubt his weakness at the bat that afternoon had caused him to do a lot of thinking in the evening. Before I had a chance to say anything about White's great pitching, Cobb brought up the subject.

"I must have looked like the worst hitter in the world yesterday," remarked Tyrus. "Never has a pitcher made me look as foolish as did White, and I don't believe any pitcher will ever turn such a trick again. I feel sure I can hit White. It did n't look that way yesterday; but I am positive White is n't going to trouble me in the future. He's a great pitcher, and he certainly had me outguessed at every turn; but two can work at that game. The next time I face White, I may get a little revenge for those four strike-outs he handed me. When I was looking for the curve, I got the slow one, and when I would get set for a fast one, he would come through with a curve. When I figured on a slow ball, he would buzz a fast one by my head. Perhaps the next time, I may do the correct guessing, and if such happens to be the case, the score is liable to show a few doubles and triples instead of a big bunch of strike-outs."

Cobb discovered that afternoon that White was less effective if the batter shifted around in the box. He made a close study of the best positions to assume to connect with White's various styles. First, he would be up in front of the batter's box, then back at the rear of it, while the next minute he would be closely hugging the plate. Never again, during the remainder of White's career as a pitcher in the American League,



TY COBB



TRIS SPEAKER

was he as troublesome for Cobb as on the afternoon he caused the "Georgia Peach" to whiff four times. In fact, Cobb was more troublesome, as a rule, to White than White ever was to Cobb. Many a time did Tyrus come through with a wallop at White's expense that decided the game in favor of the "Tigers."

Cobb is a wonderful batsman. His record as an American Leaguer is proof positive of that fact. He joined the Detroit club late in the season of 1905. During the remainder of the season, he took part in 41 games, hitting .240, which was the only time during his major-league career that his batting missed the .300 mark. In his second year as a big-leaguer, Cobb finished sixth, with an average of .320. In 1907, he came into his own as a batter, piling up a record of .350 for the season, and carrying off the batting honors of the league. That started Cobb on a mad batting career. The close of every season for nine years found him leading the American League hitters, usually with a comfortable margin to spare, and it was not until 1916 that Tris Speaker, of Cleveland, with a percentage of .386 took the coveted honor away from him. Cobb's record, since joining the American League, is as follows:

Year	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Percentage
1905	41	150	9	36	.240
1906	97	350	44	112	.320
1907	150	605	97	212	.350
1908	150	581	88	188	.324
1909	156	573	116	216	.377
1910	140	509	106	196	.385
1911	146	591	147	248	.420
1912	140	553	119	227	.410
1913	122	420	70	167	.390
1914	97	345	69	127	.368
1915	156	563	144	208	.370
1916	145	542	113	201	.371

A glance at the above figures is perhaps the best possible proof of Cobb's ability as a batsman. For the last eleven years, he has hit well above .300, a batting mark at which all great players aim. In two of these eleven years, he has batted over .400, while in three others he has been dangerously close to the mark. It is not generally known, but Cobb suffers from a perpendicular astigmatism in one of his eyes. He rights the vision of this eye by cocking the head a trifle, which you will notice if you carefully watch his pose at the bat the next time you see him in action. American League pitchers insist they are extremely glad there is something wrong with one of his eyes. They can't imagine what his batting average would be, if both optics were in tiptop shape!

"A great hitter must have the natural ability. It is possible to perfect a man's style in the field, thus greatly improving his fielding game, but not nearly as much can be done to aid the weak hitter," remarked Cobb some time ago, when discussing the subject of batting. "It must come naturally. Mighty few hitters have benefited their averages by changing their style at the plate. Hans Wagner is a great hitter; Nap Lajoie is a wonderful batter; Sherwood Magee can clout the ball; while Sam Crawford and Tris Speaker are feared by every pitcher with an ounce of brains. These five fellows are all great batters; yet no two of them have the same style at the plate. It would be impossible for any one in the world to copy Wagner's slouchy attitude, and achieve greatness at the bat. No one but Lajoie could assume the indifference that characterizes Larry's stand at the plate, and be able to wallop the ball as the big Frenchman does. Then there is Sam Crawford, who is grace personified when he steps into the batter's box. Every

move that Sam makes in the box is graceful. He is the direct opposite of Wagner, yet both are master batsmen. Nature gave Crawford and Wagner each his particular style. Each hit at the ball in just the same way on the day he made his big league début, as he does to-day.

“After natural ability comes confidence. A belief on the part of the batter that he can hit any kind of pitching, is the greatest boost in the world to natural ability. I have always regarded confidence as half the battle. After White had struck me out four times in that one game I was disgusted, but not discouraged. I simply could n’t figure where he had any license to make me look as helpless as all that. I decided that I could hit White; that I would hit him, and that I would get revenge for those four straight strikeouts. I guess even ‘Doc’ White himself will admit that I have made good on that point. White made trouble for me because he was brainy, and had plenty of confidence. South-paws with more speed and a better curve had been easy for me, yet White with his brains and confidence, plus a slow ball and a dinky curve, had made me look foolish. I realized that I would have to combat him with brains and confidence. To go up to the plate in a rage, determined to knock the ball out of the lot, is just the pose and frame of mind White liked all batters to be in. A fellow who took healthy lunges at White’s teasers generally dented the air. White always smiled his sweetest at batters in that frame of mind. I decided that when facing White, I would smile as broadly as did he; that I would n’t try to knock any balls out of the lot; that I would n’t hit at any bad ones for the sake of hitting, and that I would force ‘Doc’ to get the ball over the plate. I have always followed that custom when

hitting against White, and have been very successful.

"A majority of the batters are overawed by the average pitcher when they go to bat. They figure the pitcher has the edge on them—that he has a little bit more to offer as a pitcher than they have as batters. If they happen to face a star, the feeling of not being able to hit is all the greater. I always make an effort to feel that I am a little bit better batter than the pitcher is a pitcher. I try not to be worried when I get two strikes, as I always figure that I still have a good chance. The only strike I hate to hear the umpire call is the third one, for then I know I am through. A lot of critics say I am more dangerous with two strikes on me than at any other time. I suppose a lot of pitchers feel the same way about it. I hope they will always regard me in that light. I honestly believe that I do my best hitting when men are on bases. I like to see the runs going across the plate, and I really believe that I put more fire in my work, when a couple of men are on bases, than when the sacks are empty. I know the pitcher is under a strain. I always try to believe that he is the fellow who should be worried.

"A batter can never hope to be a great hitter, if he has a tendency to pull away from the plate. Batters who back away are the easiest victims for the brainy pitcher. Backing away from the plate is due to fear, a lack of confidence. The wise pitcher soon notices this defect, and is quick to take advantage of it. Such action is a tip to the pitcher that you fear being hit. Taking this as a cue, he throws a fast ball as close to your head as he can, without hitting you. This has a tendency to increase the fear, and perhaps drive you still further away from the plate. This,

of course, was the end desired by the pitcher, and having accomplished it, he proceeds to take advantage of your position in the batter's box, by using a curve ball on the outside of the plate, which it is well-nigh impossible to hit, yet is good enough to be called a strike by the umpire. If you watch carefully, the good hitters are the ones who hold their ground; who refuse to be driven back. In a big majority of cases, it is the easiest thing in the world to get out of the way of the average wild pitch.

"Speed is, of course, a great asset to the batter. It is of more advantage than most batters think, for often hits are lost, simply because the batter doesn't think he has a chance, and fails to run out his hit. That is one feature of the game to which every player should adhere; yet every now and then I find myself jogging down to a base, instead of going at top speed, simply because I believe the infielder will throw me out, or the outfielder will surely catch my easy fly. A batter should never consider himself out, until he has actually been retired. Whenever he hits the ball, he should run his hardest, regardless of where or how the ball has been hit. It is really surprising the number of hits that are lost in this way every year. Running out a hit is a practice every manager should insist upon his players' obeying to the letter."

In connection with what Cobb had to say about batters often being overawed when facing some great pitcher, I vividly recall the experience of two recruits when pitted against Walter Johnson. It so happened that both these youngsters were unfortunate enough to make their major league début against the Washington club when Johnson was doing the pitching. One of the youngsters struck out three times, and on the fourth trial went out on a pop fly to the first baseman.

I felt sorry for the youngster, because I knew he was a better batter than this showed him to be. The next day, before the game, I happened to sit down next to him on the bench. I thought a little encouragement might make him feel better.

"You must n't worry because Johnson fanned you three times yesterday," I remarked. "I've seen him fan a lot of the veteran players quite as often."

The youngster did n't reply for a minute or two, and then his answer caused me to lessen my faith in his chances to make good.

"That was a fine spot to try me out!" said the youngster. "You would think the manager would have used better sense. The fans in this town can certainly roast a fellow. I can see what is coming to me, unless I deliver the goods. I suppose I'll get a chance the next time Johnson pitches. I've been sitting on the bench for a month waiting to break in, but now I wish I had n't been selected to play."

It is perhaps needless for me to add that the player I refer to did n't make good. He is not even in the minors, but has dropped out of base-ball entirely.

The other player who had his début against Johnson fared even worse. He struck out every time he stepped to the plate — to be exact, four times. I don't believe he even made so much as a foul. I shall never forget the youngster's look every time he took a swing at the ball.

"That boy certainly has something," was his remark, and a smile always accompanied it. Of the twelve strikes called on him, he swung at ten — and missed! The following day, when I came out on the field prior to the start of the game, the veteran members of the team were having a great laugh, listening to the youngster's explanation of how he managed to

keep Johnson from hitting his bat! He also expressed a hope that a photographer would be present if he achieved a foul off Johnson's delivery, so that he could have an enlarged picture made of the affair. The manager sat on the bench in silence. Not until he left the bench to bat to the infield in practice, did the recruit say anything to him. Then this was his remark:

"Don't forget, manager, that if you need a pinch hitter any time Johnson is working, I am at your service!"

"I may take you at your word," replied the manager, with a smile, for he was pleased with the spirit of the youngster. As fate would have it, a week or so later the youngster got another chance, and it was as a pinch hitter with Johnson pitching. He hit for two bases, and won the game! He is a big league star to-day. He did n't worry because Johnson struck him out four times on his major league début. He had confidence in his ability, and he owes his present high position in base-ball to that feature of his make-up.

Than Larry Lajoie no greater hitter ever lived. He was one of those fellows who appeared to be able to hit any kind of pitching. When spit-ball pitchers first came into the limelight and put a big crimp in the batting averages of many stars, Larry continued to hit the ball as hard as ever. Once, when asked how he managed to hit the moist ball so easily, Larry replied simply: "I hit it before it breaks. I stay up in front of the box, and when I connect it is little more than a fast ball." It was n't long before other batters were adopting similar tactics with a great deal of success.

Larry, like all other great players, no doubt had his theories on the art of batting, but he seldom expressed them. I have several times heard him remark that

the best way to get the ball safe was to hit it at a spot where no one happened to be playing—"to hit 'em where they ain't," as the saying goes. Like Cobb, Lajoie insisted that aside from natural ability, confidence is the batter's next best asset.

"I have always imagined that I could hit almost any kind of pitching," said Larry; "and I have succeeded fairly well. A good many pitchers have labored under the belief that there was n't any use trying to fool me. I believe all of this has played a big part in my batting ability, a superabundance of confidence on my part, and a lack of it on the part of the pitcher. It gave me the edge.

"I am often asked which is the easiest ball for a batter to hit. A good many people believe that certain styles and kinds of deliveries are much easier to hit than others. The easiest kind of a ball to hit varies with the batters. Certain players like best to swing at a fast ball at the knee, others waist high, some at the shoulders, while every now and then you find some batter whom pitchers always refer to as a 'wild pitch hitter.' By that they mean the batter is most dangerous when thrown a very bad ball, at which the average batter would not think of offering. Some players hit a curve ball hard; others are almost helpless before that kind of an offering. Batting becomes a duel of wits between the batter and the 'battery men,' by which I mean the pitcher and catcher. If the batter has a weakness, the pitcher naturally tries to take advantage of that fact, while the batter often waits patiently for the pitcher to serve the style of ball which is easiest for him to hit.

"Pitchers have always been kind enough to say that I did not have a weakness at the bat. They have always contended, however, that I invariably hit bad



HANS WAGNER

Notice how far apart his feet are braced



"NAP" LAJOIE

In his day the greatest batsman of them all

balls harder than balls right through the heart of the plate. I have to agree with them on that point. I have always liked a ball just on the outside or inside, or a ball a trifle above the shoulder, better than a fast ball through the middle, waist high. It has always seemed to me that I have been able to get more power in my swing, when hitting at the bad balls. A batter should always study the style of ball he likes best, and should never fail to try for such a ball, when delivered by the pitcher. Often he may have to look three or four pitches over before he gets one to his liking. The pitcher will naturally try to make the batter hit directly opposite to what he wants. If the batter is wise enough to wait out the pitcher, it is almost certain the pitcher will be forced to give the batter something approaching what he likes. If the batter waits him out, he gets the pitcher into the hole, for trying to work him on bad balls. This makes it necessary for the pitcher to get the ball over, or walk the batter, and every wise pitcher prefers to make the batsman earn his right to first base. That is perhaps one failing I have always had. I never waited out the pitcher as much as I should. Possibly I can explain this failure by the fact that pitchers have always regarded my weakness as a ball right through the heart of the plate, while the average batter has a bad ball weakness. Naturally a batter can only take three balls through the center of the plate, and then go back to the bench and get a drink of water, if he lets them all go by.

“In conclusion I would say the successful batter is the one with the natural ability, who has confidence in himself. He is the fellow who knows his strength as well as his weakness at the bat. In the game he is constantly trying to take advantage of his strength,

while in practice he is always attempting to bolster up his weakness. If it happens that you are weakest on a curve, insist on crowding the plate as closely as possible, without leaving the lines of your position. Don't allow the pitcher to drive you back by coming through with a fast ball on the inside. If he tries such a ball, he is simply trying to intimidate you, to get you away from the plate, and then come back with a curve. It is not possible to do much with the curve, unless you stand close to the plate; all the more so, if it happens to be your weakness. Unless you happen to have a decided weakness, it is best not to set yourself for a particular style of delivery. A batter assumes different positions when striking at different styles of delivery. It is evident that if he sets himself for the fast ball, he is at a disadvantage should the pitcher toss up a slow one. He can do very little with it. If you have no definite weakness, it is best to assume an ordinary position, then shift your feet to meet the style of delivery that you believe he is about to pitch."

I have discussed batting with all the great hitters, and few of them believe it is possible to develop a weak batter into a great one. They all insist that hitting is a gift of nature. They do admit it is possible to improve, but not to the extent of making a great batter out of a poor one. They will admit that, all things being equal, the fellow with the confidence, "the fight," is by far the most valuable man. Many a great minor league hitter fails in the big show, not because of lack of ability, but because of lack of confidence.

II

SPEED AND THE BASE-RUNNER

HE is the luckiest fellow that ever broke into the big league!"

That was what major league players in general thought about Ty Cobb, after he had been in the American League for a few years. Little credit was given Cobb for his daring feats on the bases. He was simply classed as lucky. Cobb is now, and has been for years, one of the real sensations of baseball. Those who insisted, at the start of his career, that he was simply lucky are now willing to admit that brains and speed, not luck, made possible many of the tricks Cobb turned on the bases.

"Keep a tight hold on that glove of yours, or he will be stealing it before you get out of the park!" It was Connie Mack, famous manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, who was speaking. He addressed the remark to one of his veteran catchers. It was near the close of a game at the old Detroit grounds, some years ago. Cobb had reached first by beating out a slow hit down the third base-line. On the very first ball pitched, he dashed for second. The catcher made a perfect throw, and it seemed certain that Cobb would be retired. There was a cloud of dust; and when it had cleared away, the umpire was standing over the play, with palms stretched downward, indicating that the runner was safe. Cobb had eluded the touch of the infielder, through the medium of the famous fall-away slide, which gives the man with the ball little

more than the spikes of sliding shoes to touch. No one was out at the time; and the batter in an attempt to move Cobb to third on a sacrifice, sent up a little pop fly to the catcher, and was out. There has always been a certain amount of animosity between Cobb and the Athletics. Naturally, when playing against the Athletics, Cobb always tries to go at high speed. On the first ball pitched to the next batter, Cobb raced to third. Once more the catcher made a good throw. It was a decidedly close play at third, and there was considerable speculation as to just what ruling the umpire might make. But the third base-man helped the umpire out of a tight hole by dropping the ball; and Cobb was safe. A fly to the outfield meant a run, if it was any kind of a drive, for it is mighty hard to throw Cobb out at the plate on a fly ball that travels any distance. The batter failed in the pinch by striking out. The next batter was Claude Rossman, who was always really dangerous with the bat. Rossman sent a long foul to left, then looked one over, which the umpire called a strike, making it two strikes and nothing, and putting Rossman in the hole. Cobb was standing passively about fifteen feet from third base. From his actions, one would have thought he did not have the slightest intention to attempt to steal home. As the pitcher started his wind-up, Cobb set out for the plate at full speed. With a left-hander at the bat, it is far more difficult for the runner to steal home, than with a right-hander up. The left-handed batter gives the catcher a clear view of the play, while he is slightly obscured by batters who hit from the right side of the plate. Base-runners, as a rule, seldom attempt such a feat with a left-hander, because of that very reason. A right-handed batter is often able to render some assistance in giving the catcher trouble, without

creating an interference that would be penalized by the umpire. The pitch to Rossman was very low, and on the inside. It almost struck the ground, pulling the catcher away out of position. The back-stop made a desperate effort to touch Cobb out, and thought he had succeeded in doing so; but the runner received the benefit of the doubt from the umpire and was declared safe.

"More Cobb luck!" was the way the Athletics put it, as they went to the bench when the side was retired. They figured he should have been retired at second, third, and home plate. Failure of the infielder to touch him saved him at second, the dropping of the ball by the third base-man gave him a life at that station, and they insisted that a poor decision by the umpire helped him out at the plate. The visiting players were agreed that no one but Cobb would have gotten away with such wild work on the bases. On that point they were right, not because Cobb was simply lucky, but because the dashing Southerner took chances that few, if any, others in base-ball would have attempted. It was a wonderful exhibition of base-running of the most advanced style. The average runner would have been content to play it safe, and await a base-hit, as the means to send his run across the plate.

In a game against St. Louis, I saw Cobb hit a short single to center field. He ran to first at about half-speed, turned the bag in a leisurely fashion, and the next instant was racing to second like mad! Cobb had planned his campaign on the way to first. He felt sure that his slow manner of getting down to the initial sack would lead the outfielder to believe that he had no intention of trying for second. As he rounded the bag, his glance in the direction of the outfielder

told him his plan had worked. Charley Hemphill was playing center field for St. Louis in that game, and he was seldom a careless fielder. Picking up the ball, he simply lobbed it in to second base. Cobb felt sure he could beat the throw, which, aside from being a slow one, was six or eight feet wide of the bag. Nearing second, always keeping his eye on the ball which was in front of him, he realized a bad bounce had caused it to get away from the second base-man. Never for a moment slackening his speed, he continued on to third! The throw to get him at that base was high, getting away from the third sacker. Amid the wild shouts of the crowd, Cobb dashed for the plate and reached it in safety! It was another typical exhibition of Cobb's base-running.

The average player is more than satisfied if he gets away with a steal of home every now and then during the regular playing season. In a short series of seven games, which is the length of base-ball's classic, the World's Series, stealing home is seldom given the slightest consideration by the players. In fact, as a rule less chances are taken, because every move is liable to prove very costly owing to the shortness of the series. If a player tries to achieve something, fails, and the next batter follows with a double or triple, the fans at once start figuring what probably *would* have happened had the ambitious player "played it safe," instead of "taking a wild chance," as they usually term it when the player is thrown out, even by a very close decision.

Cobb is a wonderful player, with great speed and a quick-thinking brain. In the second game of the 1909 series between Detroit and Pittsburgh, Cobb gave a crowd of over thirty thousand fans the thrill of a lifetime, for a steal home in a World's Series game

is an extremely rare performance. Pittsburgh got away to a two-run lead in the first inning. The Tigers came back in the second, sending two runs over the plate and making things even. In the third inning, with the score a tie and the bases filled, Delehanty came through with a single that scored two runs, and moved Cobb, who was on first at the time, to third. At this stage of the game, Manager Clarke took out pitcher Camnitz, and sent the veteran Willis to the rescue. The fact that Cobb performed his feat with a veteran pitcher in the box, a pitcher reputed a crafty boxman, made the performance all the more noteworthy. The Pittsburgh team appeared a bit in the air, as a result of the batting rally on the part of the Tigers. Cobb probably decided that a successful steal home would tend to throw them even further off their stride. He noticed that pitcher Willis was taking a rather long wind-up. On the third ball Willis pitched, Cobb made a dash for the plate. Because of his good lead and clever slide, Cobb managed to evade the touch of catcher Gibson, who was in a bad position, because Willis hurried the throw, getting the ball wide of the plate. That theft of home seemed to take a lot of ginger out of the Pittsburgh team, and Detroit won in easy fashion by the score of 7 to 2, notwithstanding that the Pirates had won a two-run lead in the opening inning.

Ability to run bases as he does, in addition to his skill as a batter, is what makes Cobb so extraordinary a player. There are any number of players who can hit almost as well; there are any number of players who have as much speed; quite a few are even more fleet of foot, yet there are few modern players who compare with Cobb on the bases. He seems able to get a bigger lead than the average player; he seems

to be able to guess accurately when the pitcher is going to deliver the ball, or when he means to throw to first; he seems to be able to squirm safely into a base, whether the ball is there ahead of him or not, unless the fielder blocks him off.

Base-ball managers are crying for more players of the Cobb type. They want men who are fast, and also willing to take a chance with their speed. A player with only fair hitting ability, and plenty of speed on the bases, is often given a greater chance to display his worth, than a far better hitter who happens to be slow of foot. It is no wonder then that base-running plays such an important part in base-ball.

Because of the high premium placed upon the good base-runner, it would seem that more attention would be paid to this part of the game. Much time and attention are given to all the minor details of other features of the game—yet but little time is spent in learning the fine points of the base-running art.

Hundreds of times during the season, runners are thrown out by a half step. Ability to get away from the plate or first base a fraction of a second sooner, would have enabled the player to reach his goal in safety. Despite this fact, few batters pay any attention to the manner in which they get away from the plate. Little effort is made to hasten their start. Sprinters will tell you that many a race is won at the crack of the gun. It would seem that many a base-hit is lost at the crack of the bat, because of the way the average batter gets away from the plate.

George Moriarty, of the Detroit club, could hardly have been classed as a "speed merchant," yet Moriarty was one of the best base-runners in the business. He was almost at top speed when taking his third step, and from third base was away the moment a pitcher



A SUCCESSFUL SLIDE AT THE HOME BASE

The runner slid *around* the catcher in such a way that the back-stop missed him



STEALING THIRD

This picture shows the runner having slid under the throw

started his wind-up. The fact that Moriarty stole home something like a dozen times during one season, is proof of his ability to run the bases. Here are some of the views Moriarty offered on the art of base-running:

“Picking the proper instant to run is of great aid to the base-runner,” said he. “Very often a close study of the pitcher and catcher greatly aids the runner in this. The runner must get his cue from one or the other member of the opposing battery. If the pitcher is a fellow noted for his ability to hold runners close to the bases, then special attention must be paid to him. I have made a close study of every pitcher I have batted against. After you have played against a pitcher for a season or two, you get to know any peculiarities he may have, provided you make a study of his pitching movements. The pitchers who have what players call a half-balk motion, invariably make some particular move when they intend throwing to first base. When it is their intention to pitch, this little movement is always eliminated from their wind-up. It is for the absence of this motion when throwing to first, that I am constantly watching. Other conditions being satisfactory, I make it a point to dash for the next base on that pitch. No two pitchers go through exactly the same motions preparatory to pitching or throwing to first base. In all my experience in the American League, Ed Walsh was the only fellow I never could figure out. Walsh undoubtedly developed the most deceptive motion I have ever seen. You never knew when he was going to pitch. He usually outguessed the base-runner, and if you insisted on taking the average lead off a base, Walsh was liable to catch you flat-footed, and make you look decidedly foolish.

“ If, on the other hand, the catcher happens to be the foxy member of the battery, one's attention must be confined to his movements. When you reach first under such conditions, running the bases becomes a test of wits between catcher and base-runner. The catcher is, of course, going to try to figure on what ball you are going to try to steal. He is going to make it a point to waste that ball. By ‘wasting the ball’ is meant that the pitcher shall throw it such a distance from the plate, that the batter will be unable to hit it. This pitch is to be delivered with as little motion as possible on the part of the pitcher. The idea always is to get the waste ball to the catcher as quickly as possible, so as to further increase his chances of throwing out the runner. A long wind-up on the part of the pitcher would be of great aid to the runner, consequently pitchers have two styles of deliveries. With the bases empty, the pitcher takes as long a wind-up as he desires. Many pitchers insist that they can get more speed on the ball with the long wind-up. That is why some pitchers are said to be less effective when runners are on the bases. It is necessary to cut down the pitching motion with runners on the bases, to keep them from ‘running wild’ at the expense of the catcher; and this, of course, decreases the speed of the pitcher, and makes his pitching easier for the batsman.

“ Realizing that the catcher is keeping his eye constantly on the base-runner, it becomes the duty of that runner to pay as much attention to the catcher. I often made trouble for catchers by using what is called a ‘false start.’ Being able to get a big lead, I give the catcher the impression that I am ready to go down on any ball. Often I have made catchers shift at the last moment, because they get the impression that I am going to steal, on account of the false starts I

persist in making. Very often it is possible to get the pitcher in the hole by such methods. That makes the situation all the better for you. It is almost a certainty that, if the first two deliveries are called balls, because the catcher is mistaken in believing you are going to steal, the pitcher is going to try his best to get the next ball over. That enables you to shift your style of play if desired, and utilize the hit-and-run, for the batsman has the advantage in being almost certain that the next ball is going to be over, if the pitcher's control does not fail him.

"Speed is a great asset to a base-runner, but a deceptive slide is almost as essential. A fast runner with a straight slide very often is not nearly as successful in stealing bases, as a fair runner with a fall-away slide. The runner with a straight-away slide simply goes directly into the base. Such runners are easy to touch, for the fielder with the ball realizes they are sure to make a direct line for the base. On the other hand, the runner with the fall-away has the fielder constantly in the air. Wonderfully fast men, like Cobb, Lobert, Bescher, Milan and others, can hook into the smallest portion of the base, and a greater part of the time manage to keep from over-sliding, after having gained the base in safety. Such runners can shift their slide according to the direction of the throw. On a certain kind of a throw, they will hook the body in on the infield; on another throw, they will throw the body in the direction of the outfield, always making it a point to get the foot in on some part of the bag."

I doubt if there is a man in base-ball who is harder to touch than Ty Cobb. Time after time Cobb is declared safe, when the ball beats him to the bag by several feet. Often it looks as if the umpire has ren-

dered a bad decision, but it is usually the same old story, the base-man failed to touch him. Cobb's slide is wonderfully deceptive. I asked him one day how he figures situations in advance. Here is what he had to say on the subject of sliding:

"As I near a base, I make it a point to study carefully the position assumed by the man about to take the throw. From the position of this fielder, it is possible to get a pretty good line on what kind of a throw has been made. If the fielder is in front of the bag, it becomes the duty of the runner to slide behind him,—that is, to throw in the foot as you near the bag, but twist the body in the direction of the outfield. This gives him only the foot to touch. If the fielder is taking the throw standing in the rear of the bag, it is a wise policy to slide in front of the bag, hooking the foot in and throwing the body in the direction of the infield. The quicker the slide, the more difficult the touch. I make it a point to run almost on top of the base-man before hitting the dirt, and giving the body a twist to drive me away from the base-man.

"The player must not forget, too, that there is a difference between base-running and mere stealing of bases. Conditions of the game must always be considered, and good base-running often makes it imperative that the hit-and-run be used, when the theft of a base might make the player's record look better."

III

FREAK PLAYS AND SUPERSTITIONS

BASE-BALL players are, perhaps, the most superstitious class of people in the world. That statement applies to the amateurs and "bush leaguers" just as strongly as it does to the Big League stars. The extent to which they allow themselves to be influenced by mere superstition is really surprising.

Perhaps nothing will illustrate this statement any better than a little incident in connection with a recent World's Series. The Athletics, a team made up mostly of college men, and supposed to possess more intelligence than the average ball team, were the actors in this little comedy of superstition. For years, the Philadelphia club has stayed at the same hotel in New York, one very close to Forty-second Street. Naturally, all the hotels were crowded during the series. This particular hotel had arranged to take care of the players in its customary satisfactory style. It occurred to Manager Mack that perhaps it might be better to have the players stay at a hotel farther up-town during the series. He thought this would enable the team to be free from the noise and excitement in the down-town hotels. Arrangements for the change had been practically completed when the players heard of the proposed shift.

In five minutes, little groups of players could be seen in various parts of the hotel lobby engaged in earnest conversation. After a time, the various

groups got together in one large conference which lasted several minutes. Then the meeting ended, and one of the players, a college graduate, made his way to Manager Mack. He called the latter aside, and addressed him in substance as follows:

"The boys understand that you intend changing hotels?"

"Only during the World's Series," answered Mack. "I thought they would like to get away from the noise and bustle."

"They have delegated me to request that no change be made in hotels during the series."

"Any particular reason for not wanting to change?" asked Mack, who failed to see a good reason for the request, because in many ways the hotel to which he intended to move far surpassed the team's headquarters at the time.

"Well, ball-players are superstitious, as you know," answered the player. "We have won several pennants, and always stayed at this hotel. When we beat the 'Giants' for the World's Series in 1911, we stayed at this hotel. And the boys would much prefer staying here during the present series. Most of them think a change in hotels would surely 'jinx' or hoodoo them."

"That settles it," answered Mack, with a smile. "Right here, then, is where we will stay."

The player who had acted as a committee of one rejoined the others and made known the outcome of his conference. And then, to justify their superstition, the Athletics went out and beat the Giants four out of six games.

Almost every player has some pet superstition which appeals to him very forcibly, and often he makes a strong appeal to the superstition to aid him in a pinch.

Eddie Collins, second baseman extraordinary, a graduate of Columbia University, one of the brightest chaps in base-ball, always resorts to a profuse scattering of the bats when his club is behind and a few runs are needed to win or tie the game. It is customary for the bats to lie in front of the bench, and it is one of the duties of the bat boy to keep them in order. In a pinch, Collins proceeds to "muss up" the thirty or forty bats, and when he gets through, they are scattered in all directions. This having been done, his team is expected to make the necessary runs.

On Labor Day afternoon some years ago, Philadelphia won a very unusual game from Washington, during which Collins did some fancy-work in scattering the bats about. It would surprise you to know what a prominent part the players believe the bat-scattering played in the victory.

The great Walter Johnson was pitching for Washington, and the game had gone into extra innings. In the first half of the tenth, Washington scored a run. With Johnson going at top speed, this run looked as big as a mountain. As the first Athletic player was retired in the last half of the tenth, many of the spectators began to file out of the grounds, in order to get an early start for home, as the park was taxed to capacity. By the time the second man was retired, one fourth of the crowd was outside the park. The next batter was Eddie Murphy, the lead-off man. As Murphy started toward the plate, Collins proceeded to scatter the bats in all directions. Murphy swung at the first ball and missed. The second strike was called. With two strikes and no balls on the batter, it looked as if Collins's pet superstition had failed to work.

On the next ball pitched Murphy singled cleanly to

left field. As the ball left Johnson's hand, practically the entire crowd rose to its feet, in order to be on its way. It had grown a trifle dark, and Johnson's speed was so terrific that it did not seem possible for any one to hit the ball safely. Murphy's single caused a portion of the spectators to return to their seats. Then came "Rube" Oldring, always a dangerous man in the pinch, and a mighty good hitter at any stage of the game. Oldring had evidently made up his mind to strike at the first ball delivered. Also it was evident that he gave the hit-and-run sign to Murphy, for the latter was in action the moment Johnson started his delivery. The ball was a perfect strike; Oldring met it squarely, and it sailed on a line to left center, evaded Clyde Milan, and rolled to the bleachers. Murphy sprinted from first to the plate on the drive, and only the fastest kind of fielding on the part of Milan held Oldring at second. It was then up to Collins to deliver the hit that meant the winning of the game. With some difficulty he found his bat among the many he had scattered about in front of the bench. Stepping to the batter's box, he hit the second ball pitched to right field for a clean single, and Oldring, by a magnificent burst of speed and a beautiful head-first slide, managed to beat the almost perfect throw of Moeller to the plate. It was one of the greatest climaxes of a ball game that I have ever witnessed. I was umpiring at the plate that afternoon, and never saw Johnson have more "stuff." There did not appear to be a chance for the Athletics to win, with two out and two strikes on the batter, but three clean hits in quick succession changed an apparent defeat into a glorious victory. But, remember: by the players themselves the scattering of the bats was given as much credit for the rally as the hits of Murphy, Oldring, and

Collins. And, incidentally, the four or five thousand who departed before the end of the game are still "kicking themselves" for not staying for the finish. "Never leave until the last man is out," is a pretty good rule to follow in base-ball.

A loser will do almost anything in base-ball to break his run of bad luck. The "Jonah man" certainly pursued that famous manager, Frank Chance, most relentlessly a few years ago. There is no denying Chance's ability as a manager. His wonderful record with the Chicago "Cubs" is ample proof of that. However, no manager can compete against strong clubs with a weak team, and make much headway. That was just what Chance was up against in New York at the time.

The "jinx," as the players term it, worked overtime at the Polo Grounds. Despite the fact that the club played some exceedingly good games at home, it was not until June 7 that Chance succeeded in winning his first game of the year at the Polo Grounds. On the road the club made a good showing, but, try as it might for the first two months of the season, it was unable to put over a victory at home. Game after game appeared won, only to be lost in the final innings by a slump in the pitching or some costly errors. On June 7, Chance managed to defeat Chicago by one run, and that victory was not certain until a timely single by Peckinpough in the ninth sent the winning run over the plate. Chance proceeded to do a war-dance that would have done credit to some Indian brave. He reasoned that the hoodoo had been eliminated; that from that time on, victories would be more frequent. And they were.

Just to show you to what length a manager will go in an effort to get a break in luck, I will relate an oc-

currence that took place at the Polo Grounds. The Boston "Red Sox" were scheduled to play a double-header with the New York team there on June 2. Before the beginning of the game, I was sitting on the bench with Chance, discussing with him his "run of tough luck." Chance was game, and was taking his medicine like a man. I remarked that such a break in luck could not last forever, and Chance replied that he, too, thought it could not, since he had all the "good-luck charms" that could be found. Then he took from a pocket in his base-ball trousers as varied a collection of "hoodoo-busters" as I have ever seen. He had all the luck charms that could possibly be gathered together. All of them had been sent to him by friends and well-wishers. "I'm putting five new ones into service to-day, as well as that old horse-shoe," which he had nailed to the top of the bench. "I hope to win one of these two games to-day."

The first game looked like a cinch for New York until late in the game, when the Red Sox had a batting rally, and batted out enough runs to overcome the big lead piled on by the home team during the early innings. Chance was a sorely disgusted man when I went over to get his batting order for the second game.

"I guess a fellow needs ball-players, not good-luck pieces, to win ball games, Billy," said Chance, with a smile. "But, say, have n't you any suggestion to offer?"

"You seem to have tried most of them," I answered; "but in the bush leagues I've seen managers of home teams go to bat first, in an effort to change their luck." (In base-ball it is customary for the visiting team to bat first.)

"That is one stunt I have n't tried as yet," replied

Chance. "When you go over to get the batting order from Manager Stahl, tell him that we will go to bat first, instead of Boston."

New York managed to make a couple of runs in the opening inning, and Chance again had hopes that luck was finally coming his way. But, about the fifth inning, Boston made a half dozen runs, and three or four more in the next, and before the conclusion of the contest, the New York club was again swamped.

Freak plays, about as weird as some of the superstitions of star ball-players, often occur in base-ball. For a man to bat twice in the same inning, and single each time, is rather unusual. For that player to bat out of order his second time up, and make a hit that decided the game, is very extraordinary as far as the Major Leagues are concerned. The climax of the affair was the loss of his job as a Big Leaguer by the player who forgot his turn at bat. Naturally, the then luckless New York Americans had to figure in this play.

That club and St. Louis were the contesting teams, at St. Louis. The "Browns" led by a run or two until about the seventh inning, when Chance decided to call on all his reserve force, with the hope of pulling out a victory. He started the inning by going to bat himself, in place of the pitcher. He singled, and scored a moment later on a single and a double. He had started a rally. After scoring his run, he went down to the third-base line to coach. With four runs in, men on second and third, and one out, one of the New York players yelled to Chance from the bench that it was his turn to bat again, as he was still in the game. Chance responded with a single through short that scored two runs, and a moment later he also scored. The Yankees had made seven runs in this

inning, and had gone into the lead with a comfortable margin.

After the side had been retired, and the second half of the inning was about to start, the official scorer discovered that Chance had batted out of the proper order. Immediately he made known the error to the St. Louis players, but it was too late to rectify the mistake. The rule on this point says that unless the mistake is discovered before a ball is pitched to the following batter, there is no chance to penalize the batsman who has batted out of turn. Had not St. Louis made three runs in the final inning, bringing the score to a total of 8 to 6, it is likely that little would have been said about the play. Since Chance's second single, when he batted out of order, had scored two runs, and he had tallied later, the error was the turning-point in the game. With these three runs ruled out, St. Louis would have won 6 to 5. That club protested the game, but of course they gained nothing.

The man who was playing short-stop for the New York club that afternoon and batting eighth, was responsible for the mix-up. Since Chance had batted for the pitcher his first time at bat, it was necessary that he again bat in the pitcher's place. Instead of doing this, he batted in place of the short-stop, who did not go to the plate at all in an inning in which seven runs were scored. Chance then and there decided that any player who could not remember his position in the batting order belonged to some other club.

I had a play come up once in a very important game which, while not unusual, was just confusing enough to the crowd to draw upon me its censure at the time, although I was forced to rule the way I did. Late in the game, with the visiting team three runs behind, one of the visitors reached first base on a clean single.

The next batter gave the hit-and-run sign to the man on first. The catcher anticipated the play and called for a pitch-out, and then, in his anxiety to get the ball, and realizing that he must make a hurried throw, accidentally tipped the batter's bat at just about the time the bat hit the ball. It is possible that the accidental interference in no way affected the play; but that has nothing to do with the case. It was a fast grounder to the short-stop, who tossed the ball to the second baseman, apparently forcing out the man from first on a very close play. The second baseman wheeled quickly, and by a perfect throw managed to get the ball to first an instant ahead of the runner.

The home crowd was jubilant. It was sure that this fast fielding had killed any chance the visitors might have had in that inning. I was umpiring balls and strikes that afternoon, and after the umpire on base decisions had waved out both men, it became necessary for me to get into the argument. The rule on interference by the catcher is very plain; it simply entitles the batsman to first base, other runners advancing only when forced. Instead of allowing the double play, I granted first base to the batsman who had been interfered with by the catcher, and sent the runner who had been on first to second, although he had apparently been retired at that base. That left two men on the bases, with no one out. The next batter responded with a fly-ball, which would have made the third out and retired the side, had there been no interference. It was a bad break in luck, for the next four men hit safely, five runs resulting before the side was retired. The visiting team won the game that afternoon by a one-run margin, and naturally the entire blame for the defeat was placed on my shoulders by a majority of the fans, simply because they did not understand what

had happened on the ball-field. Only the fact that none of the players in any way disputed the decision saved considerable trouble. A great many of the fans evidently knew that the umpire must have been correct in his ruling, since the verdict was not disputed in the slightest.

Losing track of the number of men out, or the number of innings played, has been responsible for some of the freakiest plays imaginable. It would be utterly impossible to produce such plays unless some one slumbered on the job. To illustrate:

Several years ago, two of the leading teams in the National League were engaged in a very important contest. With the beginning of the last half of the ninth, the visiting team enjoyed a two-run lead. It is customary among ball-players always to keep the ball that ends the game, provided their side is victorious. In the last half of the ninth in this particular game, the home team managed to fill the bases, with one down. For some reason, the right-fielder of the visiting club got the notion that two were out. When the batter sent a fly to right field, and that gentleman had made the catch, he hiked to the club-house at full speed, believing the game finished. As he made the catch and demonstrated his fleetness of foot in a dash for the club-house, the three base-runners made a dash for the plate, while the crowd yelled like mad. It was simply impossible for his team-mates to attract the attention of the right-fielder and make him realize what a terrible "bone" he was pulling. Before he could be reached, the three runners had crossed the plate, and the home team had won the game. None of the home players made any attempt to get that ball, even though they had won the game!

A play almost as unusual happened in the Eastern

League. At all ball-parks it is customary to have a score board, to give the results of the home game and other games throughout the League. Very often through carelessness the man who operates the board makes a mistake. That is what he did on the day in question, and the center-fielder followed suit. In some way, the score-board man got an extra inning on the board, so that when the home team was playing the last half of the eighth inning, the score-board showed they were playing the last half of the ninth.

When the outfielder went to his position, he glanced at the board (as he afterward explained), and saw, according to the board, that the final inning was being played. The score at the time was tied. The home team got a man as far as third, with two down, when the batter hit a sharp single to left center. Believing it was the ninth inning, and that the hit meant the winning of the game, the center-fielder, after starting after the ball, changed his mind in favor of the clubhouse. Before the left-fielder could retrieve the ball, the batter had made a home run, where he would have been lucky to have stretched it into a double, had it been properly fielded. The "bonehead play" had presented the home team with a run, and of course they won the game. The visiting team made a run in the first half of the ninth, which would have tied up the game, but as it did not, the home team won 3 to 2.

Freak plays and pet superstitions are two interesting features of base-ball. It is surprising the way the athletes will allow their brains to wander in these two directions. Lajoie never stepped to the plate without drawing a line with his bat. That is part of the batting art to Larry, and is regarded as absolutely essential. I do not believe that "Doc" White ever

started an inning without throwing a curve as the last ball in the warm-up practice with his catcher. To do otherwise, in "Doc's" mind, would be tempting fate. I know of any number of players who absolutely refuse to step into the batter's box in front of the catcher. They insist on making a detour behind the catcher and umpire, even though they are forced to walk to the grand stand to do it. I know one great hitter who would not think of stepping to the plate until the team's hunchback mascot had caressed his bat. Sam Crawford, star slugger of the "Tigers," turns out his own bats. None but his make would do. Ball-players, even the most intelligent, have pet superstitions many of which would have been ridiculed when witchcraft flourished.

IV

THE UNKNOWN RECRUIT AND THE FOXY MANAGER

HOW CONNIE MACK DIFFERS FROM OTHER MANAGERS

He scores every game his team plays. His score card covers every minute detail of the contest.

He holds a daily conference with his players, and points out mistakes of the previous day. Often, he maps out plans for the afternoon's game in advance.

He conducts his campaign entirely from the bench, and retreats to the club-house as the last man is retired.

He always has three or four of his brainiest and seasoned players acting as lieutenants; and courts their advice in mapping out campaigns on the ball-field. Such players are usually referred to as "Mack's board of strategy."

His voice is never heard in protest on the field. He has never been ejected from the bench by an umpire; and has yet to be fined or suspended for breaking any of the laws laid down by President Johnson of the American League.

He has no set rules governing the actions of his seasoned players when they are at bat. He lets them use their own judgment if he knows they are "quick thinkers." He may give a player orders, but he does not expect them to be carried out if conditions should make them appear suicidal.

He never openly calls down a recruit in angry tones for a mistake, but quietly corrects him when they are alone.

He favors developing young players who show promise by keeping them on the bench for several years. He used that system in molding most of his present-day stars.

He places his men entirely on their honor throughout the season.

“ **W**HERE does he get them? ”

That is a common question every time “ Connie Mack ” (which is the well-known, abbreviated name of Cornelius McGillicuddy, the famous leader of the Athletics) springs some youthful sensation on the base-ball world.

No manager in the history of base-ball has ever had such wonderful success at developing stars out of players practically unknown to the base-ball fans until introduced by the wily Mack. Perhaps a good answer to the query would be: “ They just naturally come.”

Several years ago, a very good friend of mine acted as base-ball coach for one of the larger universities. He also acted as scout for a Major League team during the summer, when his services as a teacher of base-ball were not required by the university. During the spring, I paid my friend a visit of a few days, and, of course, spent much of my time watching him drill his “ Rah! Rah! ” boys in the art of playing the national pastime properly.

After watching the boys toss the ball around for ten or fifteen minutes on my first visit, my attention was directed to a big, husky fellow who was warming up. His easy, graceful delivery reminded me somewhat of the style used by the great Walter Johnson, and I watched him closely. In about five minutes he was properly warmed up, and began “ cutting loose.” I made my way over and took a position that would enable me to look over his stock in trade. He had all the ear-marks of a Big Leaguer.

Walking back to where the coach was busy drilling some of his newest recruits, I asked the name of the big fellow. “ He is the varsity first-string pitcher,” was the response. “ What do you think of him? ”

“ Think of him? ” I replied. “ You don’t have to

think about that chap. He is there with the goods. All I hope is that some club in the American League lands him, for he is certain to be a star."

"There's no chance for any club to get him, but should he play ball, it will be with an American League team," answered the coach.

"Of course with the team you are scouting for?"

"I should say not," replied the coach. "The club I represent is one club he won't play for. For some reason he does n't like the owner of the club I am scouting for, and he refuses to listen to my plea in that connection."

"What team does he intend signing with?" I asked.

"Connie Mack's is the only team that gets the slightest consideration. If he ever plays the professional game, it will be with Mack. There is n't much chance though, for he is a very wealthy chap, and I understand he is to marry very shortly a young lady who does n't look on the professional side of base-ball with favor. He'll never be a Big Leaguer."

As I pondered over what the coach had said about his star pitcher, I partially solved the answer to the question I had heard over and over again, "Where does he get them?" I wondered why this young man had such a preference for the Athletics, and why he was satisfied that the Philadelphia club was the only one he really cared to play for. I determined to try to find out, if only to satisfy my own curiosity. After the work-out was over, and the players had donned street attire, I was introduced to the varsity pitcher by the coach, and gradually I worked around to the point where I could pointedly ask him why he considered only the Philadelphia club. He replied:

"The real reason for my favoring Manager Mack is because I know Manager Mack favors collegians.

I think the college player has a better chance under Mack than he has under any other manager. If I took up professional base-ball as a business, I should want to succeed; to be a star. I think my chance for success would be greatly enhanced under Mack's direction. College players who join his club are a success, in the majority of cases. Every college fellow I have ever met speaks well of Mack and the treatment that he accords his players. I never met Mr. Mack, but have had some correspondence with him, and if I ever play professional ball, it will be on his team."

That was several years ago. Unfortunately for Mack, the player never joined the professional ranks. His failure to do so undoubtedly resulted in a loss to the American League of a phenomenal pitcher. He still pitches, but merely for the fun he gets out of it. Recently I saw him pitch a game against a strong semi-professional team, and he simply toyed with them, striking out fifteen men. It was reported that Mack tried to induce him to join his team in 1913 when the Athletics' staff was wobbling, but failed.

This simply goes to show where Mack really does get some of his stars, and it also explains why some of these stars are with the Mackmen. For a number of years, Manager Mack was the only leader who regarded the college player with favor. The great success he has had with them has won over practically every other leader to that type of athlete. Now college players are warmly welcomed on all the clubs, and receive every consideration possible.

Connie Mack is truly the "somewhat-different" type of manager. He "gets results" in his own peculiar way, and he surely does get results! He makes stars out of unknowns, and makes them in a hurry if necessity demands quick action. He prefers

developing men by letting them warm the bench, rather than sending them to the Minor Leagues. This is a custom contrary to that of most managers. Mack's reasons for this system follow:

"If you were going to send a boy to college, and had the proper means, the wise course would be to select one of the leading institutions of learning," argues Mack. "Such colleges have the best professors and the best equipment. The surroundings are usually the best, and environment plays a big part in a fellow's career, whether in base-ball or other business. I liken the Big Leagues to the better institutions of learning. I liken the wise managers and star players to the leading college instructors. I think a player with the ability to succeed has a much better chance to develop sitting on the bench surrounded by the stars of the game and constantly observing the best there is in base-ball, than he has if sent to some Minor League, and started in the wrong direction. The mere coming in contact with stars, rubbing elbows with them, gives the player a polish that cannot possibly be attained in the minors."

There is no denying the fact that there is a lot of logic in Mack's line of reasoning. He insists that much of the success of his twirlers is due to pitching pointers given them by the stars of his staff. He claims that a veteran is of great aid in acquainting his young catchers with the weakness of the several batters, and the finer points of the back-stopping game. McInnis, the wonderful first baseman of Mack's team, gladly gives the veteran Harry Davis credit for much of his knowledge as to how first base should be played. It is certain that no young player could ever get such high-class instruction in the minors. And to top it all off, there are the words of wisdom from the great

manager. Mack's methods have surely proven a great success — for Mack.

Harmony is perhaps the biggest cog in the success of the Mack machine. The Philadelphia Athletics are one big, happy family. Mack would sacrifice the best player on his team if he proved to be a jarring note. He has allowed several crack youngsters to slip through his fingers simply because they did not behave as Mack thought youngsters should, and because he feared one bad performer might lead a number of good ones astray. Just to illustrate what consideration Mack has for his men, when the question of the habits of a player is raised, I will cite an incident of a number of years ago. Mack had a chance to get a catcher who was a star, but who, because of his habits, was about to drift to the minors. During one of his daily conferences with his players, he put the question straight to them:

"Boys, I have a chance to get a great catcher for practically nothing. All the other clubs have waived on him because of his reputation. If he could be made to brace up, he would strengthen our club greatly. It is up to you, boys, as to whether or not I get him."

"Let us get the player, and you place the responsibility for his conduct in our hands," said one of the players. A total abstainer was made the room-mate of the star catcher, and every member of the team made it a point to keep the big fellow in the straight and narrow path. In a month the catcher was an entirely different fellow. In the club to which he formerly belonged he had been shunned to a great extent by the majority of the players. With the Athletics, he found conditions exactly the reverse. Every player was making it a point to impress on him what a good fellow he was, and how much his catching meant to

the team's success. The catcher took far better than the average care of himself, and for years was one of the team's mainstays behind the bat.

Some managers make it a point to openly criticize a player for a mistake, especially if the player has made a glaring error that indirectly reflects on the managerial ability of the man in charge. Youngsters, as a rule, make more mistakes than veterans, and naturally many of the "call-downs" fall on the heads of the recruits. Perhaps any person who has ever attended a ball game can remember having heard a remark like this, from some fellow-spectator:

"I'll wager the manager is giving it to him for that blunder!"

Such a rebuke, if delivered in the open, shifts attention from the manager to the player. It is very questionable, however, if such things help to develop the man who made the error. Mack is one who firmly believes that all these methods retard the player's progress, and very often destroy the ability and consequently the value of the player in question. In connection with Mack's ideas along these lines, let me recall an incident of a game in Detroit several years ago.

At the time, the Athletics and the "Tigers" were fighting for the pennant. The game was a very slow one. One of Mack's outfielders, then very much of a youngster, but now rated as one of the best in the business, made the mistake that cost the game. Although he had often been told how to play for a certain hitter on the Detroit team, on this occasion he shifted to the opposite side from the one he should have taken. As a result he muffed a fly ball, after a hard run, that would have been an easy out had he played properly for the batter. As the inning closed, I walked over to the Philadelphia bench to get a drink.

While I was there the player who made the error arrived at the bench. Before he had a chance to utter a word, Mack said:

"No outfielder could have got that ball. Nothing but your speed enabled you to get your hands on it. At that you would have held it, had not that high wind been blowing."

All of this was true, but Mack said nothing to the player about being away out of his position. The next day he told him about it, when the two met in the hotel lobby. And never since has that outfielder made a mistake in position when playing for that Detroit batsman.

Mack instructs his men along the lines employed by college coaches. A daily conference is held by the Mackmen throughout the season. When on the road the meeting is held in Manager Mack's room at the hotel; when at home, in the players' dressing-room at the ball park. There the players go over the game of the day previous, point out mistakes that were made, and the faults that cropped out. Often plays that proved successful, but could have been made differently and with a much better chance of success, are discussed.

Frequently plans for the afternoon's battle are mapped out in advance as far as it is possible to anticipate base-ball conditions. The weak points in the offense and defense are pointed out by Manager Mack, and the players are urged to take advantage of any openings. Players are instructed definitely as to how to play for certain batters who invariably hit the ball in one direction. That accounts for the way outfielders shift some twenty or thirty yards for certain batters. Suggestions are always welcomed from any player on the team, and very often one of the recruits

will offer the best advice of the confab. Thus Manager Mack has every member of his club constantly working for its best interests, because he knows that any suggestions are always welcome.

In 1909, George Mullin, then the star of the Detroit pitching staff, was the sensation of the American League. Scarcely a game passed in which he worked that Mullin did not do something out of the ordinary. That year he led the American League in pitching, and was the star of the Detroit team in the World's Series with Pittsburgh.

When the Detroit club reached Philadelphia that year, Mullin had ten straight victories to his credit. It was presumed that Jennings would start him in the first game against the Athletics, and in all probability send him back in the last game of the series. The question that concerned the Athletics was how to stop Mullin, and it was the cause of much study on the part of every member of the team.

At one of the conferences, held several days prior to the arrival of the Tigers, Mullin came up for discussion. Strangely enough, the discussion had little to do with Mullin's pitching, but concerned his batting. During his career as a Big Leaguer, Mullin has always been regarded as a dangerous hitter. He made a healthy swing at the ball, picked out the good ones, and was always liable to break up a game with a long drive. Mullin took almost as much pride in his batting as he did in his pitching. It was around his batting ability that the crafty Mackmen spun a web meant to reduce his pitching effectiveness.

One of the Athletic players said that he had always observed that Mullin was more effective in the box when he was meeting with success at bat; and argued that if the Athletics could stop Mullin's hitting, his

pitching would be sure to suffer. Most of the other Athletic players agreed with their team-mate, that base-hits were almost as sweet to Mullin as victory itself. That point having been settled, it was up to Manager Mack to select the pitcher who was most effective against Mullin, to oppose him. Mack, upon looking over his trusty score cards, discovered that Bender always troubled Mullin when at bat, and confided to the Indian that he was the pitcher who would oppose Mullin. When the Tigers trotted onto the field for the first game of the important series, Mack watched the Detroit pitchers closely. When it appeared certain to him that Mullin would work, he sent Bender out to warm up. The Indian happened to be in superb form that day, and probably would have beaten any pitcher. It is enough to say that he kept Mullin from doing any hitting whatever, and the Tigers left the field defeated — the first time that season such a thing had happened with Mullin doing the pitching.

Manager McGraw, of the New York "Giants," equally famous as a base-ball leader, is almost the direct opposite of Mack. McGraw has few college men on his team. Perhaps he has nothing against the collegian, but simply has not been fortunate enough to pick up any good raw material from the college nines. At the art of trading, McGraw is a regular *David Harum*. At any time his club is wavering, he seems able to go out and put through a deal that will strengthen it in the very position where it has seemed weakest. McGraw forgets the past, plays in the present, but is constantly looking into the future.

The theory on which the McGraw school of base-ball is run is that the manager must be absolute in his leadership. He must never consult with his players.

Mathewson was perhaps the only New Yorker who was ever taken into McGraw's confidence. He reasons that the manager should assume the entire responsibility, and shoulder all the blame. McGraw never censures a player for making an error, but let one of the players "pull a 'bone,' " as the saying goes, and he never forgets it. Indeed, he makes it a point to mention it at stated intervals.

McGraw teaches his men not to let the loss of a single game, or a bunch of games, upset them. He impresses on them the fact that a team is built to last a season, not to go to pieces when it meets a few reverses. The percentage of victories at the finish, not the outcome of this or that game, definitely decides the pennant winner. He seldom puts a certain pitcher in to win a certain game, but rather works the men in regular order. Mack, on the other hand, shifts his pitchers to suit his opinions. In some particular series, he will work a pitcher twice, and then perhaps not use him again for five or six days.

That McGraw believes the manager should reign supreme was forcibly impressed on me during the series between the Boston "Red Sox" and the New York Giants for the World's Championship in 1912. It was late in the game, and the Giants appeared to have a chance to win. If I am not mistaken, with one out, Catcher Meyers had reached third base on a drive to the left-field wall. Boston was a run ahead at the time, and a hit would have tied the game. I was umpiring on the bases in that game, and was standing almost directly behind the bag, so as to be in a good position to judge a snap-throw from the catcher or pitcher, and also to observe if the runner held the base in case a fly ball was hit and he made an attempt to score.

As the next batter approached the plate, I heard McGraw say in a tone that made it plain he wanted his orders obeyed:

"If a fly ball is hit to the outfield, I want you to make an attempt to score. Go through with the play at any cost." The batter did hit a fly ball, which Speaker captured. It would scarcely be correct to say it was a fly to the outfield, for Speaker captured it a very short distance back of second base. Speaker is known to have a strong throwing arm, and to be very accurate. It looked foolish for Meyers to try to score, but he made a break for the plate as Speaker grabbed the ball. When half-way in, Meyers saw the throw would beat him by twenty feet, and he turned and made a dash back toward third. If Cady had handled the ball cleanly, it is very questionable if Meyers would have been able to get back. It so happened that Cady fumbled the ball, and had so much trouble recovering it, that Meyers might have scored if he had gone through, as McGraw had advised.

McGraw was furious at the outcome of the play.

"I thought I told you to go through with the play at any cost," said he to Meyers in an angry voice.

"I did n't think I had a chance," answered Meyers.

"You're not supposed to think when I'm coaching!" replied McGraw.

"I would have looked like a joke had I gone through with the play and Cady had handled the ball cleanly."

"Nobody would have said a word to you. I would have been roasted, since I was the coacher," responded McGraw. Then the third out was made, and I missed the rest of what McGraw had to say as the catcher walked to the bench to don his mask and protector.

Mack and McGraw are both great, but entirely different. Take your choice.

V

OUTGUESSING THE OPPOSITION

BASE-BALL is largely a game of trying to out-guess the other fellow. Each side is constantly trying to do the unexpected, and at the same time attempting to anticipate what the opposition intends to do. Every move of the members of the other team is watched closely. Let the slightest weakness be shown in any department, and immediately advantage is taken of the opening. Snap judgment is a very necessary requisite on the part of the managers, as well as the players. As in every other business, the man who displays the best judgment and does the quickest thinking lands on top in the long run.

A number of years ago, an enterprising young reporter was delegated to get an interview with the late Ed Delehanty on the art of batting. At that time, Delehanty was regarded as the premier hitter in the Big League, the American League not being in existence. It was the purpose of the young man to find out from Mr. Delehanty just how he managed to hit all the various shoots and curves served up by the opposing pitchers. The managing editor of the paper on which the reporter worked believed such a story would greatly help ambitious players in their efforts to become crack hitters.

After camping on Delehanty's trail for some time, the reporter managed to hold the star player's attention long enough to make known his desire. Delehanty was never much of a talker, and immediately became

about as noisy as the Sphinx. To the volley of questions fired at him, he invariably replied:

"I really don't know how I hit 'em." "They meet the bat and bound off." "It just 'comes natural,' I guess." Failing to get anything worth while, the cub reporter requested Delehanty to think it over, so the story goes, and leave a note in his box telling how best to hit the ball to put it in safe territory.

The following morning, the reporter lost no time in opening the letter which Delehanty left. Delehanty could advance no particular reason for his batting ability other than that it was "just natural." However, such a theory did not appeal to the reporter, as it offered no possibilities for a story. So not caring to disappoint the young man, who was a likable chap, he decided he must try to answer the very perplexing question. But it was evident that he did not ponder long, and he afterward insisted that he believed his reply would be a good joke on the reporter, for his brief note read:

"Just hit 'em where they ain't."

That expression, as framed by Delehanty on the art of batting, has become a base-ball classic. As long as the great national pastime is played, the fans will implore their favorites to "hit 'em where they ain't." On opening the note, the young reporter was very much disappointed with the words of wisdom as uttered by the game's greatest hitter. Finally, the possibilities of the remark dawned on him, and he turned out a big story on the subject, and so *he* made a decided hit with his managing editor.

Several years ago, I was seated on the bench of the Philadelphia American League team just before time to start the game. I noted that Connie Mack was being subjected to an interview by a young man who

appeared to be just out of college. I judged this from the style of his wearing apparel and the way he dressed his hair. From the conversation I learned that the young man was writing a big "feature story," and sought to learn from Mack to what he ascribed the success of his club. When it comes to talking about the other clubs, Mack is always willing to express an opinion, and he always has a good word for his opponents. In fact, he is a believer in the adage, "If you can't boost, don't knock." When it comes to discussing his players, and his team's chances, he closes up like a clam. The reporter was a persistent chap, and as but a few minutes remained for Connie to decide on his line-up, he spoke to the young man about as follows:

"I always like to have my team doing the very thing the other fellows don't expect them to do. My boys always try to do that. Often they fail, but I don't mind that, for more often they succeed in their efforts to outguess the other fellows, and win. Do what the other fellows don't expect, and you will keep them rather busy."

"Do what the other fellows don't expect," appeals to me as being as much of a base-ball classic as "Hit 'em where they ain't."

The greatness of nine out of every ten star players, or teams, hinges on doing the unexpected. There are hundreds of mechanical players who can hit the ball, catch it, and run the bases. They are valuable, of course, but it is always possible to measure their value. The opposition knows that they will take few, if any, chances when they get on the bases, and that they are usually content to leave their advancement to the men who follow them in the batting order, rather than make an effort to move up through their own efforts. Stars like Cobb, Speaker, or any of the other leaders,

are classed as stars because they do things out of the ordinary. They are constantly matching their wits with their rivals', and are always ready to take a chance at the bat, on the bases, or in the field, and ever alert to spring a surprise.

For years, the real value of that great player Tyrus Cobb was underrated simply because he did not receive full credit for the results he achieved. When he performed a feat out of the ordinary, as the result of some quick thinking and the taking of a long chance, the cry invariably was made that he was "lucky." There is no doubt that Cobb is lucky to get away with many of the things he attempts; but he himself creates his luck. Many of the chances he takes in the field and on the bases would never for a moment be considered by the average player.

Stealing home in a regular game is out of the ordinary; in an event like a World's Series game, it is very extraordinary. Cobb is the only player who ever turned the trick. He did it in the series of 1909, between Detroit and Pittsburgh.

I once heard a player remark that the only sure way to make a play on Cobb was to throw to the base ahead of the one he was approaching. The remark was made lightly, but in truth it seemed the only safe way, for Cobb was literally running wild, and getting away with it. And I know one player who did the very thing suggested in a joking manner by the Big League player. However, he had never heard of the "throw to the base ahead" theory, for he was a Cuban, and could not understand the English language.

The play happened during one of a series of games in the fall of 1910, at Havana, Cuba, between native teams and the Detroit club. In the first and again in the fifth inning of the game, Cobb, after getting on

first, went to third while Sam Crawford was being thrown out at first on a bunt. The first baseman made a good throw each time. In fact, they were so good that they resulted disastrously. The ball and Cobb seemed to arrive at the bag at the same time, with the result that the ball got away from the third baseman each time, and Cobb reached the home plate in safety on both occasions. In the eighth inning of the game, Cobb and Crawford pulled the play again. This time the first baseman, Castillo, seeing that not even a perfect throw would land the "Tiger" star, threw the ball to the catcher, thereby at least preventing Cobb from scoring. Then Castillo doffed his cap, and the Cuban fans yelled with delight at the bit of "by-play" on the part of their favorite.

Tyrus Cobb is a big star in the base-ball world because he is an extraordinary fellow in every sense of the word. He has a keen brain, and always anticipates the likely-to-happen, thus preparing himself for any situation that may arise. When at the bat, there is no telling what he intends to do. He hits pretty well to any part of the outfield, is a good bunter, chops them to the infield, and always waits for the pitcher to give him one that he likes. He is constantly "mixing them up," thereby keeping the opposition constantly uneasy. He may try to bunt the first one and fail. Then when the third baseman, thinking that possibly he will try again, comes tearing in on the next one pitched, Cobb is very liable to hit one back at him at a rate of a mile a minute. When he gets on the bases—and you can take it from me he is on them a goodly portion of the time—there is no chance too daring for him to risk. Cobb surely is the unexpected in base-ball, from any angle from which you care to consider him.

Naturally one of the greatest assets of a pitcher is his ability to outguess the batter; to mix them up, and serve just the style of ball the batter does not expect. Many star batsmen are said to have a "weakness." That means that a certain style of ball is hard for them to hit. Pitchers with brains always make it a point to take advantage of such a fault. There are, of course, a number of batters who can hit almost any style of pitching. Christy Mathewson said that Hans Wagner's only "weakness" was a base on balls; that giving him his base usually prevented him from hitting a double, triple, or a home run. And in that connection Eddie Plank, the Athletics' great left-hander, once made a most novel comparison in discussing the relative merits of those two great batters Larry Lajoie and Ty Cobb. "Ty makes you put them over, and then hits them safe," said Eddie, "while Lajoie hits them a mile whether they are over or not."

Lajoie was a wonderful batter; few greater have ever stepped to the plate. He was always dangerous when he faced the pitcher, and usually did his best batting in the pinch, when most depended on his efforts. He was perhaps most dangerous when a pitcher was trying to pass him. By reason of his long having been known as a "bad ball" hitter, pitchers seldom gave him a ball across the heart of the plate. They seemed afraid to take such a chance. And I believe Larry would have increased his batting average at least thirty points if he had waited out the pitchers more. He doted on what would be called wild pitches or waste balls, and which the average batter would find it impossible to hit. I have umpired in a dozen games that Lajoie had broken up by hitting a waste ball, after the pitcher had been ordered to pass him and take a chance on the next batter. His bat seemed to be built of sections. At least I

have heard several pitchers express that opinion, after Larry, without any effort, had hit a ball that was a foot outside. Larry was a great hitter, great because, as Eddie Plank says, he hit them whether they were over the plate or not.

Connie Mack is rated as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, man in base-ball. He is great because he always has the opposition "up in the air" as to his movements. The Athletics play all varieties of base-ball, and play them all well. Mack has but to order the style he desires displayed, and his athletes do the rest. No general ever manœvered his army with greater cleverness than that with which Mack handles his selection of pitchers. He seems to be able to know by instinct just the proper moment to send in reinforcements.

The overwhelming defeat of the Chicago "Cubs" in 1910 was quite a surprise to the base-ball world, and to Cub fans in particular. But not to those who really knew the great strength of Mack's team, and the resourcefulness of the tall leader. Mack completely out-guessed the opposition in that series. He did the very thing Chance and the rest of the Cubs did not expect him to do, and it was the doing of the unexpected that put the Cub machine to rout.

During the season of 1907, and for several years following, the pitchers in the American League appeared to have the edge on the batters. Low scores were the rule, and one run decided a majority of the games. As a result, the clubs for the most part were playing one-run base-ball, which calls for the use of the sacrifice hit very frequently. The League was criticized for not mixing up its play enough, for not possessing the varied style of attack boasted of by a majority of the National League teams. When American League clubs

went into the big series, they continued to play the one-run brand of base-ball. When a man reached first base, the sacrifice was invariably the play used, making it an easy matter for the opposition to break up the play, because they knew the style of attack.

When the Athletics and the Cubs met, it was only natural for Chance and his men to expect the same style of play shown by former American League pennant winners. The Cubs were treated to a huge surprise. The sacrifice hit was rarely used by the Mack-ites. It was the "steal," or the "hit-and-run," all the time. No team could possibly have presented a more varied attack than that of the Athletics. They did just about everything the Cubs did not expect. Chance's machine was thrown out of gear, and before it could adjust itself, the Athletics had won four of the five games, and the series. In almost every game, the Athletics determined the result by having one big inning. Instead of playing for one run, Mack's men went after them in bunches, and were usually rewarded with at least one productive inning in each game.

In 1911, when the series between the Athletics and the "Giants" stood 3 to 2 in favor of the Athletics, Mack sprung his usual unexpected move, the result of which was a big factor in the series. An injury to Coombs had put him out of the running, and Plank had pitched and been beaten. Bender, with but one day of rest, was not expected at all as the pitcher in the sixth contest. The Athletics seemed on the verge of breaking, while the Giants seemed to have recovered after a bad start. A further point in the situation was that if the Giants could win the sixth game, McGraw would have Mathewson to work the seventh and deciding game at the Polo Grounds. Conditions looked very favorable to the Giants.

However, in all this Connie Mack and Chief Bender had been left out of the reckoning. When the Athletics took the field for the sixth game at the Polo Grounds, Chief Bender walked out to the box, despite the fact that no spectator had the slightest idea that he would pitch. He had been reported as in rather poor health, and it was commonly asserted that he was a pitcher who needed three days of rest at least to show his proper form. But here was Mack sending the Indian back after a vacation of one day, to face the Giants in the test game of the series! Mack surely did the unexpected in sending Bender to the mound, and Bender did the unexpected in the style of pitching he served to the Giants.

Mindful that Bender was reported in poor health, McGraw undoubtedly sent his men up with orders to "wait out" the Indian; to make him pitch to the limit, and thus increase the chance of his weakening before the end of the game. Bender must have realized this before the end of the first inning, because I noticed that he put the first ball for each man right over the heart of the plate. He had superb control, and, in nine times out of ten, the first ball pitched was a strike. Immediately he had the batter in a hole, for the first strike means a great deal. So instead of being at a disadvantage to himself, and being forced to do an extra amount of work, he was constantly getting the advantage of the batsmen.

During the first four innings, the New Yorkers "waited,"—and failed to profit. In the fourth, the Athletics bunched a few hits and errors and scored four runs, making the score 5 to 1 against the Giants. Being four runs behind naturally caused a shift in attack on the part of McGraw. What was then needed by the New Yorkers was a bunch of runs, and such a

thing would be possible only by hitting. The order to "wait them out" was changed to "take a crack at the first good one."

But Bender is too heady a pitcher not to know that McGraw would be forced to change his style of attack; and he also realized that it was up to him to change his style of pitching. He no longer put the first ball squarely over the plate. Instead, he tried to make the batter go after a bad one, if possible, and he was very successful. He kept the ball inside and outside, high and low, but just over the edge, and as a result the Giants were at his mercy. In the seventh inning, the Athletics piled up seven more runs, which cinched the game. What was expected to be the toughest game of the series developed into a rout for the Giants, who suffered one of the worst defeats in the history of the World's Series, the score being 13 to 2, and only four hits having been made off Bender. The famous Indian won, not because he had his usual amount of "stuff," as the saying is, but because he had a lot of brains, and made use of his head throughout the game.

Manager McGraw, of the Giants, who has had such wonderful success with teams often rated as several notches weaker than other clubs in the race, is also a great manager in the way of constantly making his team do the unexpected things. He is a great believer in taking chances, in doing things on the bases, in constantly "mixing them up." When the Giants win, it is frequently said that "they simply stole the pennant by running wild on the bases." The success of McGraw's style of play is best illustrated by the number of pennant winners he has turned out.

A manager of the McGraw type is sure to get a lot of praise for his tactics, and draw an equal amount of criticism. In the series of 1911, between the Giants

and Athletics, a bit of strategy on the part of McGraw was credited with being the turning-point in a game. Snodgrass was on second and one man was out, when a ball was hit to Collins. Snodgrass was off with the pitch, and reached third almost as soon as the ball got to Collins. The Athletics' second sacker fumbled the ball momentarily. McGraw, quick to take advantage of the slip on the part of the usually reliable Collins, motioned to Snodgrass to try for the plate. Collins recovered quickly and made a hurried throw to the plate, but Snodgrass beat the throw by a scanty margin. The Giants were the victors, 2 to 1. McGraw's willingness to take a chance had won the game.

In the 1912 series with the Boston "Red Sox," a similar play came up, with Fletcher taking the place of Snodgrass on the base line, and Steve Yerkes acting the rôle played by Eddie Collins. It seemed like a less hazardous chance than McGraw had taken the previous year, but Fletcher was retired when Yerkes made a wonderful throw to the plate which Cady, the Boston catcher, handled in masterly fashion. Most critics referred to that as bad coaching, but if Fletcher had scored and the one run had decided the issue, McGraw would have been hailed as a hero.

There are a lot of fair players in base-ball, and an equal number of really good men, but the bright stars are the exception. That is the reason that players of the Mathewson or Johnson or Cobb or Wagner or Lajoie or Bender or Collins or Speaker type are able to command huge salaries. To be a success, you must be one of the few who are always doing the unexpected; who are quick thinkers and have the brains and skill to grasp opportunities and get results. There is always a big demand for players of that class.

VI

PLAYING THE INFIELD

THIRD base is regarded by many people as the hardest position in the infield to play. Possibly this impression has been created by the fact that third base is always referred to as "the difficult corner." Ball players as a rule do not look upon third base as the most difficult position in the infield.

"Hobe" Ferris, now out of the big league, began his career as a second baseman. At that position Ferris was regarded as one of the greatest fielders in the business. His work as a member of the infield of the Boston team in the American League was uniformly brilliant. Late in his career Ferris was sold to the St. Louis "Browns," who boasted of a corking good second baseman in Jimmy Williams. Manager McAleer asked Ferris if he wouldn't try his hand at third base. For a time he positively refused. He finally consented to play a few games, but insisted he would never be the regular third baseman. After he had been playing the position a week, I asked him how he liked the job.

"I can't imagine how I ever passed up third base when I was a kid," remarked Ferris. "Why, playing third is just like a vacation! Never again will I play second." And he never did during the remainder of his big-league career.

Not so many years ago first base was regarded as the cinch position in the infield. Any big fellow who

could catch a thrown ball with any degree of accuracy was usually nominated for the initial sack. It was the last resort for down-and-out catchers. But first base is no longer regarded as a soft spot. In fact, it is just as difficult nowadays to secure a capable man for that position as for any other place on the infield. First base has become a decidedly important cog in the workings of every well-regulated ball team. The first baseman has a lot more to do than merely to be able to catch thrown balls. He must be able to think quickly, must have a good arm, and must be able to figure out in advance the many plays that start at first base.

Most ball players regard either short-stop or second base as the hardest positions to fill. Many seem to think second base the hardest, while perhaps just as many insist that short-stop is a trifle the more difficult. I once asked Eddie Collins, conceded to be one of the greatest second basemen the game has ever known, which position he regarded as the hardest to play.

"Second base keeps you pretty busy, but I rather think that short-stop is the most difficult position to play," was his reply.

"Playing short-stop is no cinch, but I would rather look after short-stop than second base," is the way Jack Barry, famous short-stop of the "Athletics," summed up the situation when I asked him for his opinion.

Team-work is one of the greatest essentials in baseball. Put a brilliant second baseman on a team, and give him a mediocre short-stop, and he will not seem a very remarkable performer. A brilliant player at either position must have an equally brilliant partner to bring out the best that is in him. Take all the great infields of the past, and each had a star player at short and second. Many of them boasted a star at every one

of the four positions. Just now I recall such pairs, however, as Parent and Ferris of the old Boston Americans, Tinker and Evers of Chicago, Barry and Collins of the "Athletics," Wagner and Ritchey of Pittsburgh, Maranville and Evers of the Boston Nationals.

The part that a brilliant short-stop plays, in relation to an equally brilliant second baseman, was forcibly brought to my attention several years ago. Jack Barry had been badly spiked,—an injury that kept him out of the game for more than a month. It was necessary for Manager Mack to use one of his recruits. All winning teams make a lot of double plays; and most of these are pivoted around second base. In a majority of them, either the short-stop or the second baseman plays the big part, and in a great many the two figure equally. The moment Barry was forced to leave the "Athletics" infield, Collins slowed up. But this change in the form which he displayed was not due to any slump on his part; it was simply because he could not work smoothly with the recruit short-stop. It was impossible for Eddie to make the quick plays around second which he achieved with Barry, because the recruit short-stop was not equal to the occasion. Instead of tossing the ball in the general direction of second, as is necessary in a lot of plays, knowing in advance that Barry would be on the job to complete his end of the play, Collins was always forced to make the play directly to the recruit fielder, often having to hesitate, momentarily, before even starting the play in order to permit the youngster to get over to the base. Time and again such slight delays would prevent a double play by a scant margin. And the failure to complete such a play often gave the opposition a chance to start a rally that ended disastrously for the "Athletics," when the double play, had it been accomplished,

would have retired the side. And there can be no doubt that the enforced absence of Collins would have had a precisely similar effect on Barry.

Second base is called the "pivot position of the infield." This is because most of the plays center around second base. As reported, most of the double plays read: "short to second to first"; "third to second to first"; "second to short to first"; "first to second to first," and so on down the line. The records show, too, that teams strong on double plays are usually teams well up in the race. Generally speaking, ability to make double plays speaks well for a team's defense. A good defense means few runs for the opposition, provided the pitching is of the proper kind. Since second base is the pivot position, much of the team's success depends upon the way that post is played. If the short-stop and second baseman work smoothly, it usually has the effect of balancing the rest of the team. A club that is constantly mussing up plays around second base never causes much trouble for the opposition.

To make a study of the opposing batters is of great assistance to infielders in the proper playing of their positions. It would be the height of folly for an infield to assume exactly the same position for all batsmen. There is, for the sake of comparison, "Birdie" Cree, formerly of the New York Americans, and Johnny McInnis, of the Philadelphia "Athletics." These two players are right-handed batters, yet usually they hit in opposite directions. Cree was known as a right-field hitter, that is, the chances are that nine out of ten balls he hits will go to right field. Knowing this, the infield — and the outfield also — shifted when Cree came to the bat. The first baseman played close to the foul line, the second baseman moved considerably nearer first, the short-stop moved over toward second,

and the third baseman toward short. All the outfielders shifted probably twenty or thirty feet toward right field.

It becomes the duty of the pitcher also, in such cases, to lend his aid to carry out the revised plans of the fielders. The pitcher then should be careful to keep the ball on the outside of the plate. Such a ball is almost certain to be hit into right. A ball on the inside of the plate might tend to upset all the previous plans of the infield and outfield. While Cree might not hit such a ball to left field, because he swings late, it is quite possible, nevertheless, that the mistake in pitching might enable him to hit the ball in such a direction that the shift made would throw the infield sufficiently out of balance to prevent any member of it from intercepting the ball.

McInnis is a natural hitter. Despite the fact that he is regarded as a left-field batsman, and pitchers and infielders and outfielders play for him accordingly, he manages to hit above the three hundred mark. McInnis hits the ball hard. Many of his hits down the third base-line are so fast that no fielder in the world could handle them. Almost before the third baseman is able to make a start the ball shoots past him with the speed of an express-train. When McInnis steps to the plate, the infield shifts directly opposite to its change when Cree was the batter. All players move a considerable distance toward the left-field side of the diamond. It becomes the duty of the pitcher, with McInnis up, to keep the ball on the inside of the plate, for, generally speaking, such a ball is almost certain to be hit to the left side of the field. A ball pitched high and on the outside to McInnis, through mistake or lack of control on the part of the pitcher, would have a tendency to break up the plan of the defense against this

FRANK BAKER



EDDIE COLLINS



player. The fact that he hits the ball so hard is of great aid to him in breaking down the schemes used by opposing fielders and pitchers to lessen his batting average. McInnis knows he is regarded as a left-field hitter, and despite the fact that he is regarded as one of the best hitters in the game, he is striving constantly to become able to hit in other directions. On several occasions, he has surprised rival players by hitting safely to right field. Such happenings, however, are usually regarded as accidents, few of his opponents giving McInnis credit for constantly trying to hit the ball to some other field than the left side of the diamond.

The question now arises as to how the infield should play when players known as "free hitters" are at the bat,—players who are just as liable to hit to right field as to left. There is no greater student of base-ball than Connie Mack. He figures out all possible plays from every angle. I once asked him his opinion on this subject, for a batter like Lajoie, Cobb, Wagner, or Speaker is liable to hit to any part of the field, and, quite often, regardless of the kind of ball that is pitched.

"It has been my experience," said Mr. Mack, "that more balls are hit to left field than right. And this makes me think that it is usually best for every infielder to incline toward the left side of the diamond. I like a first baseman to play pretty deep and fairly well over toward second. I favor the second baseman playing closer to second by a fair margin than first, and so on."

Who should cover second base on throws? That is a question that often puzzles the fan and the young player. As a rule, the short-stop or second baseman decides in advance of the pitch who is to cover on an attempted steal. If the batter happens to be a player more likely to hit to the right side of the diamond than

the left, the short-stop usually covers the base. If the batter is a fellow more likely to hit to the left side of the diamond, then the second baseman usually covers it. The pitcher, of course, must work in harmony with this play. Often the catcher decides to call for a waste ball, which, if pitched far enough outside, is a ball that the batsman really *cannot* hit, and it gives the catcher a clean throw. It is usually delivered with the slightest possible motion, so that it may be speeded to the catcher in the least possible time.

When a runner reaches second base, the short-stop and second baseman can do much to slow him up, by constantly forcing him back to the bag. The moment a runner gets a pretty good lead, it is wise for either infielder to drive him back to second by running up to the bag to take a throw. The throw can come from either the catcher or pitcher. The catcher always has the play in front of him, and often, through some set signal, tells the pitcher when to whirl around and make the throw. The percentage of runners caught on such plays are very few, but often such a play gets the pitcher out of a bad hole, simply because the runner insists on taking too big a lead in his anxiety to score. Even if the runner is not caught, the play has another very good feature. Every time the runner is forced to return fifteen or twenty feet to a base, it robs him of a certain amount of his speed. If the play is so close that he is forced to slide, it slows up the runner still more. Often a couple of narrow escapes will cause him to cut down by four or five feet the big lead he was taking.

There is also another decided advantage to the team in the field on this play. If the pitcher, after having driven the runner back without being forced to throw, makes a quick delivery to the batsman, the runner is

thrown out of his stride. Driving the runner back naturally robs him of his chance to get a flying start. Often such a practice slows up the runner just enough to cause him, in trying to score from second on a single, to be thrown out at the plate, on a hit that ordinarily would have scored him with ease. Perhaps at times the second baseman and short-stop look foolish by making bluff after bluff. The practice often has its reward at the plate, though as a rule, credit is seldom given to the play around second, only a great throw by some fielder being taken into consideration. The one disadvantage of the play, for the team in the field, is when a wise batter happens to hit through a spot vacated by either the short-stop or second baseman, while driving the runner back.

Double plays are one of base-ball's prettiest features, especially when executed by master fielders. It was a delight to watch Tinker, Evers, and Chance make these plays on drives which looked like sure base-hits. On all possible double plays around second base, the short-stop and second baseman must work together. Some one should always be covering the bag to take the throw. Almost at the crack of the bat, the star infielders have a play in mind, and at once either the short-stop or second baseman takes the bag to complete the attempt at a double play. It is very foolish to try and get two men when such a thing is practically impossible. In such cases, it is policy to play it safe and get one. That is often an easy matter, if it is played carefully; while, if a hurried throw is made to get two men, as often the ball is thrown wild, and both runners are safe.

Bobby Wallace, formerly of the St. Louis "Browns," in his day was one of the greatest infielders who ever played base-ball. Although hovering around

the forty-year mark, Wallace was a star compared to some of the recruits who came up to the big league as so-called "phenoms." Wallace played second, third, and short, and of all three positions he considered third the easiest, but preferred playing short-stop, probably because it was the position at which he first became a star. In discussing the position with me one day, Wallace remarked:

"Too few short-stops keep in mind the fact that one of the greatest assets such a player must have is a strong throwing arm. Most short-stops are constantly throwing the ball around with the greatest possible speed. They throw out a batter at first who is regarded as slow, with the same amount of speed as they retire a 'speed merchant' who can make a hundred yards in about ten seconds. That is a big mistake,—an error that has put not only many a short-stop but many other players out of the running long before their time. I have always been rated as an infielder with a good arm. I honestly believe my arm to-day is just about as good as it ever was, and I've been throwing runners out for many a year. If Cy Young hit a ball to me (and Cy was never a fast runner), I would probably throw him out by a step at first. I saved my arm as much as possible. When Cobb, a very fast man, would hit a ball to me, I usually got *him* by about a step. I made the throw to suit the man. That is the wise thing to do, yet few infielders follow such a system."

The work of the short-stop—in fact of every player—becomes more difficult when runners get on the bases. In many cases, the runners will make false starts just in order to get an idea who is to cover the base. If the short-stop makes the break to cover on the bluff, then the batsman decides that he should try

to drive the ball through the space vacated by the short-stop. Often it is possible to thwart the batter in this aim by shifting on the next pitch and allowing the second baseman to cover, unless the batter happens to be a dead right-field hitter. Perhaps a better way to thwart the batter is for the infielders to start slowly, not making a break to the bag until the ball is well on its way to the plate.

When runners are on first and third base and a double steal seems the most probable play, the best policy is to have the short-stop cover second base for a throw, and have the second baseman cut in and take a short throw, provided the man on third makes a dash for the plate. On this play, there must be perfect union between the short-stop and second baseman. The moment the play is started, the second baseman dashes in back of the pitcher, while the short-stop rushes over to second base. If the runner on third dashes for the plate, the second baseman cuts off the throw and attempts to get the runner at the plate. If the second baseman is pretty sure the runner on third does not intend to go, he still tries to create the impression that he is going to take the throw, in the hope that it may possibly influence the man coming from first to slow up a trifle. Then, as the ball nears him, he ducks down and lets it go on through, and the short-stop handles the ball, often in time to get the runner at second. Even if the runner going to second is not retired, the original purpose of the steal, nine times out of ten, is frustrated, namely — the hope that the runner on third may score. The short-stop and second baseman always should know what style of ball is being pitched to the batsman, which is usually learned by knowing and watching the signals of the catcher.

Another great asset for the short-stop is to learn to

throw underhand. Often he has to stop balls in such a position that to straighten up and throw would inevitably mean failure to catch a runner; and, in such cases, the ability to throw underhand is of great value to him.

The play of the first baseman and the third baseman is largely governed by conditions. When a bunt is the expected play, the third baseman must anticipate it and try, if possible, to force the runner who is being advanced. If this be an impossibility, the next best thing to do is to get the batsman. With a man on second and no one out, a sacrifice is usually the best play. The first baseman, in such a case, should always try to make a play to get the runner at third if possible. On such plays, if it is impossible to get the runner at third, then make a play at first. When the first baseman goes in on a bunt, it becomes the duty of either the pitcher or second baseman to cover first, usually the second baseman. A good infielder must think quickly and be able to execute the plays as fast as he figures them out.

VII

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A "SPEED-KING," OR MY LIFE-STORY

BY WALTER JOHNSON
of the Washington Base-Ball Club

"Without any question, the greatest pitcher of all time."
—"Eddie" Collins.

After much difficulty, I have succeeded in getting Walter Johnson, the world's greatest pitcher, to collaborate with me in an article dealing with his truly remarkable career. Walter Johnson is perhaps the greatest figure in the baseball world, and incidentally the most modest fellow in the game. The story of his life will interest not only all baseball fans, but a host of readers who have no particular interest in the annual contests of the Major Leagues. In telling it, I have followed Johnson's story of his career to the letter.
—"BILLY" EVANS.

I HAVE been a Major League pitcher for eleven years. And now that I am rated by indulgent critics and fans as a fairly good pitcher — some going so far as to call me a star — it may surprise many lovers of the game to know that, at one time, I was considered a very, very ordinary twirler. In fact, it took me two years to get a chance to show such ability as I did possess.

Twelve years ago, an obscure Minor League team released me with scarcely a trial. The manager told me that so far as pitching was concerned, I would make a better outfielder. The next year, I failed in

an attempt to induce a certain Minor League manager to let me have a uniform and an opportunity to try my luck.

Achieve a little success, and you at once discover a great number of people who claim the responsibility for it. Every year I read a dozen new stories about how I got my start in base-ball. If all of them were true, I would be the protégé of at least a hundred different base-ball enthusiasts. To tell the truth, I don't know who is most directly responsible for my getting a chance in the Big League. I never saw a Major League game until I joined the Washington club, and I was greatly surprised when I found that I was going there.

In 1906, I induced the manager of the Tacoma club to allow me to don a uniform. He let me wear it about a month, and then decided it would look better on some one else. That is another way of saying that I was released. A Tacoma friend of mine told me of a fast semi-professional club at Weiser, Idaho, and said he believed he could get me a job with that team. He did it, and I joined the club at once, finishing out the season with fair success.

The following year, I decided that I would like to get employment in the Coast League, as I believed that I could make good in that company. I always liked Los Angeles, and consequently went there for a position. It happened that the club had a staff of excellent pitchers, and my appeal to the manager of the club received slight attention. I did my best to show him that he was making a mistake, but could n't make much of an impression.

My bank balance was none too large, and after staying at Los Angeles for a time without making any progress, I decided that as a ball-player I was doomed



WALTER JOHNSON

Johnson's greatest asset is his terrific speed. This picture shows the start of his delivery, preparatory to pitching one of his fast balls

to shine at Weiser. I knew there was a position open to me, and so I went back to that town.

Although the managers of the Tacoma and Los Angeles teams did n't enthuse over me, I was received very warmly by the Weiser manager upon my return. There was no regular league, games were not played every day, and much of the pitching for the club fell to me. The batters of that section were not quite in the same class with the Major League players, and consequently I did not have very much trouble in winning my games. In a series of twelve games, I managed to strike out 166 men, and went eighty-five innings without being scored on.

In those days I could pitch as swift a ball as I can now. Many batters don't care for speed, especially if the pitcher is a trifle wild. My control was a bit unsteady then, and many of the players were delighted when the umpire called them out on strikes. Others would take three weak swings, for fear the umpire might *not* call them strikes. Incidentally, the eyes of the umpire were not as keen as those of the Major League officials. Both these conditions, of course, helped me to attain my record.

Every now and then, after having watched me pitch a game, some stranger would tell me that he liked my pitching, that he was from the East, and that he intended writing to the manager of this or that club about me. In two or three months, I think a hundred stray spectators paid me that sort of compliment, and a good many of them told me I ought to be in the Big League. I regarded that possibility, however, as quite too far away to give it any serious consideration, and I never was very fond of riding on trains.

It is quite possible, indeed, that if Cliff Blankenship, a Washington catcher at that time, had not suf-

ferred a broken finger, I might still be pitching in dear old Weiser. Washington, like several other clubs, had heard, it seems, of some of the things I had been doing in the pitching line. Very fortunately for me, that club was going badly at the time, and needed pitchers particularly. Coupled with the breaking of Blankenship's finger, this fact was responsible for my journey east to join the Big League.

That trip from Weiser to Washington is a sufficiently long one. Never having made such a journey before, I was not at all clever in picking out my trains, and, as a result, I was delayed in arriving. At one stage of the proceedings, Manager Cantillon, then in charge of the Washington team, must have decided that I had made up my mind to stay in Weiser. At least, he sent enough telegrams to have paid almost my year's salary in Idaho. I was a very tired young man when I finally reported to him at his hotel. He welcomed me heartily, made me feel quite at home, and told me to come out to the park in the morning. There I was given a better uniform than I had worn at either Tacoma or Los Angeles. I warmed up a little with "Gabby" Street, then a star catcher on the club. Later I did some pitching for batting practice.

I made up my mind that morning that the ball was the same size as ever, and the bats no larger than those I had been accustomed to. I also reached the conclusion that the Big League players were human beings, just like the young men out at Weiser. In the afternoon, the manager told me that he intended starting me in a game as soon as I had lost my train legs. I replied that I was ready and anxious to "have a try at it."

On Thursday evening, August 1, 1907, Manager Cantillon informed me that he intended using me the

next day against Detroit. At that time, the "Tigers" were leading in the race, and were expected to win the pennant, so the Washington manager surely did not pick a soft job for me for my first attempt. However, I was truly glad after the game was over that I had made my start against Detroit, as my showing in that game gave me a great deal of confidence.

In those days, the Detroit Tigers could hit the ball just about as effectively as could the Athletics a few years ago, and I lost that game, but not until after there had been quite a battle. At the end of the seventh inning, the score was a tie, 1 to 1. In some way, I had managed to keep the Tigers from hitting. In the eighth, their manager, Jennings, shifted tactics with good results. The first batter bunted, and beat my throw easily. The next one also bunted. I tried for a force play at second, but my throw arrived a fraction of a second too late. Then came another bunt. I managed to get the man at first, but of course the other two men moved up. A fly to the outfield scored a run, and put the Tigers in the lead. I was taken out in the last half of the eighth to allow a pinch-hitter to bat. Tom Hughes pitched the last inning, and the Tigers got a run off of his delivery. Washington started a rally in the ninth, but could score only one run, and the game ended 3 to 2 in favor of Detroit. I had started my Big League career with a defeat, but still I was satisfied.

In the eight innings I had pitched against the League leaders, I had held them to two runs and six hits, three of them being bunts that were too nearly perfect for me to handle — in time to get the runner. I had succeeded in doing this only because of my so-called "speed," for at that time I did n't have a curve ball, and scarcely knew there was such a thing. That eve-

ning, one of the Washington newspapermen commented on this fact while talking to me.

"I believe you will have better success if you will mix up a curve with your speed," said he.

"That is just what I intend doing when I learn how to use a curve," I replied. My speed had enabled me to win with ease out at Weiser. Fast-breaking curves, fade-aways, slow balls, and a change of pace were unknown to me. That same evening I told "Gabby" Street what the newspaperman had said.

"Your speed will carry you along, and the rest will come to you in plenty of time, if you keep your wits about you," said Street.

His judgment settled the matter for me, so I said nothing more about it then. (Later, under the instruction of several of the veteran Washington pitchers, I began to learn the art of pitching.) On August 7, five days after my début, Manager Cantillon sent me against Cleveland, and I recorded a victory over that team by the score of 7 to 2, allowing four hits and striking out six men. I had won my first victory.

On August 14, I got another chance, this time against the St. Louis "Browns." In this game, as well as the other two, I used nothing but a fast ball. I lost, 1 to 0, although I allowed only six hits, while Washington got nine off of Barney Peltz. I was wondering what Manager Cantillon thought of me when I met him in the lobby of the hotel.

"That was a hard game to lose, Walter," he remarked. "You deserved to win, but that is impossible if your team-mates can't get you any runs. From now on, you can expect to take your regular turn in the box."

For the first time, I realized that I was a "sure-enough Big Leaguer." I confess I felt proud.

People often ask me which team gives me the most trouble, and which batters I find most dangerous. I have discovered that in these modern days of base-ball, no team can be regarded as a "cinch." Any club is liable to knock you out of the box, even though you appear to be in the best possible form.

One year the St. Louis Browns gave me considerable trouble, although other members of our pitching staff beat the same team with ease. For some time in 1913, the Cleveland club seemed to have my measure. In a game in Cleveland, one day, they hit my offerings to all corners of the lot. It was quite dark — a day that was made to order for my style of pitching. I don't believe I ever had more speed, and my curve had a fast break, but I seemed unable to get the ball past the opposing bats. Even the pitcher was hitting them with ease. After the damage had been done, I let up on my speed and used some slow balls, and managed to finish the game without having any of my infielders seriously injured or the outfielders collapse from exhaustion.

However, if I were to pick the team that has consistently made me the most trouble since breaking into the Major League, I would say the Philadelphia Athletics. Connie Mack always manages to get together a club that plays real base-ball, has plenty of speed, a good pitching staff, and enough batting strength to make any pitcher sit up and take notice. Such a combination has always proved a hard one for me to beat.

Sam Crawford has perhaps hit me harder than any other batsman in the American League. The very first day he faced me he hit safely, and he has been doing it ever since. Frank Baker, who is so well remembered by Christy Mathewson and "Rube" Mar-

quard, has also been very successful at connecting with my offerings. Both of these men seem to get hits off of my delivery at almost any time they need them, and they have hit my fast ball so hard that for a time I would lose sight of the ball.

I find that "Donie" Bush, the diminutive short-stop of the Detroit team, is the hardest man for me to pitch to. He is small of stature, has a peculiar crouch at the plate, and a keen eye, and makes the pitcher go the limit. "Donie" can also clout the ball when it is over the plate. In fact, he is a dangerous player for a pitcher from almost any angle.

I attribute much of my success as a pitcher to the excellent handling I received as a recruit. The veteran Jack Warner and Charley Street were the mainstays of the Washington club behind the bat when I joined that team. Both were heady catchers, good judges of batters, and excellent throwers. It was indeed fortunate for me that I was started so soon after I joined the team, and had two such good back-stops to coach me.

My experience has led me to believe that a young pitcher can learn more about the art of pitching from real work in a regular game than by absorbing knowledge by sitting on the bench. Of course both are essential, but the trial under fire is what makes or breaks a man. Very often a team cannot afford to use a youngster, because of the possibility that most of the games he starts will be lost. When I joined the Washington club, it did not have to worry about that. The team was usually regarded as defeated before the game began, so it did n't matter much who did the pitching. That state of affairs enabled me to be given a place as a regular, very quickly.

Old catchers can coach you on what you should do,

veteran pitchers can point out the different tricks of the trade to you, wise managers can give you a lot of valuable advice; but pitching in a real game, with a smart catcher handling your delivery, is what brings out the best that is in you. Jack Warner and "Gabby" Street soon put me wise to most of the tricks of the trade. I followed their instructions and judgment explicitly, and so got the best results.

When "Gabby" Street was in his prime, he was the best catcher I ever saw, I think. Perhaps old-timers can recall back-stops who surpassed him, but to me he was the ideal man behind the bat. Most catchers will tell you that when I have good control, I am an easy man to catch. On the other hand, they will tell you that if I am wild, my pitching is hard to hold. They claim that because of my unusual speed it is impossible to do much foot work in the box — that they cannot shift as they do for the average pitcher, and, in consequence, they are forced to catch bad pitches from awkward positions, with the result that wild pitches on my part, and passed balls on the catcher's, are numerous when I lack good control.

Perhaps what they say is true, but when Street was catching, I made very few wild pitches. Although slow of foot as a runner, he could shift around in the catcher's box with remarkable speed. He was also a wonder at holding foul tips. When he was catching me, the receiving job appeared to be the easiest proposition in the world. I have often heard him say, "The only thing I need to make me really comfortable when Walter is pitching is a rocking-chair." He always kept the pitcher in good spirits, and kept up, also, a continual chatter of sense and nonsense.

"Ease up on this fellow, Walter; he has a wife and two children," he would call jokingly when some bat-

ter was hugging the plate and getting a "toe-hold" for a crack at one of my fast ones.

"This fellow has n't made a hit off of you since you joined the League," would probably be his next remark. And so on throughout the game.

During my eleven years as a pitcher in the American League, I have lost a number of games that caused me considerable grief. In the summer of 1913, I dropped two games to Boston that I was exceedingly sorry to lose. Ray Collins did the pitching for them in both the games, and he deserved to win, for he kept our team from scoring a run, and when a fellow pitches shut-out ball, the very worst that he can get is a tie. Both of these games were lost by 1 to 0 scores.

The first defeat took place on Decoration Day, at Washington. There was a big crowd, and as game time approached, it seemed certain that rain would stop the contest, so it was decided to start the game about ten minutes earlier than usual, in the hope that five innings might be played before the storm broke. This decision was reached just about the time I was preparing to warm up. It cut down the time allotted me for my work-out, so that I was not quite ready when I started the first inning. Harry Hooper, the first man to face me, hit the first ball pitched to him over the right field fence. Several more hits were made in that inning, but because of good fielding, Boston did not score more than the one run. However, that tally was enough to win, as neither club was able to do any run-making during the remainder of the game.

The other game was played on August 28, at Boston. The fact that I had just won sixteen straight games made it an unusual attraction. I doubt if I ever pitched a better game in my life. In ten innings,

only one Boston player reached first base, and he got there on a scratch hit. In the eleventh inning, a hit, an error, and another hit gave Boston the winning run. I certainly hated to lose that game, not so much because of that one defeat, but because I believed that if I could get away with the Boston contest, I would be able to break the Major League pitching record of nineteen straight victories. Once again Mr. Collins had put a crimp in my aspirations.

I was credited with a loss at Detroit seven or eight years ago that was just about the last word in hard luck. Washington had tied the score in the first half of the ninth. Manager Cantillon had made a number of shifts, in trying to hold the Tigers down, and after he had succeeded in tying the score, he sent me out to finish the last half of the ninth. Dave Altizer was sent to short to replace another player, and requested to be allowed a few practice throws. The first-base pavilion on the old Detroit grounds was very close to the field. Dave took three trial throws, and threw the ball into the pavilion each time. Fearing that he might break up the game by throwing away all the balls, the umpire called a halt.

The first batter to face me hit the first ball pitched to the outfield, and was out. The next man, Herman Schaefer, sent an easy grounder to Altizer, who picked it up in nice style, and then proceeded to make a higher throw into the stands than he had on any of his three trial attempts. It was before the rules allowed only two bases on such an error, and Schaefer trotted around the bases for the winning run.

"Well, Dave, you threw true to form," remarked Manager Cantillon, as Altizer returned to the bench. I had pitched just two balls, but because of Altizer's bad throw, I was credited with the loss of the game.

That defeat was one of the few that have been unjustly — to my way of thinking — charged up to me. At any rate, I shall never forget that last inning.

It is my opinion that a pitcher, to be at his best, should be worked in his regular turn. I consider three days of rest just right for a pitcher who is big and strong; that is, I think such a pitcher can be of the greatest service to his club by being used every fourth day. Pitchers of a slighter physique could not work that often. A pitcher knows best what amount of rest he needs, in order to be right, and if he is wise he will see that his manager knows this also. No manager can be a mind-reader, although some of them are more than wise. If I was worked only once a week, I don't believe I would ever pitch a good game of ball. A rest of that length throws me off my stride.

Going to the rescue of another pitcher, if it is done frequently, is far harder on the average pitcher than taking his regular turn in the box. Often a pitcher falters several times during a game. Believing that he may be sent in to pitch at a moment's notice, the relief pitcher warms up hurriedly. Just about the time he may be ready, the other pitcher settles down and gets out of the hole. The manager then signals for the relief pitcher to discontinue warming up, whereupon he pulls on his sweater, sits down on the bench, and begins to cool off. Perhaps just about the time he gets cool, he is forced to go through the same program again. Sometimes this happens for several days in succession.

I much prefer to start games and let the other fellows finish them, no matter whether it is because my team is far ahead or behind. I know positively that pitching at top speed for several innings in which I am sent in to save a game is a greater strain on my arm

than working nine full innings in which I am forced to the limit. Usually when a pitcher goes to the rescue of another man, his team has a slight margin in runs. Of course it is up to him to retain this scant lead. To do so he must extend himself all the time, as the slightest let-up might mean defeat. Pitchers who are constantly going in to finish games will soon have trouble with their arms, and, in my opinion, cannot hope to last half as long as the fellow who works in his regular turn. And the hardest part of relief duty is being forced to go in at a moment's notice, without being properly warmed up. It is on such occasions that a fellow permanently injures his arm.

Probably no greater relief pitcher than Ed Walsh of the Chicago club ever lived. A few years ago, Walsh's arm was found to be in bad shape, and as a result he was of little use to the Chicago team. Some people may attribute the injury to the spit ball, but I believe that excessive demands upon him as a relief pitcher is what caused Walsh's slump. One year he took part in about half the games Chicago played, and during the rest of the time was warming up, to be ready to go to the rescue if needed. No pitcher, no matter how strong he is physically, can do such a great amount of work without paying the penalty.

Many people ask me my opinion of Ty Cobb. In answer to this query I might say that one of the greatest compliments I ever received was paid me by a gentleman who said that I was as good a pitcher as Cobb was an outfielder and batter. If I am half as good at pitching as Cobb is at fielding, batting, and base-running, I don't think that I shall have to worry about my release for a few years at least. Cobb is surely a wonderful ball-player, and he hits my pitching, no matter what I serve up.

However, I don't think he puts the force back of his drives that Baker and Crawford do. But Cobb makes me think more than the other two fellows do, for I never know exactly what he is going to do. When Crawford or Baker faces me, I look for him simply to wallop the ball. Crawford every now and then fools me by bunting one, but Baker invariably takes his healthy swing, and, as the slang of base-ball puts it, "believe me, it is some swing!"

On the other hand, Cobb bunts when you least expect it, and hits when you look for a bunt. If you put the ball on the outside where he likes it, he will drop it into left field. Keep it inside, and he is liable to kill your first baseman. About the best way to fool him is to get the ball up there faster than he can get his bat around. I should like to pitch on a team with eight men each as capable in his position as Ty is in his. If I ever lost a game, I would refuse to accept my salary for the season.

The wise pitcher is the fellow who develops a good curve and an equally good slow ball. Jimmy McAleer, who managed the Washington club for several years, firmly impressed this on me during his régime. On a trip west one year, a discussion of former star pitchers was being indulged in by a number of the veterans on the club, among whom were "Wid" Conroy and "Kid" Elberfeld. I was an interested listener.

"It is n't often that a pitcher quits the game when he is plenty good enough to last for years in fast company, but I had one who did," said McAleer. "He had as much speed as Walter Johnson, and a peculiar wind-up that made the batter think he was picking the ball out of his hip pocket every time he pitched. However, he had nothing but speed. His curve was more

of a twist than a curve, and a slow ball was something he could n't master, although he tried his best to learn it. So he had nothing to offer the batter but speed, and he was always extending himself to the limit. When the opposition solved his delivery, he had no change of pace."

That part of McAleer's conversation made me decide that I must know something more about pitching than how to use speed. I spent much of my time in developing a fast-breaking curve, mastering a slow ball, and acquiring a change of pace, which is the art of throwing a slow ball with exactly the same motion as is used in throwing the fast one. Players are kind enough to tell me that my curve and change of pace are far above the average. I hope they are right, for I am able to win now with much more ease than I did six or seven years ago. I never go at top speed except when it comes to the pinch. Then I always have something in reserve.

I have never had much faith in new curves and so-called "mystery balls." I am content to get along with the old-fashioned speed and curves. The knuckle ball is hard to hit, but equally hard to control, and, incidentally, it injures the arm. The spit ball is a deceptive delivery, but a dangerous one, as few pitchers know just where the ball is going. Ed Walsh was one of the few pitchers who seemed able to put the "spitter" just about where he wanted it. It is conceded that this delivery is really effective only when it is broken low. Walsh always kept it the height of the knee. That it is a decidedly injurious delivery is shown by the way twirlers who have depended entirely on it have dropped out of the Big Leagues, while the old-style pitchers keep their places in fast company.

In eleven years I have learned a lot about pitching, and about base-ball in general, yet I still regard as my greatest asset the one I had when I entered the Big League — speed. Speed is a gift of nature. The other points about pitching can be acquired.

VIII

HOW I BECAME A "BIG-LEAGUE" PITCHER

BY CHRISTY MATHEWSON

FEW of the boys who read this will become Big-League pitchers. The majority of them probably have no such ambition. But nearly all boys play ball, and almost all boy players wish, at some time, to be pitchers.

The first necessity for a pitcher is to have control of the ball. That can't be emphasized too strongly. A boy may be able to throw all the curves imaginable, but if he can't put the ball where he wants it, the batters keep walking around the bases, and he will never win any ball games. Therefore, I would, first of all, advise my young readers to practise accuracy, until they can place the ball just where they want to send it. Let them pitch to another boy, with a barn or a fence as a back-stop, and try to put one *high*, over the *inside* of the plate, the next *low* over the inside, and then high over the *outside*, and again low over the outside; and keep up this practice patiently until mastery of the control of the ball is obtained. A boy will find that even if he can't pitch a curve, but has good control, he will be able to win many more ball games than if he has a lot of benders, but no ability to put the ball where he wants it.

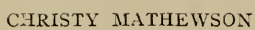
There used to be a pitcher in the American League named "Al" Orth, who was called the "Curveless Wonder," because, it was said, he couldn't throw a

curve ball. But he had almost perfect control, and was able to pitch the ball exactly where he thought it would be hardest for the batter to hit it. The result was that, for several years, he was one of the best pitchers in the American League, with nothing but his control to fall back upon. But he studied the weaknesses of batters carefully — that is, he was constantly on the alert to discover what sort of a ball each batter could n't hit — and then he pitched in this "groove," as it is called in base-ball.

When I was a boy about eight or nine years old, I lived in Factoryville, Pennsylvania, a little country town; and I had a cousin, older than I, who was always studying the theory of throwing. I used to throw flat stones with him, and he would show me (I suppose almost every boy knows) that if a flat stone is started with the flat surface parallel to the ground, it will always turn over before it lands. That is, after it loses its speed, and the air-cushion fails to support it, the stone will turn over and drop down. The harder it is thrown, the longer the air sustains it, and the farther it will carry before it drops.

My cousin showed me, also, that, if the hand were turned over, and the flat stone started with the flat surface at an acute angle to the earth, instead of parallel to it, the stone, instead of dropping, would curve horizontally. I began to practise this throw, and to make all sorts of experiments with stones.

I got to be a great stone thrower, and this practice increased my throwing power, and taught me something about curves. When I was nine years old, I could throw a stone farther than any of the boys who were my chums. Then I used to go out in the woods and throw at squirrels and blackbirds, and even sparrows; and many a bagful of game I got with stones.



But, when aiming at game, I always used round stones, as these can be thrown more accurately.

All this time I was practising with stones, mainly for amusement; I had n't played any base-ball, except "one old cat," with boys of my own age. As a matter of fact, I did n't think much about base-ball. Gradually, however, I became interested in it, and before long, I was allowed to stand behind the catcher when the Factoryville team was playing, and "shag" foul balls, or carry the bats or the water. For I was born with the base-ball instinct, and a "mascot," or bat-boy, is the rôle in which many a ball-player has made his start.

This Factoryville nine was composed of grown men, and it was not uncommon for small town teams to wear whiskers in those days. Many of the players, too, were really fat men. But, boy-like, I felt very important in being "connected with" this pretentious-looking club. My official name was "second catcher," which entitled me to no place in the batting order, but gave me a chance at all foul balls and other misplaced hits that none of the regular nine could reach. If I happened to catch a wild foul ball, I would often hear the spectators say, "That's a pretty good kid. He'll make a ball-player some day." But if I missed one, then it would be: "That kid's pretty bad. He'll never be a ball-player!"

So, at the age of ten, I became a known factor in the base-ball circles of Factoryville, and might be said to have started on my career.

My next step was learning to throw a curve with a base-ball, and one of the pitchers on the town team undertook to show me how this was done. He taught me to hold the ball for an out-curve, and then to snap my wrist to attain the desired result. After consider-

able practice, I managed to curve the ball, but I never knew where it was going. I used to get another youngster, a little younger than I, up against a barn, with a big glove, and pitch to him for hours. At last, I attained fair control over this curve, and then I began practising what is known in the Big Leagues as "the fast ball," but what most boys call an "in-curve."

Every boy knows that, if he grips a ball tightly and then throws it, with all his speed, off the ends of his fingers, the ball will curve in toward a right-handed batter slightly. This curve is easy to accomplish, as it is merely a matter of speed and letting the ball slide straight off the ends of the fingers,—the most natural way to throw. It does not require any snap of the wrist, but the bend of the curve is naturally slight, and that is the reason most Big Leaguers call it a fast ball, and do not recognize it as a curve. At the age of twelve, having no designs on the Big League, I called it the "in-curve," and reckoned, with some pride, that I could throw two curves — the "out" and the "in."

I first began playing ball on a team when I was twelve, but most of the other boys were older than I, and, as pitcher was considered to be the most important position, one of the older boys always took the job without even giving me a tryout. In fact, they thought that I was altogether too good a pitcher for my age, because I had considerable speed, and it was natural that several of the older boys did n't want to see the "kid" get along too fast. So they put me in right field, on the theory that "*anybody* can play right field."

I was n't much of a ball-player, outside of being a pitcher, and it must be confessed that I never showed up brilliantly with that boy team. I could catch flies

only fairly well, could throw hard and straight, and was pretty good at chasing the balls that got away from me; but I was n't a good hitter, and probably for just one reason.

I was what is known as a "cross-handed" batter,—and the experts will all tell you that this is a cardinal sin in a batsman. It means that I stood up to the plate as a right-handed batter does, but put my left hand on top of my right, which greatly reduces the chances of hitting the ball when a man swings at it. All boys should be careful to avoid this cross-handed method of holding the bat. It is a great weakness. No one that I played with knew enough to tell me to turn around and bat left-handed, or that I was probably, by nature, a left-handed hitter. I would advise any boys who have this fault to try hitting left-handed, and if this does not prove successful, to practise keeping the right hand on top until they are able to swing that way. No one will ever be a good ball-player who hits in the clumsy, cross-handed style.

I believe I got the habit from hoeing, and chopping wood, and performing some of the other chores that a country boy is called upon to do. At all events, it "came natural," as the saying is, for me to hold my left hand on top of my right when doing any work of that kind. The result was, that I batted as if I were hoeing potatoes, and seldom obtained a hit. Once in a while, I would connect with the ball, in my awkward, cross-handed style, and it would always be a long wallop, because I was a big, husky, country boy; but more often I ignominiously struck out. So it will be seen that my real base-ball start was not very auspicious.

But, even then, I would rather play base-ball than eat, and that is the spirit all boys need who expect to

be good players. When I was fourteen years old, the pitcher on the Factoryville team was taken ill one day, just before a game with a nine from a town a few miles away, and the contest was regarded as very important in both villages. Our second pitcher was away on a visit, and so Factoryville was "up against it" for a twirler. You must remember that all the players on this team were grown men — several of them, as I have said, with whiskers on their faces, and roly-poly bodies — but I had always looked up to them as idols. When the team could find no pitcher, some one remarked to the captain: "That Mathewson kid can pitch pretty well." But the backers of the team and the other players were skeptical, and, like men who come from Missouri, "wanted to be shown." So they told me to come down on the main street in Factoryville the next morning, which was Saturday, the day of the game — and take a "tryout." The captain was there.

"We want to see what you've got," said he.

Most of the base-ball population of the town gathered to see me get my tryout, and I pitched for two hours, while the critics stood around and watched me closely, to discover what I could do. They sent their best batters up to face the curves I was throwing, and I was "putting everything that I had on the ball." After a full hour's dress rehearsal, and when, at last I "fanned" out the captain of the team, he came up, slapped me on the back, and said:

"You'll do. We want you to pitch this afternoon."

That, I am sure, was the very proudest day of my life. We had to drive ten miles to the opponents' town, and all the other boys watched me leave with the men. And you can imagine my pride while *I* watched

them, as they stood on one foot and then the other, nudging one another and saying, "'Husk' is going to play with the men!" They called me "Husk" in those days.

It was a big jump upward for me, and I would hardly look at the other youngsters as I climbed into the carriage with the captain. If the full truth were told, however, I felt almost "all in" after the hard session I had been through in the morning.

I can remember the score of that game yet, probably because it was such an important event in my life. Our team gained the victory by the count of 19 to 17—and largely by a bit of good luck that befell me. With my hands awkwardly crossed on the bat, as usual, I just happened to swing where the ball was coming *once*, when the bases were full, and I knocked it over the left-fielder's head. That luck hit won the game; and that was really my start in baseball.

This happened toward the end of the summer season; and in the fall I went to the Keystone Academy, after having completed the public-school course, there being no high school in Factoryville at that time.

I played on the Keystone team during my first year at the academy, but I was still young, and they thought that it was up to some older boy to pitch, so I covered second base. I was playing ball with boys sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen years old at this time, and I was only fourteen.

The next year, however, I was captain of the team, and pitched (the natural result of being elected captain, as any of my readers know who may have led base-ball clubs!). While I was the captain of this team, I hit upon a brilliant idea, which really was n't original, but which the other boys believed to be, and

so it amounted to the same thing. When we were playing a weak team, I put some one else into the box to pitch, and covered second base myself, to "strengthen the in-field." We had a couple of boys on the team who—like certain twirlers in every league—could pitch, but couldn't bat or play any other position. I caught this idea from reading an article in a newspaper about McGraw and the Baltimore "Orioles." I worshiped him in those days, little thinking that I should ever know him; and it was beyond my fondest dreams that I should ever play ball for him.

I was still batting cross-handed on the Keystone team; but, in pitching, I had good control over my out-curve, which was effective against the other boys. During the vacation of that summer, I pitched for the Factoryville team, until it disbanded in August, which left me no place to play ball. And, remember, at that time I still would rather play ball than eat, and, big, growing boy that I was, I was decidedly fond of eating!

But one fine day, the captain of a team belonging to a town about five miles away came to me and asked if I would pitch for his nine.

"We'll give you a dollar a game!" he said in conclusion.

"What! How much?" I asked, in amazement, because it was such fun for me to play ball, then, that the idea of being *paid* for it struck me as "finding money."

"A dollar a game," he repeated; "but you'll have to walk over, or catch a ride on some wagon."

There was no trolley route connecting the two villages then. I told him he needn't mind how I got there, but that I would certainly come.

So, for a time, I went regularly over to the other town — Factoryville's old rival — and pitched every Saturday; and often I had to walk both ways. But they always gave me my dollar, which was a satisfactory consolation and a good antidote for foot-weariness. By this time, I was far ahead of boys of my own age, in pitching, and was "showing them how to pitch," and rather regarding them as my inferiors, as any boy will, after he has played with men.

In 1898, I was graduated from Keystone Academy, and as I had played foot-ball there, and was a big, husky, country kid, I was regarded as a desirable student by several colleges, and urged by friends at the University of Pennsylvania and by others at Lafayette College to enter one of those institutions of learning. But I finally decided to go to Bucknell.

During that summer, I happened to be in Scranton, Pennsylvania, soon after school closed. It looked a big city to me then, and the buildings seemed to be very high. As I was only there for the day, I made up my mind that I would make sure of seeing the Y. M. C. A. team play ball, which it did every Saturday. At the hour appointed for the game, I was sitting in the grand stand munching peanuts, when it was suddenly discovered that the Y. M. C. A. pitcher was missing, and they began to look around for some one to twirl.

One of their players, it seems, had seen me pitch in Factoryville, and, having recognized me in the stand, he went up to the captain of the team, and said: "There's a kid up there who can pitch."

"Where's he from?" asked the captain.

"Factoryville," replied my friend.

"I don't think he'll do," said the captain. "Those small-town pitchers don't make good when they stack

up against real ball teams. But I'll remember him, and I may have to try him if the regular pitcher does n't show up."

The regular pitcher did n't "show up," and the result was that the two players came over to me, some ten minutes later, where I was still munching peanuts in eager anticipation of the game, and began a conversation in this wise:

"Can you pitch?" the captain asked me.

"A little," I replied.

"Want to work for us this afternoon?"

I was startled. Then, "Sure I do!" I exclaimed, and promptly climbed down over the front of the stand, leaving quite three cents' worth of peanuts on the seat, which was no compliment to my natural country thrift, and indicated that I was excited. They handed me a uniform, very much too big for me, the one that the regular pitcher usually wore, and as I was putting it on in the dressing-room, I began to wonder if the job would be as much too large. When I came out and the crowd got a look at me, everybody began to ask who the big country boy was, with the misfit uniform.

But I "had something" that day, and struck out fifteen men.

"You're a pitcher!" said the captain to me after the game, and he ordered a uniform made to fit me. I was seventeen at that time, and was still playing with teams whose members were all much older than I. And that was the second opportunity to pitch that came to me through a "break in the luck," as ball-players say.

At midsummer of that year, I went to Honesdale, Pennsylvania, where I was given twenty dollars a month and my board, to pitch for the team there.

This seemed to me then a princely salary, and I began to speak of "J. P. Morgan and me."

In 1898, I matriculated at Bucknell, and played football there. It was then a college of less than two hundred male students, but the class of men was generally high. The next summer I went back to Honesdale, after having played on the Bucknell base-ball team. And, in the middle of the season, I was offered ninety dollars a month to pitch in the New England League, a salary which turned out to be only on paper, for the Taunton club disbanded before I was ever paid, and I received only an occasional five or ten dollars, which promptly went to the landlady.

Honesdale proved to be an important mile-post in my base-ball journey. Two things I learned during my stay there, and both have been of great value to me. First, and most momentous, I discovered the rudiments of "the fadeaway"; and, second, I stopped batting cross-handed. This correction of my hitting style was the result of ridicule. I was very large by this time — almost as big as I am now — and when I came up to the bat, with the wrong hand on top, and swung at the ball, I looked awkward. The players on the other teams and the spectators began to laugh at me and "guy" me. "Look at that big kid trying to hit the ball!" they would shout as I missed one.

I made up my mind to change my style, and I started to try to hit with the right hand on top, standing up to the plate right-handed. It was very hard for me at first, and for a long time I could n't hit nearly as well that way as I could with my hands crossed; but I stuck to the new style, knowing that it would be a big improvement in the end. I had batted the other way so long that it was hard for me to correct it. That is the reason I advise all boys with a tendency to

hold a bat with the wrong hand on top to change *immediately*, because the longer they keep on hitting in that way, the harder it will be for them to adopt a new style. No one will ever be a hitter, swinging in this awkward manner, because the hands cannot guide the bat accurately. Since I changed my batting form, I have developed into a fair-hitting pitcher.

In Honesdale, there was a left-handed pitcher named Williams who could throw an out-curve to a right-handed batter. Now the natural curve for a left-handed pitcher is the in-curve to a right-handed batter, and Williams simply exhibited this curve as a sort of "freak" delivery, in practice, over which he had no control. He showed the ball to me, and told me how he threw it, and I began to wonder why a right-handed pitcher could n't master this delivery, thus getting an in-curve to a right-handed batter on a slow ball, which surely seemed desirable. Williams pitched this ball with the same motion that he used in throwing his in-curve, but turned his hand over and snapped his wrist as he let the ball go. He could never tell where it was going to break, and therefore it was of no use to him in a game. He once played a few games in one of the Big Leagues, but lasted only a short time. He did n't have enough control over this freak ball to make it deceptive, and, as far as the rest of his curves were concerned, he was only a mediocre pitcher.

But it was here that I learned the rudiments of the fadeaway, and I began to practise them with great diligence, recognizing the value of the curve. I also started to pitch drop balls while I was in Honesdale, and mixed these up with my fast one and the "old roundhouse curve." I only used the drop when the situation was serious, as that was my very best, and

a surprise for all the batters. Few pitchers in that set, indeed, had a drop ball.

The part of the summer with the Taunton team apparently did me little good, beyond teaching me the style of base-ball played in the New England League, and proving to me that there is sometimes a great difference between the salary named in a contract and that received. As a matter of fact, however, that portion of a season spent in the New England League was going to have a great influence on my future, although I could not foresee it at the time.

I returned to Bucknell in the fall, where I played full-back on the foot-ball team; and, oddly enough, I was much better known as a foot-ball player at this time than as an exponent of base-ball. Probably this was because I developed some ability as a drop-kicker, and, at college, foot-ball was considered decidedly the more important sport. Moreover, I received poor support on the college base-ball team; and no pitcher can win games when his men don't field well behind him, or when they refuse to bat in any runs.

In the fall of 1899, the Bucknell foot-ball team went down to Philadelphia to play the University of Pennsylvania eleven, and this proved to be one of the most important trips that I ever took. While our players were waiting around the hotel in the morning, a man named John Smith, known in base-ball circles as "Phenom John" Smith, came around to see me. He was an old pitcher, and had picked up the name of "Phenomenal (shortened to "Phenom") John" in his palmy days in the box. He had been the manager of the Portland club in the New England League during the previous season, and had seen me pitch with the Taunton nine.

"Mathewson," he said to me, "I'm going to Nor-

folk in the Virginia League, to manage the club next season, and I'll give you a steady job at eighty dollars a month. I know that your contract called for ninety dollars last season, but you will surely get this money, as the club has substantial backing."

I signed the contract then and there. The colleges were n't as strict about their men playing summer ball at that time. *Now* I would advise a boy who has exceptional ability as a ball-player, to sign no contracts, and to take no money for playing, *until* he has finished college. Then, if he cares to go into professional base-ball, all right.

"I'm going out to see you play foot-ball this afternoon," said Smith, as he put the contract in his pocket.

I was lucky that day, and kicked two field goals against Pennsylvania, which was considered to be a great showing for a team from a small college, in an early season game, regarded almost as a practice contest. Field goals counted more then — five points each — and there were few men in the country who were good drop-kickers. Hudson, the Carlisle Indian, was about the only other of my time. Those two field goals helped to temper our defeat, and we lost by about 20 to 10, I think. When I got back to the hotel, "Phenom John" was there again.

"You played a great game this afternoon," he said to me, "and, because I liked the way in which you kicked those two field goals, I'm going to make your salary ninety dollars instead of eighty dollars."

He took the contract, already signed, out of his pocket, and raised my pay ten dollars a month before I had ever pitched a ball for him! That contract is framed in Norfolk now, or rather it *was* when I last visited the city with the "Giants" on a spring-training trip. The old figures remain, with the erasure of the

eighty and the correction of ninety just as "Phenom John" made them with his fountain-pen.

As you will easily believe, I went back to Bucknell very much pleased with myself, with two field goals to my credit in foot-ball, and in my pocket a contract to play base-ball for ninety dollars a month.

The rest of my Minor League record is brief.

I went to Norfolk the next summer, and won twenty-one games, out of twenty-three, for the team. And on a certain day in the midsummer of 1900, "Phenom John" Smith came up to me, smiling in the friendliest way.

"Matty," he began, "I've never regretted changing that contract after it was signed. You have played good ball for me, and now I have a chance to sell you to either the New York National League club or the Philadelphia club. Which team would you rather be with?"

This came to me as a great surprise, the opportunity to "break into the Big League"—the dream of my life. Only one year before, I had stood outside the players' gate at the Polo Grounds, on my way to Taunton, and had lingered to watch Amos Rusie, the great pitcher of the Giants, make his exit, so that I could see what he looked like in his street clothes, and also contribute a little hero-worship in the way of cheers. Now I was going to be a member of a Big-League club myself!

"I'll let you know in a couple of days," I told Smith, in reply to his question about my choice of the two clubs.

Then I began to study the list of pitchers with each team. The Giants were a vastly different organization then from that of to-day, and were usually found near the bottom of the list toward the end of the sea-

son. But they were *in need* of pitchers, and so I decided that, if I went with New York, I, a youngster, would have a better chance to pitch regularly. They had n't much to lose by making a thorough trial of me, and they might give me an opportunity to work, was the way I reasoned it out.

"I'd like to go to New York," I told Smith; and, needless to say, I have never regretted my decision.

That is how I became a Big-League pitcher, in the middle of the summer of 1900, at the age of nineteen years. George Davis was the manager of the New York club at the time, and the first thing he did when I reported for duty was to summon me for morning practice.

"Now," he said, "I'm going to order all our fellows to go up to the bat, and I want you to throw everything you've got."

He started off himself, and I was nervous enough, facing the manager of a Big-League team for my try-out. I shot over my fast one first, and I had a lot of speed in those days.

"That's a pretty good fast ball you've got, there," declared Davis. "Now let's have a look at your curve."

I threw him the "old roundhouse" out-curve, my pride and joy which, as the newspapers said, had been "standing them on their heads" in the Minor League. He stepped up into it, and drove the ball over the head of the man playing center field and beyond the old ropes.

So was an idol shattered, and my favorite curve wrecked!

"No," he said, "that 'old roundhouse curve' ain't any good in this company. You can see that start to break, all the way from the pitcher's box. A man

with paralysis in both arms could get himself set in time to hit that one. Have n't you got a drop ball?"

"Yes," I answered; "but I don't use it much."

"Well, let's have a look at it," he said.

I threw him my drop ball, and he said that it was a pretty fair curve.

"Now that's what we call a curve ball in the Big League," declared Davis. "As for that other big one you just threw me,—forget it! Got anything else?"

"I've a sort of a freak ball that I never use in a game," I replied, brimful of ambition.

"Well, let's see it."

Then I threw him my fadeaway, although it had n't been named at the time. He missed it by more than a foot (I was lucky enough to get it over the plate!). I shall never forget how Davis's eyes bulged!

"What's *that* ball?" he asked.

"That's one I picked up, but never use," I answered. "It's a kind of a freak ball."

"Can you control it?"

"Not very well."

"Try it again!" he ordered. I did, and got it over the plate once more. He missed the ball.

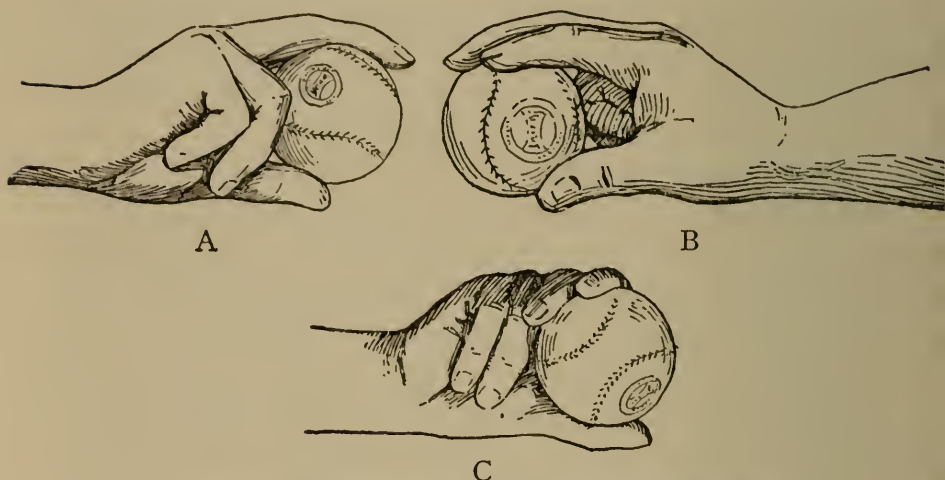
"That's a *good* one! That's all right!" he declared enthusiastically. "It's a slow in-curve to a right-handed batter. A change of pace with a curve ball. A regular fallaway or fadeaway. That's a good ball!"

And there, in morning practice, at the Polo Grounds in 1900, the "fadeaway" was born, and christened by George Davis. He called some left-handers to bat against it. Nearly all of them missed it, and were loud in their praise of the ball.

"Now," said Davis, in the club-house after the practice, "I'm not going to pitch you much, and I want

you to practise on that fadeaway ball of yours, and get so that you can control it. It's going to be a valuable curve."

So, every morning I was out at the grounds, trying my fadeaway, and always aiming to get control of it — absolute, sure precision. I worked hours at a time on it, and then Davis would try me out against batters



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MATHEWSON'S FADEAWAY BALL.

A. How the ball is grasped for start of the "fadeaway."

B. The ball is held lightly with the forefingers and thumb, and a slow twist is given to it. It sails up to the plate as dead as a brick, and, when mixed in with a speedy straight or in-ball, often causes the batter to strike at it before it reaches him. It is a "teaser" for the third strike.

C. The ball leaving the hand as it gets the final twist of the wrist for the "fadeaway."

to see how it was coming along. He didn't give me a chance in a regular game until toward the end of the season, when he put me into a contest that had already been lost by some other pitcher who had been taken out.

But, the next spring, just before the opening game of the season of 1901, Davis came to me and said:

"Matty, I want you to pitch to-morrow."

This command was a big and sudden surprise to me. I went home and to bed about nine o'clock, so as to be feeling primed for the important contest. And the next day it rained! Again I went to bed early, and once more it rained! I kept on going to bed early for three or four nights, and the rain continued for as many days. But I finally outlasted the rain, and pitched the opening game, and won it. Then I worked along regularly in my turn, and did n't lose a game until Memorial Day. And that brought me up to be a regular Big-League pitcher.

Many persons have asked me how I throw the fade-away. The explanation is simple: when the out-curve is thrown, the ball is allowed to slip off the end of the thumb with a spinning motion that causes it to bend away from a right-handed batter. The hand is held up. Now, if the wrist were turned over and the hand held down, so that the ball would slip off the thumb with a twisting motion, but, because the wrist was reversed, would leave the hand with the thumb toward the body instead of away from it, I figured that an in-curve to right-handed batters would result. That is how the fadeaway is pitched. The hand is turned over until the palm is toward the ground instead of toward the sky, as when the out-curve is thrown, and the ball is permitted to twist off the thumb with a peculiar snap of the wrist. The ball is gripped in the same way as for an out-curve.

Two things make it a difficult ball to pitch, and the two things, likewise, make it hard to hit. First of all, the hand is turned in an unnatural position to control, or throw, a ball when the palm is toward the ground. Try to throw a ball with the hand held this way, and you will find it very difficult. Next, that peculiar snap

to the wrist must be attained. The wrist is snapped away from the body instead of toward it, as in the throwing of an out-curve, and it is an unnatural motion to make. The secret of the curve really lies in this snap of the wrist.

Many times I have tried to teach other pitchers in the Big League — even men on opposing clubs — how to throw this ball; but none have ever mastered it. Ames, formerly of the Giants, can get it once in a while, but it is a ball which requires a great deal of practice. It is a hard ball to control, and unlimited patience must be used. If any boy desires to try it, let him practise for control first, and then try to make the curve bigger. Be sure to turn the hand over with the palm toward the ground, and throw the ball by snapping the wrist away from the body, which will send it spinning slowly up to the batter. It comes up "dead," and then drops and curves in.

In conclusion, as at the beginning, I want to emphasize the value of control for young pitchers. Let a boy practise control, always, before he starts to learn curves; for again let me assure him he will win many more games if he can throw the ball where he wants to and has n't a curve, than if he has a big curve but can't control the ball. Another thing that a young pitcher must be careful about is the way in which he holds the ball. When I went to Norfolk to pitch, I was wrapping my fingers around the ball when I was going to throw a curve, so that it was evident to the batter what was coming. "Phenom John" Smith came to me one day and said: "Matty, you'll have to cut that out. You telegraph to the batter by the way in which you wrap your fingers around the ball every time you are going to throw a curve. It won't do in this League.

I began to practise holding the ball in the same way for each kind of delivery, and then adjusting my fingers as I made the motion to let the ball go from my hand. Boys should practise this, also, as it is fatal to wrap the fingers around the ball in such a way that a batter can see when a curve is coming. A pitcher should cover the ball up with his glove when facing the batter, anyhow.

I always hold the ball in the same way for every curve, that is, with my whole hand around it, and not with two or three fingers wrapped on it. For a change of pace, I hold it loosely so that the ball can be thrown with the same motion as for a fast one. Sometimes, for a drop, I hold my fingers on the seam, to get more purchase on it.

Many persons have asked me about the "moist," or "spit," ball. I seldom use it, because I think it is hard on a pitcher's arm, and difficult for the catcher to handle and for the players to field. It has many disadvantages. Occasionally, I used to try one on "Hans" Wagner, the great batter of the Pittsburg club, because it was generally believed that he did n't care for a moist ball; but this, too, is only one of the many "theories" of base-ball. He can hit a moist ball as well as any other kind, and I have stopped pitching it altogether now.

The only reason that I ever used it was to "mix 'em up." Next to control, that is the whole secret of Big-League pitching — "mixing 'em up." It means inducing a batter to believe that another kind of a ball is coming from the one that is really to be delivered, and thus preventing him from "getting set" to hit it. That is what gives the fadeaway its value. I pitch it with the same motion as a fast ball, but it comes up to the plate slowly. The result is that the batter is led

to believe a fast one is coming, and sets himself to swing at a speedy shoot. The slow ball floats up, drops, and he has finished his swing before it gets to the plate. I often pitch the fadeaway right after a fast ball; and, as for reports that I can't control it, I use it right along when I have three balls and two strikes on a batter, which is the tightest situation a pitcher has to face. For it is a ball that will usually be hit slowly, on the ground to the infielders, if the batter hits it at all. Its value, as I have said, lies in the surprise that it brings to a batter when he is expecting something else.

I have often been asked, if it is such a difficult ball to hit, why I don't use it all the time. The answer is that such a course would make it easy to bat, and, besides, it is a ball which strains and tires the arm of the pitcher, if thrown continuously.

Finally, I want to say that "Phenom John" Smith did a great deal toward developing me as a pitcher. He pointed out my weaknesses as he saw them, and gave me a great deal of valuable advice. If any of my readers expect to play Big-League ball, let them find some friendly "Phenom John" Smith, and get his advice. There are scores of old ball-players ever ready to help an ambitious youngster, and they are the best-natured men in the world. And once more — as I said at the beginning — remember that *control* is the thing in pitching! No man was ever a Big-Leaguer for long without it.

IX

THE FIELD-GOAL ART

BY PARKE H. DAVIS

Author of "Foot-ball, the American Intercollegiate Game,"
and Representative of Princeton University on the
Rules Committee

OF all the individual performances in foot-ball involving a highly perfected degree of technical skill, none exceeds the art of kicking a goal from the field. Nature equips a player to run, to dodge, to tackle, to break through, and to block, although, of course, a player improves in each by practice. Nature, however, does not equip a player to kick a goal. This is an art, and, like all art, it must be acquired by practice,—by practice long, persistent, patient, and exact.

Old foot-ball men, like old soldiers, find as keen a delight in the reminiscences of the past as they do in the performances of the present. Hence when they come together and narrate the stories of the famous goals from the field, they tell the tales of the most thrilling scenes in the history of the game, for no other scoring play has performed so spectacular a part in foot-ball, suddenly and unexpectedly wresting victory out of defeat, and converting the victors into vanquished. And, indeed, it is the most ancient of our three scoring plays. The touch-down and the safety are American inventions of forty years ago. The field goal is an English inheritance, and has been famed in song and story for over a century.

Who holds the honor of having kicked the longest goal from the field? Was it a drop-kick, or was it a goal from placement? And was it achieved in scrimmage, or was it delivered by a free-kick following a fair catch? Who holds the record for the longest goal from a drop-kick, and who from a place-kick? Who has kicked the largest number of field goals in a single game? And who by a supreme effort has sent a long, difficult shot across the bar for a goal and thus won back a lost game?

For the longest goal from the field we must go back to the Princeton-Yale game of 1882. How, pray, can this be? How could a player in that primitive day kick a goal from the field at a distance that would defy the attempts of a host of brilliant full-backs for more than three decades?

In the first place, in that early day each and every player kicked the ball. Drops were used for distance equally with punts, the ball was kicked while rolling and bounding along the ground, and many a run, when the runner saw himself about to be tackled, terminated in a running drop-kick for goal. In fact, O. D. Thompson, of Yale, one of the earliest and best drop-kickers the game ever has known, actually defeated Harvard in 1878 by a running drop-kick from the forty-yard line. Then again, fair catches and free-kicks were far more abundant in the games of thirty-five years ago than they are to-day. Consequently tries for goals from the field came far more frequently in play, and at greater distances and wider angles than one sees in the modern game. Finally, the ball was not of such a pronouncedly oval shape in 1882 as it is in 1917. In the pictures of that period one usually finds the captain, an individual with a mustache and side-whiskers, clad in skin-tight flannels, holding a

foot-ball whose ends are much flatter than those of the ball of to-day. Nevertheless, it was a Rugby ball, and the players of that period stoutly assert that they enjoyed no special advantage by reason of the slightly less spheroidal shape of the ball.

In each one of the distance records for goals from the field, in fact for any goal from the field kicked from a distance of at least fifty yards, the wind invariably is and must be a factor. Thus, on the thirtieth day of November, 1882, a lusty, young winter's gale was blowing at Princeton's back, squarely into the face of Yale. It was the closing minutes of the first half, and Yale had just scored a touch-down and kicked the ensuing goal. Moffat now kicks off for Princeton, and Terry, of Yale, returns. Poe, of Princeton, the first of Princeton's six foot-ball Poes, all brothers, makes a fair catch sixty-five yards from the Blue's cross-bar. J. T. Haxall, who is playing the position of "next-to-center" in Princeton's line, now known as "guard," is called back to try for a goal from placement. Away goes the ball, but falling short, settles into the arms of Bacon, of Yale, who instantly leaps into flight up the field. As he nears the first Princeton player, without slacking his speed, he kicks the ball while on the run far down the field, where it is caught and heeled by Moffat, seventy yards from Yale's goal. Again Haxall is sent back to bombard the goal, but again the ball strikes the ground in front of the bar. A short run by Bacon, followed by a punt, terminates in another fair catch by Baker, of Princeton. This player, Baker, by the way, was destined to be the father of another great player, H. A. H. Baker, Princeton's captain in 1913. The ball is now put down sixty-five yards from Yale's goal and fifteen yards to the side of center. For the third time, Haxall draws back to deliver the kick.

Tossing a wisp of grass in the air, he finds the exact slant of the wind, and turns the seam of the ball to allow for its deflection. The ball at last is carefully pointed, and Haxall steps backward four paces. Locating the distant cross-bar with his eye, he signals for the ball to settle the final finger's width upon the ground, and the play is on. Yale charges forward, and Haxall leaps for the ball, catching it with a mighty thud which shoots it above the outstretched hands of the Yale forwards, safely off on its long flight. The players turn and watch the spinning ball. At the thirty-yard line it appears to be settling. With mysterious momentum, however, it clings in the air, and in another second sails between the posts a full yard above the cross-bar, scoring the longest goal from the field in the history of the American game, full sixty-five yards from placement.

Some may say that the distance was incorrectly measured, or that the feat has been exaggerated by college-mates of that day, contemporary and later historians. And yet, the longest drop-kick, achieved by Mark Payne, of Dakota Wesleyan in 1915, accurately observed and carefully measured, is only two yards less than Haxall's place-kick. The drop-kick unquestionably is a more difficult performance than the place-kick. To accomplish the former, the player must drop the ball upon the ground and kick it after it has wholly risen on the rebound. Practice begets such precision in executing this difficult kick, so closely timing the rebound and the blow, that the eye cannot detect the actual rebound of the ball, but a trained ear instantly recognizes the rebound in advance of the kick by a wholly different sound in the impact of the kicker's foot against the ball. The skill of a successful drop-kick is further augmented by the fact that it must be



J. TRIPLETT MAXALL



B. W. TRAFORD



JOHN DE WITT

delivered in the face of a veritable avalanche of charging players who come crashing through the line and hurl themselves against the kicker in a fierce attempt to block the ball.

Previous to Mark Payne's wonderful feat, the longest field goal from a drop-kick was scored by P. J. O'Dea, of Wisconsin, against Northwestern, November 25, 1898.

Like the place-kick of J. T. Haxall, this drop-kick was aided by a strong wind, but as a handicap this wind was accompanied by a swirling snowstorm which iced the ball, benumbed the fingers of the kicker, and partly obscured the goal-posts. This famous goal was scored in the beginning of the game. In possession of the ball and the superb O'Dea, Wisconsin adopted at the outset an exclusively kicking attack. Two exchanges of the ball had taken place when O'Dea, a third time, was sent back to punt. From his place behind the line the goal-posts were faintly visible through the snow, full sixty-two yards away. Enticed by the magnitude of the feat, O'Dea suddenly determined to try a drop-kick for goal. The ball was passed and caught by O'Dea. But Northwestern's giant forwards are upon him, and the kick apparently is blocked. O'Dea leaps quickly to the left and, in the same stride, drops the ball. With a swinging kick he lifts it into the air through the very fingers of the Northwestern players. The officials, recognizing the sound of a drop-kick, leap into position to judge the accuracy of the attempt. The ball, soaring high above the players, floats upon the wind toward Northwestern's goal. The players, quickly perceiving the possibility of an extraordinary achievement, cease their play and, transfixed with amazement, watch the tumbling ball. With great rapidity the ball settles as it nears the goal, but

the power is behind it, and, keeping up, it grazes the bar, but goes over, thus scoring the next to the longest field goal from a drop-kick in the annals of the game.

The debate as to the comparative merits and disadvantages of these two methods of the field-goal art, the drop-kick versus the place-kick, is endless. While the drop-kick from scrimmage, or from a fair catch, has been in use from earliest times, the latter rarely, it is true, in recent years, the place-kick in scrimmage was not thought of until the middle nineties. At first it was believed that this form of field-goal work would wholly displace the drop-kick, but the drop-kickers still continued to appear and to startle great throngs by their dazzling shots across the bar.

The honor of having scored the largest number of field goals in a single big game rests with B. W. Trafford, of Harvard, and was achieved against Cornell, November 1, 1890. Five times in this game did Trafford send a clever drop-kick across the bar. Three of these goals were kicked from the thirty-yard line, and two from the thirty-five-yard line.

This record never has been equaled, and there are only a few instances which approach it with one goal less. Alexander Moffat, of Princeton, in 1883 scored four drop-kicks against Harvard in a single half, and in 1911 Charles E. Brickley, of Harvard, in the freshman game with Princeton, duplicated the performance. Indeed, only five instances can be found in which a player has kicked three goals from the field in a single game. Walter H. Eckersall, of Chicago, achieved the feat against Wisconsin in 1903; George Capron, of Minnesota, did it also against Wisconsin in 1907; W. E. Sprackling, of Brown, has the signal honor of having thus defeated Yale in 1910, and James Thorpe, the celebrated Carlisle Indian, in 1911 kicked three beau-

tiful goals from the field at difficult distances and angles against Harvard. One of the examples of triple scoring by field goals was given in 1912, by Charles E. Brickley, who thus overcame Princeton, one of his goals being a magnificent place-kick from the forty-eight-yard line. The above seven achievements, as stated, read coldly indeed as mere statements of fact, but beneath each one is the rush and swirl of a great game, of crisis following crisis, and the crash and roar of intense action.

While we are back in the early days of the game, let us contemplate at close distances some of the heroes of that period, whose names are fresh after the lapse of thirty or forty years. First and foremost was O. D. Thompson, of Yale. All are familiar with the sensational exploits a few years ago of Sanford B. White, of Princeton, who alone defeated both Harvard and Yale. But in O. D. Thompson, Yale has a man who, in 1876, defeated both Harvard and Princeton, and in 1878 again defeated Harvard, and achieved each victory by a drop-kick across the bar. Let us enjoy the feat of Thompson in 1878, the manner of which never has occurred since. Harvard is playing Yale at Boston, and the game is close and scoreless. A random kick sends the ball into a pond of water near the field, but Walter Camp, to the huge merriment of the spectators, plunges in and gets the ball. By an agreement touch-downs are not to count in this game, so both goals are continually bombarded with long drop- and place-kicks. Just as the half is closing, Camp kicks a goal for Yale, but time having expired while the ball is in flight, the goal does not count. The second half opens, wages, and wanes without a score. Camp tries a long drop, but misses the post. Winsor and Wetherbee, of Harvard, rush the ball back

to Yale's side of the field. Thompson now gets the ball, and races brilliantly to Harvard's forty-yard line, where, about to be tackled, he deliberately drops the ball while on the run, catches it cleverly on the bound, and drives it between two Harvard players onward between the posts and over the bar, for a field goal and the game.

All are familiar also with the sensation caused in 1912 by the great field goal of H. A. Pumpelly, of Yale, kicked against Princeton from the forty-nine-yard line. But what would occur in this modern day if a player should score on Princeton some Saturday afternoon by a drop-kick from the forty-yard line, the next Saturday afternoon score upon Yale by another drop-kick from the forty-five-yard line, and then finish the season one week later by sending another drop-kick over Harvard's cross-bar from the forty-eight-yard line? This precisely is what F. W. W. Graham, of Pennsylvania, did in 1885. Another famous goal-kicker of the middle eighties, long since deceased, was G. A. Watkinson, of Yale, whose lamentably brief career was distinguished by many a beautiful goal from the field. A full-back who shares with these men the honors of that decade is William T. Bull, of Yale. This memorable back had the honor to achieve goals against both Harvard and Princeton, and to defeat the latter in 1888 by two brilliant drop-kicks. This celebrated battle was waged upon the old Polo Grounds in New York. Each university produced that year an exceptionally strong eleven. As a result, their annual game from the very beginning became a stubborn deadlock. Time and again, each crashed into the other without a gain, and at no time did either become dangerous through rushing the ball. Just as the scoreless first half was closing, Bull on the last

down sent a drop-kick across the bar from the thirty-eight-yard line. The second half was a repetition of the first, a succession of fierce, brilliant dashes into stone walls. Again the half was closing, the final minute being in actual flight. Yale had the ball on Princeton's twenty-yard line, far to the side of the field. The signal sounded for a drop-kick, and Bull fell back until one foot almost touched the side-line. Only a few seconds now remained to play. In such a difficult position few there were, if any, who believed that a field goal was possible. With a bound, the old-fashioned way, the ball was snapped into the hands of Wurtenburg, Yale's quarter-back, who, in turn, made the long, low, underhand pass back to Bull. The latter deftly dropped the ball to the ground, swung his foot against it with a resounding whack, and down the narrow air groove shot the ball, true as a rifle bullet, splitting the goal space exactly in twain.

And now, two years later, occurred a mighty drive. Cornell and Michigan were waging their first game, at Detroit. The contest was grossly unequal, Cornell scoring often and alone. Michigan's full-back J. E. Duffy, a natural and practised drop-kicker, was continually bombarding Cornell's goal with drop-kicks at long distances, but in vain. Eventually, he essayed a goal from the fifty-five-yard line, then the center of the field. This time the ball rose high into the air, and with tremendous speed shot directly for the goal, crossing the bar well above the posts, and striking the ground a full twenty-five yards behind the bar, one of the best drop-kicks for accuracy and for distance ever executed.

But now came and went a dreary period for the field goal. Good kickers were not wanting. At Yale was Vance McCormick, at Pennsylvania George H.

Brooke and John H. Minds, at Harvard Charles Brewer, and at Princeton Shepard Homans and John Baird, all capable of kicking stupendous goals, but the play itself unfortunately was out of fashion. The value of the performance was five points, but the greater ease of scoring a touch-down was too great a handicap to invite a try for a field goal. The yardage at this time, it will be recalled, was only five in three downs, or four downs, as popularly counted. But most important of all, these were the years of the powerful momentum mass plays. Under these two propitious conditions the superior eleven, obtaining the ball, marched in a series of unbroken downs, however slowly, straight down the field, unless stopped by a fumble, a penalty, or a voluntary kick. Tries for a field goal, therefore, became unattractive except by the weaker eleven or by the superior eleven in the face of a hopeless first down, two situations which rarely occurred within striking distance of the cross-bar. An occasional field goal, it is true, now and then was kicked by some one of the above men, but the long, spectacular goals of the eighties, excepting a forty-five-yard goal by George H. Brooke against Cornell in 1895, were not among them.

In 1898 unexpectedly arrived a change. In the east, F. L. Burnett, of Harvard, scored upon Pennsylvania by a drive of fifty yards, and E. G. Bray, of Lafayette, defeated Lehigh by a marvelous drop-kick in the snow at a distance of forty yards. In the west, P. J. O'Dea executed his great drop-kick of sixty-two yards, and followed it with a brilliant series of other difficult goals. Instantly the field goal again came into fashion and popularity. As a result, the season of 1899 brought forth a veritable fusillade of field goals the country over, the most sensational of which was the

drop-kick of Arthur Poe, of Princeton, which defeated Yale.

The sensational timeliness of this goal and its decisiveness rather than any extraordinariness of performance make this field goal one of the most famous in the history of American foot-ball. As a background, the game itself was marvelous, a grueling struggle from start to finish, with the fortunes of war ever shifting from one side to the other. Princeton, at the outset by ferocious assaults, drove Yale the length of the field, only to be piled at last in a thwarted heap, two downs in succession on Yale's three-yard mark. Then with a single down remaining, Reiter, of Princeton, burst through for a touch-down, from which Wheeler kicked a goal. Within ten minutes, Yale forced Princeton back behind her own goal-line, and there blocked a kick which gave Yale a touch-down from which the ensuing try for goal was missed. Just as the half closed, A. H. Sharpe, of Yale, a powerful drop-kicker, was sent back into the angle of the thirty-yard line and the side-line, to try for a goal from the field, and from this extremely difficult position achieved the feat, thus bringing the half to a close with Yale 10 points and Princeton 6. The second half was even a tighter battle than the first. Rush followed rush and tackle followed tackle, with spirit, vim, hammer, and bang. Substitute after substitute went in until, at last, of Princeton's original eleven only three players remained. The half waned without further scoring by either side. The final minute of play begins. Princeton has the ball on Yale's thirty-yard line. The score is ten to six against the Tigers. A straight-line plunge carries the ball to the twenty-five-yard line, but twenty precious seconds have gone. The Yale stands are emptying, the undergraduates are

swarming over the fence eager to swoop in triumph upon the field. Suddenly Arthur Poe, of Princeton, leaves his place at end and falls back into kicking position. Yale's entire eleven mass to block the kick. In an instant the pass is made, but in that same instant Brown and Francis, of Yale, crash through Princeton's line and leap for Poe. The latter drops the ball for the kick, and as he does so, Brown blocks him from the side. A great shout goes up from the Yale stands as they see that the kick is blocked. But with a determined swing from the side, Poe kicks at the ball, catching it high on his instep. The ball rises into the air through the very arms of Francis, and, to the amazement of the spectators, in a big rainbow curve floats over the cross-bar and strikes the ground behind the posts. It is a goal. The score is Princeton 11 and Yale 10, and it is Princeton's undergraduates who swoop in upon the field.

Of the more than four decades of intercollegiate foot-ball, the most prolific in exceptional instances of the field-goal art unquestionably has been the period from 1900 to 1910. In the first year of this decade, Carl B. Marshall, of Harvard, drove a drop-kick forty-five yards over Yale's cross-bar, and Charles D. Daly, another Harvard captain, at that time a member of the Army eleven, in a game with Yale at West Point put a place-kick also across Yale's cross-bar from the fifty-yard line. The next year, 1902, that goal-kicker extraordinary, John De Witt, of Princeton, appeared, and furnished a galaxy of goals in each season of his career. In addition to many goals against minor teams or at short distances, in 1902 he sent two kicks spinning through Cornell's uprights, one from the forty-five-yard line, and the other from the fifty-yard line, and two weeks later sent another brilliant shot

across Yale's cross-bar also from the fifty-yard line. In the succeeding season, 1902, De Witt achieved the record of kicking a total of eleven goals from the field during the season, and closed his great career in a blaze of glory in the final game by kicking a goal against Yale from the forty-eight-yard line, thereby defeating the Blue. The record kick for the early period was held by Pat Odea of Wisconsin, beyond 60 yards.

This also was the year that produced that other goal-kicker extraordinary, W. G. Crowell, of Swarthmore. Here was a player who was a whole scoring machine in himself, dropping goals continually from all possible distances and angles, including a fifty-five-yard goal against Franklin and Marshall, the second longest place-kick in the history of the game.

To the old foot-ball man who sits musing over these brilliant years comes in delightful reverie the picture of R. H. Davis, of the Army, sending his great goal of forty-eight yards over the heads of the Navy players; and P. W. Northcroft, of the Navy, later achieving identically the same performance against the Army; of N. B. Tooker's forty-eight-yard goal against Yale for Princeton, and H. H. Norton's forty-yard goal that won a memorable victory for the Navy from Princeton; of E. W. Butler, of Cornell, annually scoring against Pennsylvania and that brilliant band of goal-kicking Carlisle Indians, Peter Houser, Michael Balenti, and Frank Hudson.

It is dramatic setting, however, rather than mere statistical superiority, that gives indelible fame to a goal from the field. And so a goal of only thirty yards achieved by V. P. Kennard, of Harvard, against Yale, November 21, 1908, arrests our attention. Kennard was a field-goal specialist. For years he had practised this art over all others. The squad at Har-

vard contained better runners, better tacklers, and better punters, but no one could compare with Kennard at dropping a goal from the field. Thus he did not obtain a place in the first line-up against Yale that memorable Saturday afternoon, but occupied a very important post upon the bench, keenly watching the play, and alert for the moment when he should be called into action to strike. Throughout the first half, the struggle was a series of dashes and crashes of one team against the other without a score. The half drew to a close. Suddenly Harvard, by a brilliant burst of power, carried the ball from their own forty-yard line to Yale's twenty-three-yard mark. Here occurred one of the famous rallies of the Blue, and three sledge-hammer blows by Harvard, left and right, went to naught. The assault was stemmed and a single down remained. At this juncture, Hamilton Fish, Harvard's captain, gave a sharp command. Instantly E. F. Ver Wiebe, the regular Crimson full-back, retired, and in his place from the side-line came Kennard. Cool, determined, and careful, he takes his place in drop-kicking formation, crouching easily forward, waiting for the ball, and calculating the angle and distance to the cross-bar. With a swish the ball leaves the ground and shoots into his outstretched hands. Yale charges; the stands arise *en masse*; Kennard kicks. Into the ball with that kick goes the power and accuracy of a thousand hours of practice, and in a single second is achieved the reward, as the ball cleaves the goal, giving Harvard the only score in that long, bitter battle.

But if the period from 1900 to 1910 was brilliant in examples of the field-goal art, what are we to say of the decade now upon us? Each year has glittered with field goals. Three seasons in succession the Navy defeated the Army by a goal from the field after a

rushing attack throughout an afternoon had been in vain, the kick twice being delivered by J. P. Dalton, and the last time by J. H. Brown. In this period, James Thorpe, of Carlisle, has beaten Harvard by his goals from the field, and Princeton and Yale have played a tie at 6 to 6, representing two field goals by H. A. H. Baker, of Princeton, one by M. B. Flynn, and the other the sensational goal of H. A. Pumpelly, both of Yale. All of the field-goal feats here narrated, therefore, are only prophetic. The best of the field-goal art is yet to come.

X

TACTICS AND TACTICIANS OF THE GRIDIRON

THE tactical formations of the intercollegiate type of foot-ball, commonly known as "plays," constitute the most distinctive characteristic of this style of foot-ball games. Soccer, Rugby, Gaelic and Canadian foot-ball, it is true, are not without brilliant manœuvres in tactical team play, but no game played with a ball, whether by hand or by foot, with a club, racket, mallet, or crease, can compare as to the element of prearranged tactics, strategy, and generalship with the American intercollegiate foot-ball game. Thus it is that our game so frequently is likened to a game of chess with living men for the pieces, or to the movement of troops in a mimic battle, and not unfrequently, among humorists, to actual war. Indeed, there is a legend in foot-ball lore that no less a warrior than Augustus Cæsar introduced into foot-ball its military element when he reformed the gentle Roman foot-ball game of *follis* into virile and vigorous *harpastum* (a game remarkably similar to Rugby foot-ball), as a pastime for his legions.

As every active foot-ball player desires to excel in his position upon the eleven and some day to be ranked as a national star, so in every squad of players, or equally often among their followers, is some one of studious, mathematical mind who desires to excel as a

tactician and strategist in the sport. Every college team each autumn presents one or more new plays which are used for a season or two and then discarded, but once or twice in each decade a veritable genius appears and produces a play so ingenious and powerful that it wins game upon game and championship upon championship, and, becoming a national fixture in the sport, outlasts several campaigns, until finally outlawed by a change in the rules or superseded by another play still more ingenious and powerful.

Hence it is that, when college coaches and players assemble after practice in their training quarters and while away the closing day before crackling wood fires, their reminiscences invariably turn to the great tactics and tacticians of bygone days. The veterans of thirty-five or forty years ago will relate to the enraptured youngsters of the present the story of the "block game." The players of the middle eighties will unfold the glorious history of the "V trick." Fellows from the early nineties will add the fascinating tale of the famous "flying wedge," and representatives of later generations will contribute the story of the "revolving tandem," "guards-back," the "tackle-back," down to the latest great play of the present time, the "Minnesota shift."

The "block game," as its name indicates, was not a separate play, but a system of plays. It was invented during the turmoil of battle as a temporary and desperate makeshift to avert defeat in the closing moments of a great game. Notwithstanding its haphazard origin, however, it presented an idea so original and momentous that to-day it stands not only as the first of the great tactical manœuvres of the gridiron, but also as among the most important. For it was the

“block game” that later produced the rushing, running system of attack, the dominant method of modern offensive foot-ball, and thus formed a basis for all other great plays which at one time and another have formed the principal features in the running attack.

It is generally believed that “rushing the ball” is a distinctive feature of Rugby play, and so it is; but in the early years of the intercollegiate style of the Rugby game, running forward with the ball, although frequently employed, was distinctly subordinate to the use of kicks as the principal method for advancing the ball. Punts and drops not only were delivered continually in the progress of play, but the ball was kicked while bounding upon the ground. Every player upon the team was expected to kick the ball and kick it well, and many a run during the game terminated in a kick to prevent a tackle. Even the system of scoring was based upon a kicking attack, for four touch-downs were required to equal a goal from the field, although such a goal might have been kicked from placement following a touch-down.

The cause of the inferiority of the running attack was due to the method of putting the ball in play, which, being the English “scrummage,” gave to each side upon every play an equal opportunity to get the ball. Those familiar with English Rugby know that the ball is put in play by placing it upon the ground between the two rush-lines, no player of which is permitted to touch the ball with the hand. At a signal, the players of both sides strive to work the ball behind them with the foot. Since neither side in a “scrummage” knows which team will obtain the ball for the ensuing play, nor at what point in the line it will be forced through, prearranged tactics are extremely limited and a running attack is confined to simple, solitary plays.

The national genius of Americans, young as well as old, for invention, did not long follow the practice of the cumbersome English "scrummage." Within two years after the adoption of the Rugby game, the players had discovered a method of concerted feinting and forcing by which the stronger rush-line would obtain the ball in the "scrummages." As a result, an inter-collegiate foot-ball convention, held in 1880, adopted a new rule which gave to the eleven in possession of the ball at the termination of the preceding play the right to put it in play on the ensuing play by snapping the ball backward with the foot by some player in the rush-line, designated as the "snapper-back." It must be noted here, however, that the collegians of that period assumed that the ball once in play would pass with equal regularity from the possession of one side to the other through the operation of the customary kicking attack.

The game was played by the various college teams in the following autumn along the lines assumed by this convention. Each side in turn put the ball in play in an orderly way; each set of backs, knowing in advance that they would get the ball, executed their kicks and runs with greater brilliance and precision, and the continual kicking gave to each side equal possession of the ball on the snap-backs. It has been an invariable and fearful characteristic of foot-ball rule-making, however, that the slightest change in a rule often leads to wholly unforeseen results. Strategists and tacticians apply their powerful minds to these little changes, study out their possibilities to surprising limits, and eventually produce some tremendous and wholly unexpected manœuver to startle the rule-makers and to stir the sport to its foundations. So it was with this apparently simple change of 1880.

Princeton was playing Yale in the closing game of

the season in 1880. To add to the pleasure of the spectators in the operation of the new rule providing an orderly snap-back, a close battle was being waged, and the final fifteen minutes of the game had arrived without a score by either side. But Yale was waxing stronger now. Her greater bulk and strength were telling in the rush-line, and Princeton was being beaten hopelessly back within her twenty-five-yard line, her cross-bar repeatedly but vainly bombarded by long-distance attempts to kick a goal from the field.

Suddenly, with the inspiration which comes from desperation, to Francis Loney, Princeton's captain, came a great tactical idea — *the new rule which provided for the possession of the ball was defective because it had not also provided for its surrender.* If Princeton did not kick the ball, but employed runs exclusively, without fumbling. Yale could not obtain possession of the ball, and without the ball, Yale could not score and Princeton could not be beaten. With the flashing mental quickness which characterizes true generalship, Loney called his players about him, tersely stated his plan, and gave to each man the detailed orders necessary to put the plan into execution. Play was resumed, and instantly the strange tactics developed. A Princeton back received the ball from the scrimmage, ran into the line, went down beneath a crashing Yale tackler, but with the ball always beneath him. Again the lines formed, and again the play was repeated. The spectators were puzzled, and Yale chagrined, but time was rapidly running, and soon expired before Princeton's plan was solved, and the game was declared a draw.

In the discussion that followed the contest, Princeton's tactics were aptly designated by a new phrase in foot-ball, the "block game." The majority of foot-

ball men predicted that the manœuver never would be seen again, while a few prophesied that it would thereafter be the recourse of all elevens to avert a defeat in the closing moments of a drawn game. To them it appeared nothing more than a defensive manœuver, the most desperate of all because it cast aside all chances of scoring except the remotest chance of all — a run for a touch-down through an entire eleven of opponents.

There were two men, however, whose keen foot-ball sense perceived, far beneath the surface of the "block game," the possibility for a powerful and revolutionary *offense* — an attack which would substitute continual running with the ball for intermittent kicking, employing the latter only enough to give variety to the assault, thus reversing the balance of kicks and runs which for fifty years had characterized the Rugby style of play. These two men were Pendleton T. Bryan, Princeton's newly elected captain, and Walter Camp, the captain at Yale. Each of these pioneers studied the subject with great secrecy, and, of course, wholly independent of each other, each ignorant of the discovery by the other, but both working along the same lines. As a result, both Princeton and Yale, the following autumn, 1881, were secretly prepared to introduce into foot-ball a new invention, a running attack, familiar to us all to-day in its more highly developed mechanism. True tacticians that they were, both Captain Bryan and Captain Camp also turned their attention to a defense to their new method of attack, for it is a natural rule of foot-ball strategy, that one who invents a new formation of offense immediately invents a defense against it. Therefore, pursuing their tactical study, these two men, again without the knowledge of each other, devised an identical plan to meet the running attack of the "block game." Princeton, at the time, was em-

playing a general defense based upon six men in the rush-line and five backs behind the line, while Yale had settled upon the standard defense of to-day, seven men in the line and four backs behind the line. Both captains now prepared to meet the "block game" by reinforcing the rush-line with all of the backs except one, thus introducing into foot-ball, as it had previously existed, another revolutionary manœuver. Thus offensively and defensively prepared, Princeton and Yale awaited their struggle with one another, each captain chuckling over the surprise he was about to spring upon his opponent.

The eventful day at last arrived, Thanksgiving afternoon, November 24, 1881. A throng of 4000 spectators, a crowd of amazing proportions for that period, had gathered at the Polo Grounds in New York. With the customary spreading of a secret, in this throng sat several hundred collegians from Princeton quietly gloating in gleeful anticipation of the surprise in store for Yale. In another section of the field sat several hundred men from Yale similarly anticipating with secret joy the manœuvers with which they soon would astonish Princeton. Yale won the toss, and selected the east goal, backed by a lusty young winter's gale. J. S. Harlan, of Princeton, then a half-back, afterwards an august member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, poised the ball for the kick-off. Drawing a few steps back from the ball, he paused to see that all was in readiness, while the spectators quieted for the customary long sailing kick down the field. Harlan leaped forward on the run, but, as he reached the ball, a startling thing occurred. Instead of kicking it with a resounding whack, he struck it lightly with the side of his foot, sending it forward four or five feet, a technical kick-off; then, stooping over and picking it

up, he started to run with it down the field. Notwithstanding the unexpectedness of this manœuvre, Yale quickly brought Harlan to the ground. Upon the next play, a fumble gave the ball to Yale, but the latter immediately returned it to Princeton by a kick. That kick was the first, last, and only time that Yale laid a hand upon the ball throughout the long half of forty-five minutes, for, upon the ensuing play, the "block game" broke forth on the part of Princeton — and broke forth furiously, monotonously, and in vain. Play upon play Princeton lined up, the ball was snapped, Baker, Burt, Peace, Harlan, and Shaw carried it forward, only to go down invariably beneath a mountain of blue jerseys as they reached Yale's line. Not once did Princeton kick, not once did Princeton fumble, and not once did Princeton score. The spectators, disgusted with the new tactics, howled and yelled in derision at Princeton, daring and begging the players to kick the ball. The call of time for the half brought a shout of relief from the non-collegians in the crowd. Their joy, however, was of short duration. Yale opened the second half with the ball, "dribbling" the kick-off precisely as Princeton had done, and following the play with the tactics of the "block game." Snap went the ball into play, and Badger, Bacon, Camp, and Richards in turn leaped forward with the ball, only to go down each time before the sharp tackling of Flint, Bryan, Riggs, and Haxall, of Princeton. The orange and black, as Yale previously had done, quickly called up all of the backs except one, to reinforce the line. The crowd yelled, the crowd scolded, the crowd implored, but not a kick came from the team in blue to vary the monotony of the attack. Forty-three minutes of the half were thus expended without a score by Yale, without giving to Princeton a solitary play with the

ball, and without gaining twelve yards in the entire chain of assaults. In the last minute of play, Storrs, of Yale, pierced Princeton's doubled line and raced to the twenty-five-yard line, where he was overtaken by Riggs and thrown, just as the referee's whistle terminated the game.

Drawn games always are unpopular, and this contest was unusually the object of mingled amusement and disgust. "The 'block game,'" said a metropolitan newspaper the next day, "is a nuisance. It is not foot-ball." Said another, "If the game of the collegians is to continue, the 'block game' must be eradicated from the sport." In the college press and campus councils, throughout the ensuing winter, the controversy over the "block game" incessantly raged. Wiser heads saw in it, however, the possibility for a great improvement in the old Rugby game, provided some method could be devised to prevent the continual retention by one side of the ball. An intercollegiate convention was called in the spring of 1882 to solve the problem, but, failing to do so, adjourned. Undismayed, the foot-ball leaders of Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale assembled in a second convention in the fall of the same year. This second convention boldly grappled with the problem, and, after several hours of spirited debate, evolved the following short, sharp rule:

If on three consecutive fairs and downs a team shall not have advanced the ball five yards or lost ten, they must give the ball to the other side at the spot where the fourth down was made.

Thus the idea which flashed through the mind of Francis Loney in the Princeton-Yale game of 1880 completed its cycle of results. That idea produced

the "block game," and the "block game" led to the establishment of the running attack. The running attack brought on the famous "fourth down rule," all of which together changed the Rugby game of old England into a distinctive American sport, and laid the foundation upon which the brilliant tactical formations and manœuvres of the succeeding decades have been erected.

Incidentally, this rule brought forth the familiar five-yard lines of lime which has given to the playing field its familiar name of gridiron.

Veteran foot-ball men, like other veterans, find as keen a pleasure in the reminiscences of the past as they do in the performances of the present. Hence, when old foot-ball men come together in the happy little reunions of friends and former foes which characterize the hours that precede and follow great foot-ball games, their conversation invariably turns to the great plays and players of bygone days, and to the great tacticians who devised those plays, and thus gave to the players the mechanism by which their fame was achieved. The players of the gridiron are well known. Lads of ten and twelve can glibly call the roll of heroes of the '80s and the '90s, as well as the roll of those of the past decade. To these young comrades of the great foot-ball world such names as Camp, Poe, Cumnock, Stagg, Cowan, Sears, Bell, Heffelfinger, King, and Knipe are known and honored, although nearly twenty years have come and gone since the last of these laid aside his moleskins.

Tactics and tacticians, however, have not been similar favorites of fame. Tactics are technical and carefully thought out; and tacticians perform their part of foot-ball in the seclusion of their study and the coaches' council-rooms. Yet the story of many of the

tactical creations of the gridiron is as fascinating as its spectacular feats.

If one who has lived long in foot-ball, seen much, and remembered well were asked which are the greatest plays of all time in American foot-ball, tactically considered, he would reply: the V trick, the flying wedge, guards-back, the turtle-back, the revolving tandem, the tackle-back, and the Minnesota shift.

Ah, what thrilling memories come back to some of us at the mention of the V trick! Memories of great crowds hushed and breathless as the mighty engine of humanity plowed its ponderous way through opposing players, and of the mighty shout that went up as some daring defender hurled his body against the gigantic wedge, and, single and alone, sent the mass of eleven men, tangled and helpless, crashing to the ground.

What was the V trick? As finally perfected, it was the formation of the eleven players of the offense into a V-shaped mass, apex forward, and solidified by the players wrapping their arms about each other. The formation massed ten yards behind the line of scrimmage,—there was no rule in those days requiring players of the offensive side to stand upon the line,—and, at the snap of the ball, the great mass, firmly locked and in step with machine-like precision, ponderously but swiftly moved forward, being in full motion before it reached the defenders. The player with the ball was hidden within this formidable mass of men, which was rendered still more powerful by having the heaviest men in the apex. This was the first of the famous momentum-mass plays of thirty years ago.

Skill, indeed, was necessary to execute the V trick, but courage as well as skill was necessary to stop it. When the offensive eleven fell back to form the "V," the defensive line deployed widely along the line of

scrimmage, because no one of them knew in advance in which direction the "V" would come. The instant the ball was put in play and the V simultaneously moved forward, the defensive rushers leaped forward toward the mass. The first player to strike the V usually was the guard or tackle upon the side of the V's direction. If this player, with the height of skill and force, struck with his shoulder the knees of the second man in the apex of the V, the wedge with a loud report would collapse, its men would pile up a writhing heap of arms and legs, beneath which would be the player who had wrought the havoc, and the player with the ball, darting out from the rear of the disrupted wedge into the open field, would be caught in a shearing tackle by the nimble defensive end, who had lain back alertly awaiting such an outcome to the manœuvre.

Unlike other great tactical productions of the gridiron, this truly great play was not the result of long and laborious study and experimentation, but was the sudden conception of a player in the turmoil of a desperate battle. This game was the contest between Pennsylvania and Princeton, October 25, 1884, and the inventor of the play was Richard M. Hodge, of Princeton, a young sophomore quarter-back playing upon the team. Hodge, in response to a request for an authentic, first-hand account of the creation of this famous play, has contributed the following to the history of the sport:

"In the middle of the game, Captain Bird, of Princeton, had called upon Baker, '85, a half-back, to run behind the rush-line, which charged seven abreast down the field. It was an old play, and gained little ground the second time it was used. It suddenly struck me that if the rush-line would jump with the snap of the ball into the shape of a V, with the apex

forward, we ought to gain ground. A consultation was held, and upon the next play the formation was tried, Baker plowing in the V to Pennsylvania's five-yard line, from which on the next play he was pushed over."

Following this game, the tacticians at Princeton improved this manœuvre by withdrawing the eleven, for the formation, ten yards behind the line of scrimmage, thereby gaining the momentum of the ten-yard rush forward, and the trick was reserved for the opening play in the game with Yale. Achieving indifferent success in this game, the play was abandoned in 1885, but revived and improved in 1886, in which year it was employed so successfully that by 1887 and 1888 it had become the regulation opening play, supplanting the kick-off, upon all the teams in the country, and remained so until 1894. A curious feature of the play throughout all of these years was the technical preservation of the kick-off which the rules required. This ingeniously was accomplished by the player with the ball standing at the apex of the V. When the signal to begin play was given by the referee, this player touched the ball to the ground and his foot simultaneously, without releasing the ball from his hand, thereby complying with the rule to kick-off, which in those days imposed no yardage for the kick.

Thus the V trick became one of the commonplace manœuvres of foot-ball, so regularly executed that no idea, however slight, occurred to players or public that it would be supplanted. But a thunderclap in a clear sky was soon to break. In the city of Boston was a gentleman, unknown in foot-ball but well known in many other activities, among which was a fondness for chess. This gentleman was Mr. Lorin F. Deland. Turning his propensity for problems in chess to the



THE REVOLVING TANDEM

Notice compact interference



THE "V" TRICK

Showing the formation in detail

field of foot-ball, he quickly evolved an astounding manœuver, and secretly taught the play to Captain B. W. Trafford's team at Harvard. The play was sprung at Hampden Park, Springfield, November 19, 1892, in Harvard's game with Yale. Yale winning the toss, selected the ball and opened the battle with the time-honored V trick. The long half of forty-five minutes, fiercely fought, came to an end without a score. After the usual intermission, the teams again took the field, and Harvard had the ball for the opening play. Yale, assuming that, of course, the play would be the customary V trick, deployed widely along the line, Hinkey, Winter, McCrea, Stillman, Hickok, Wallis, and Greenway crouching low and trembling with eagerness to hurl themselves against the wedge. To the surprise of the players in blue, however, and to the consternation of the spectators, Harvard did not form a V. Instead, Trafford, Harvard's captain, holding the ball, took a position at the center of Harvard's forty-five-yard line. The remaining players in two sections fell back to their twenty-five-yard line, each section grouping near its side-line. Without putting the ball in play, Trafford signaled with his hand, and the two groups of players leaped swiftly forward in lock-step, converging toward Trafford and gathering tremendous momentum as they ran. Just as they reached Trafford, the latter put the ball in play and disappeared within the great flying wedge as it passed him crashing into the Yale men, who, until the ball was put in play, were forced to stand still upon their line and thus with no momentum of their own be struck with the flying weight of the eleven men in crimson. Straight through the Yale team this mighty flying wedge plowed and crashed, until, torn to pieces by their fearless opponents, Frank Butterworth, of Yale,

brought Trafford down twenty yards from Yale's goal.

Of all the major tactics in foot-ball, this play, the flying wedge of Lorin F. Deland, unquestionably was the most spectacular, the most famous, and the most momentous in results. Within one year, it had supplanted the V trick upon every team in the country, and brought forth hundreds of tacticians ambitious to achieve the success and fame of Mr. Deland, thereby giving an enormous impulse to the tactical department of the sport. The first result was the introduction by George W. Woodruff, the old Yale guard, famous as Pennsylvania's greatest coach, of the flying principle into a full system of scrimmage plays at Pennsylvania. Yale drove the principle still farther, and produced a mechanism which made a flying wedge possible upon every play. Lorin F. Deland followed up his gigantic success by producing the famous turtle-back, the first play to introduce the revolving principle into interference. The turtle-back was formed by the eleven players of the offensive team grouping into an oval behind the center-rush, and so intertwining their arms about each other that, when the ball had been snapped and handed by the quarter-back to some back hidden within the depths of the turtle-back, the formation slowly and heavily would roll or revolve to one side, and, as the defenders vainly threw themselves in front of the rolling formation, thus would unwind the runner with the ball, accompanied by an interferer, out and around the end into a clear field.

Now, the ultimate object of any offensive formation in foot-ball was to mass the greatest number of men at one point with such momentum that the impetus of the play could not be withstood. This object these various momentum mass-plays not only achieved, but achieved with such a surplus of power that arms and legs of

valiant defenders were endangered, so that the public began to protest against the unnecessary roughness of the evolutions, and the sport began to pass into a period of such disorganization that its very existence was threatened. In the quarrels that arose directly and indirectly from the execution of these momentum-mass plays, Harvard ceased to play with Yale, Princeton with Pennsylvania, and other ancient academic rivalries and friendships halted. As a consequence, the rules of the sport were changed in 1896, and the momentum-mass play, powerful, famous, and spectacular, was abolished by the simple mandate of the Rules Committee:

No player of the side in possession of the ball shall take more than one step toward his opponent's goal, before the ball is in play, without coming to a full stop.

Although this rule removed the momentum element from offensive foot-ball, yet it did not take away the mass feature. Thus two great foot-ball geniuses, famous players, famous coaches, and famous tacticians brought to a culminating perfection in 1896 two marvelous mass plays, radically different, but so powerful that they swept the team of each to victory through game after game. The first of these was the justly celebrated play of George W. Woodruff, known as guards-back, and the second was the equally celebrated play of Philip King, of Princeton, known as the revolving tandem.

Guards-back, as its name indicates, was formed by arraying both guards behind the line and upon the same side, usually behind the opening between the opposing tackle and guard, and by shifting the back-field men also across to the side, behind the guards, with the middle back, usually the full-back, slightly in advance of

the other two backs. This formation not only arrayed the preponderating weight of the team against one point, but did so in such a way that the direction of the play automatically would change during the execution. If the opposing tackle remained out, the play crashed between him and the guard; if he charged in, the play, without a signal and without a check, plowed outside of him, thus comprising in sheer power and ingenuity one of the most remarkable and one of the most successful plays ever invented. With this mechanism of attack, the University of Pennsylvania, whose coach Mr. Woodruff was, employing it continually throughout a game, won victory after victory, season after season. The manœuvre only passed away when outlawed by a rule designed to accomplish that object by requiring five men to be upon the line of scrimmage when the ball was put in play, and requiring the two line-men behind the line to be either five yards back or outside of the men on the end of the line.

Philip King's great play, the revolving tandem, was conceived and worked out in the space of two hours. It became Princeton's chief manœuvre of attack during the season of 1896, achieving for the orange and black Princeton's greatest victory over Yale in the number of touch-downs scored, and also crushing Harvard in a memorable game on Soldiers' Field, at Cambridge. King's preliminary formation found the two ends playing two yards behind the line, just to the outside of their respective tackles. At the snap of the ball, one tackle sprang from the line, his opponent being blocked by the end stepping obliquely forward and whirling across between his center and quarter-back, aiding the opposite end and tackle to make the opening. In the meantime, the back field with lightning swiftness was in motion toward the same side, the two backs on that

side cleaving between the opposing tackle and end. When the opponents' charge was felt and the opening began to choke, Princeton's formation, now compact, began to revolve toward the outside, thus whirling the player with the ball out around the end and defensive back into a clear field; or, if the defensive end warily remained out, whirling the player with the ball through the opening between the opposing end and tackle.

During the period, however, in which guards-back was winning triumph after triumph for Pennsylvania, there was an old Yale foot-ball player studying medicine in the former university. Like many veterans of the gridiron with a fondness for the tactical feature of the sport, this medical student, with miniature field and players upon a table in his room, enjoyed the diversion from time to time of studying the tactics of the sport. This man was Henry L. Williams, well remembered as a famous half-back at Yale twenty-seven years ago and also as a champion hurdler for the blue, and equally known to-day as the inventor of the two greatest foot-ball creations of the past eighteen years — the tackle-back and the Minnesota shift.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary perfection of guards-back, Williams saw that another play was possible, based upon the same idea, but wholly different in construction. To him, the necessity of playing the backs five yards behind the line, in guards-back, seemed a weakness in the great play. Therefore, after prolonged and profound study, he evolved a new formation in which a tackle from one side was brought back and stationed behind the tackle upon the other side of the line, with the three backs arrayed in the form of a triangle directly behind the rear tackle, the entire formation requiring a distance not more than three and one half yards from the rush-line in which to form,

thus saving the additional yard and a half required by guards-back, to cover which in the forward charge frequently had been the latter formation's undoing. From this formation Williams then worked out an entire system of plays, striking all points in the line, straight and across, with a bewildering series of variations involving delayed and double passes. The first opportunity to put these plays into execution was given Williams by Penn Charter School, of Philadelphia. This school instantly swept all opponents from the field and captured the championship of the school teams of Philadelphia. Yale, Williams's alma mater, at once investigated the system, but over-conservatism, which unfortunately characterized the large institutions of the east, caused Yale's foot-ball leaders to reject the tactics as too radical. Penn Charter, notwithstanding, continued to employ the system and continued to win championships. And now occurred a spectacular vindication of these plays. The final week in November, 1899, had arrived, and Army was facing its great battle with Navy, with an abundance of grit but with a weak team, poor plays, and a bad record. In this crisis, the foot-ball leaders at West Point sent for Williams. He arrived Monday evening, and, before taps had sounded that night across the Plains at West Point, had outlined to his charges the principles of his playing system. Only three playing-days remained. In this brief time the Army mastered Williams's plays, and upon the following Saturday met the Navy at Philadelphia in a tremendous battle. Williams's great engine of attack lanced and hammered until the Navy's goal-line had been crossed three times; the unexpected had happened; the Army had won.

Upon the side-lines during this game stood Walter Camp and Gordon Brown, of Yale, whose team had

just been beaten by Princeton and tied by Harvard, and who thus were forced to see the demonstration of the soundness of Williams's playing system. And then Yale adopted the plays. Late in the ensuing fall, their eleven burst upon public attention with an astoundingly powerful attack. Williams's system as executed by Yale had surpassed in brilliancy the expectations of those who knew it. Instantly, far and wide the play became known as the tackle-back. Yale closed the season by soundly defeating both Harvard and Princeton, and one year later every team in the country was employing the tackle-back formation of attack.

Williams's second great creation was the Minnesota shift. As generally known, the Minnesota shift is a complete and complex system of plays which are made from a rapid shift of the team from a primary central strategic formation into a wholly different formation and position for attack. The principle involved in the plays is simple. The offensive eleven knows from the signal what the second offensive formation will be, and the exact place upon the field where it will be formed, and they also know the play that will be launched from that formation. The defense, not knowing at what point the offensive line will be strengthened, are thus compelled to protect all points in their own line, and are prevented from reinforcing the point of attack until the great Minnesota shift has swung and the attack is charging and crashing forward.

This truly great play takes its name, of course, from the University of Minnesota. It was devised especially for the team of that institution by Dr. Williams, the university's coach, and in turn by that team was introduced to the foot-ball world.

Again it was Yale that gave Williams's new play its national popularity. Originally taught to Minnesota by Williams, it easily won its road to victory in the west. The crisis of the season of 1910 found Yale demoralized by the havoc in its preliminary schedule wreaked by minor elevens. One week before the teams' final trials, Harvard and Princeton grimly awaited their battles with Yale, confident of an overwhelming victory, with their chief ambition not to win but to make a record score. In this crisis for the blue, Thomas L. Shevlin, Yale's old end-rush and captain, came to New Haven, took the team in charge, and in one week taught the eleven the system of the Minnesota shift. The following week Yale met Princeton and beat the Tiger five points to three. One week later, Yale met Harvard, and Harvard left the field beneath a score board which read "Harvard 0, Yale 0."

From that day to this, the Minnesota shift has been one of the dominating formations in present-day tactics of the gridiron.

In addition to the above, such leaders as Percy Haughton of Harvard, Fielding Yost of Michigan and Alonzo Stagg of Chicago have all proved to be master strategists under the modern rules. Haughton's development of hiding the ball in attack has never been equaled in foot-ball. In this play the defense was baffled by not knowing who carried the ball, nor just where the thrust was to be made. The "fake" and "delayed" pass operated as the basis for this offensive drive.

Yost's development of the forward pass proved the great value of the play and caused its adoption by many eastern teams. But this and other recent developments have not superseded most of the tactical principles described.

XI

THE MIDGET'S NERVE

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK

THE coach smoothed out the creases in the letter a little nervously, and looked up at the captain of the foot-ball team.

"You know, Boomly, how I feel about this," he said slowly.

Boomly straightened up his ponderous shoulders and eyed the coach keenly.

"Certainly, Parker; you've a right to feel that way, only —"

"Only what?" snapped the coach.

"Only we *must* play them. We can't ignore the challenge. Either we play them or we're afraid to play them — that's what the public will say."

"I know it," agreed Parker, disconsolately. He looked up at the pennant on the wall, and read the words: "Championship, 1916." "You're right, I suppose, Boomly; we are n't really champions unless we defeat them. But I have always objected to post-season games. The team has done its best work, and it's mighty apt to go stale, you know. Besides —"

"Well?"

Parker turned and stared silently out of the window. Just above his eyes, his brow snarled into two little puckers.

"It's Allison at quarter-back," he said presently. "He's lost his nerve. In that last game, when the

signals crossed, and the center snapped the ball to him, he stood there, frightened to death, and Ganley came through the line like a hurricane and took it out of his very hands. You can't do anything with a fellow who's lost his nerve. Now, 'Midget' Blake —"

Boomly shook his head savagely. "Worse than Allison!" he sneered. "The Midget never had any nerve to lose!"

Parker gulped once or twice, started to speak, hesitated, and finally brought his fist down on the polished table before him.

"Boomly," he said, "I'm going to be frank with you. You aren't giving the Midget a fair chance; you spoil his plays by your own refusal to work into them. He is pure grit whatever you may think. You don't believe it, I'm sure, because I've known you long enough to understand that your honesty has the upper hand of your prejudice. He is n't a brilliant player, and the grand stand will never go wild over him. But he plays the game for all it is worth! Give him a chance, and you'll see the fastest and most reliable little quarter-back the old college ever turned out."

"Aw!" said Boomly, in disgust. "I tell you, Parker, that kid's a quitter."

Parker stood up, with his thin lips closed.

"Boomly," he said, "we'll play the post-season game for the championship of the West on one condition — that Midget Blake is behind the center as quarter-back."

The big full-back rose slowly. "All right," he said reluctantly, "we'll play it then." He went over to the door and opened it slightly. "But I tell you again," he declared, with his hand on the knob, "the Midget is a quitter!"

Somebody pushed the door gently inward, and Mid-

get Blake, looking like a baby beside the brawny full-back, pushed his way into the room. His cheeks were red, and his breath was coming faster than usual.

"Ah! Boomly," he saluted gravely, and held out his hand to Parker, who had stepped forward quickly. "I came to tell you that my parents have asked me to drop my athletic work," his even voice went on; "but if there is to be a post-season game, as rumored, I am going to stay out with the squad. If I get a chance to play"—he stopped and looked squarely into Boomly's face—"if I get a chance to play, I'll—I'll *play!*"

For a moment the big full-back captain hesitated, upon the point of apologizing. Then, without speaking, he walked rapidly out.

The next day the Midget went in at quarter-back. Boomly gave over the entire running of the team to the boy, and helped him in every way possible. But the friction was there. Instead of suggesting changes for strengthening plays or formations, the full-back simply pointed out to the other members of the team the Midget's faults. The boy bore it bravely, however, and though he flushed painfully at times, he never lost his temper.

Day by day the first and "scrub" elevens battled. In spite of the fears of the coach, the team seemed to be at its best. Each player recognized what was at stake. Bit by bit, unusual as it was at the fag-end of the season, the varsity eleven improved. When the squad trotted out on the field the day of the game, every man was confident of the result.

Promptly at three the game began. A silver coin was snapped high in the air, and Boomly grinned contentedly when he won the toss.

"You kick off to us," he told the other captain in his drawling voice, as if he were ready to do nothing

more important than eat his dinner instead of play a championship foot-ball game. Boomly always drawled his words and lumbered about awkwardly before the beginning of a big game.

The ball went straight into his arms on the kick-off, and he lowered his head and charged down the field like a mad bull, swerving from side to side, plunging past desperate tacklers. When they downed him at last, the ball was exactly in the middle of the field.

Almost before the last man was off the ground, the teams were in position. Boomly stood back of the little quarter-back, fearing to detect some sign of nervousness in the voice that should call the signals. But it came with a sharp, clear distinctness that made the full-back grin with delight. The boy had not lost his nerve as yet, whatever might happen later.

The first play was a line rush, through left center. Boomly carried the ball for a short gain, but when he came out of the scrimmage his hand was bleeding.

"It's nothing," he declared brusquely. "Line up!" But his gaze never left the face of the right guard on the other team.

It was the first down again on the second play. The third dragged, and there was no gain. Then the Midget's clear voice rattled off four numbers, and the backs prepared for an end run. It was timed to a second, and behind splendid interference the runner advanced the ball fifteen yards. But when Boomly arose from a clash with the end who should have stopped the play, he missed the Midget.

He was back where the play had started, lying very white and still. Boomly called for water, and dashed some in the boy's face.

"Want to quit?" he asked, with a little note of sneering triumph in his voice.

The Midget sat up with a jerk, and then sprang to his feet.

"Line up," he yelled shrilly, running up to ball. "Line up there, Bilkins, I say." Then he lowered his voice as Boomly asked him a question. "Yes, it was the right guard," he said. "He is n't a brute at heart, but he simply goes crazy when the ball is in play. He does n't know what he is doing at all."

The right guard was a foeman to fear. He seemed to lose all understanding when the ball was snapped, and his only aim was to reach it. He was a veritable maniac. Twice Boomly protested to the official, and twice the man claimed not to have seen any foul play.

At last the man began to get upon Boomly's nerves. Down in his heart he grew to fear him. The fellow ground the big full-back's hand in the soft dirt, and trampled over his legs. Boomly was sore and bruised, but he gritted his teeth and played like a demon.

The first half ended without a score, and the second seemed to be going the way of the first. The Midget was dirt-begrimed, with scratches and cuts on his face. Boomly was looking at him with a new light in his eyes. The little quarter caught his glance once, and understanding blushed like a girl. Even his voice quivered a little as he called the signal for the next play.

There were only five minutes to play when the chance came. The big right guard seemed to have the strength of a whole eleven, and was battering down formations that should have been invulnerable. Boomly was playing by sheer will power, sore and aching in every limb — and afraid! He confessed it to himself, sick at heart. Nor was he the only one. But the little quarter-back — Midget Blake, "the quitter" — seemed absolutely fearless.

"But he does n't get the brunt of the fellows' attacks," Boomly told himself. "If it came to a clash between them, the Midget would fail us. He'd have to; and he'd have a right to."

The play began as an end run, and terminated in a wildly scrambled fumble back of the line. The ball hit the ground on one of its pointed ends, and bounded high in the air and far to one side.

With a cry that was half rage, half despair, Boomly leaped after it. Close at his heels was the Midget. It was only a forlorn hope that the next bound would not carry the ball yards to one side.

But the bounding of a football is without rule or reason, and, to his joyful surprise, the pigskin leaped gently into Boomly's very arms.

A quick glance showed him a deserted field ahead clear to the looming white goal-posts. Over to the left was a mass of struggling players, not yet aware of the fumble, or, at least, powerless to act quickly enough to interfere. And ahead was a deserted field — not deserted, for from the side, driving ahead like a great battering ram, came the other team's right guard.

Boomly's heart seemed to stop beating. Instinctively he tucked the ball under his left arm, and raised his right to protect himself. But he knew he could never pass that right guard; knew it as surely as if he had already been tackled and thrown!

"All right, Boomly," yelled a clear, unwavering voice in his ear; "all right; I'll take him. Go it! Go it! It's an easy touchdown!"

A little form sprang ahead of the big full-back, and Boomly recognized the Midget. Somehow a great flood of confidence spread over him. He *could* make the touchdown if the Midget dared to stop that demon of a right guard!

Close behind the little quarter-back he ran, fearing lest at the last the boy should be afraid. But the Midget never faltered for a moment.

All at once Boomly saw the boy gather himself and literally plunge through the air at the man ahead. His hands were by his sides, and he made no effort to hold off the tackler foully. But his little body hit the right guard squarely, like a cannon-ball out of the air, and the player rolled over and over.

Boomly ran on. His brain cleared suddenly, and the fear left his heart. A great desire took hold of him to go back and apologize to the Midget for even suggesting that he was lacking in courage; but in a moment he himself had planted the ball between the white goal-posts.

Having scored the touchdown, he left Blenden to kick goal, and ran back to where the little quarter-back had fallen. The Midget was sitting up, grinning broadly at the cheering mob in the grand stand. When he saw Boomly, he grasped his big hand, pulled himself up by it and danced wildly around the big full-back.

"You did it, Boomly!" he yelled. "You did it! You won the game!"

Boomly held him off at arm's-length.

"Why, you little fool!" he said. "You little — you little *nervy* fool! You won it yourself!"

XII

THE MAGIC FOOT-BALL

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Crofton Chums," etc.

"**I** WISH," murmured Billy Piper, "they'd let *me* play!"

It was a chill, cloudy November afternoon, and Billy, sprawled in the big arm-chair in front of the library fire, was very unhappy. Things had n't gone well to-day at school, where the teachers had been horribly unjust to him; nor at home, where he had been scolded for arriving late for dinner; Tommy Blue, his most particular chum, was confined to the house with double mumps; and, to add to the burden of his woes, or to remind him of the principal one, half a dozen fellows, togged and sweatered, carrying a battle-scarred foot-ball and dangling their head-guards, had just passed the window on their way to the field to practise for the final and all-important game of the year, that with Meadowville.

Usually, Billy went along, envious but interested, to watch the luckier boys at work; but to-day he was at outs with the world. What was most awfully wrong was that George Marquis, captain of the Hillside eleven, refused to perceive in Billy the qualities desired in a member of that gallant band of gridiron warriors. George said that Billy was much too light for either line or back-field, while grudgingly acknowledging

that he *could* kick and *was* fast on his toes. Consequently, Billy, who all summer had looked forward almost breathlessly to securing a position as an end or a back, had been — and still was — horribly disappointed. Of course he realized that he was pretty light — he was only thirteen, you see, and by no means large for his age — but he was quite convinced that he was clever enough at punting and drop-kicking and carrying the ball, to atone for his lack of weight. But Captain Marquis did n't think so, and Billy was out of it for another year at least.

He had been trying to read a story that was all about school life and foot-ball, but he did n't want his fun at second-hand to-day. He wanted to make history himself! The book toppled unnoticed to the hearth-rug, and Billy went off into a wonderful day-dream, his round eyes fixed entrancedly on the glowing coals in the grate. He saw himself playing left half-back for Hillside in the Thanksgiving Day game with Meadowville, making sensational rushes, kicking marvelous goals from the field, cheered and applauded, a veritable foot-ball hero if ever there was one! When, after an hour of desperate battle, Hillside had conquered, and Billy, on the shoulders of admiring comrades, was being carried from the field, he woke from his day-dream with a sigh.

"I wish," he said longingly, addressing no one in particular, since there was no one there, but gazing very intently at the gloomy corner of the room where lounge and bookcase met and formed a cave of shadow — "I wish I could do all that! Gee, but I do wish I could!"

"Well," said a small, gruff voice that made Billy sit up quickly, very straight and surprised, in his chair, "you were long enough about it!"

From the dark corner there suddenly emerged into the firelight the strangest, most astonishing person Billy Piper had ever seen or dreamed of. He was scarcely higher than Billy's knee, and he was preposterously thin; and his head was quite out of proportion to any other part of him. But the queerest thing of all was his face. It was as round as — well, as a basket-ball, and very much the same color and texture. From the middle of it protruded a long, pointed nose, the end of which twitched up and down and from side to side as he moved across the floor. His eyes were tiny and sharp, and looked for all the world like two of Billy's most precious green-glass marbles, while his thin mouth stretched almost from one perfectly enormous ear to the other.

He was dressed in a funny, tight-fitting suit of rusty black, with pointed shoes that were ridiculously like his nose, and a sugar-loaf hat of faded red with the letters D. A. in front and a green feather that fell dejectedly over his face and seemed to be trying to tickle his nose. And under one pipe-stem of an arm, clutched with claw-like brown fingers, was a foot-ball nearly half as large as he was!

Billy stared and stared, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, and thought, very naturally, that he must be dreaming. But the queer visitor soon put that notion out of his head. "Well, well!" he ejaculated crossly in his small, gruff voice. "Lost your tongue, have you?"

"N-no, sir," stammered Billy. "But I — I did n't hear what you said."

"Yes, you did! Boys are all stupid. You did n't understand. I said you were long enough about it."

"About wh-what?" asked Billy.

"About wishing, of course! Don't you know fair-

ies can't grant a wish until it's been made three times? You wished once and then kept me waiting. I don't like to be kept waiting. I'm a very busy person. Nowadays, with every one wishing for all sorts of silly things that they don't need and ought n't to have, a fairy's life is n't worth living."

"I'm very sorry," murmured Billy, apologetically. "I — I did n't know you were there."

"'Did n't know!' 'Did n't know!' That's what every stupid person says. You *should* have known. If you did n't expect me, why did you wish three times?"

"Why, I — I don't know," said Billy. "I was just — just wishing."

"Oh, then maybe you don't want your wish?" asked the other, eagerly. "If that's it, just say so. Don't waste my time. I've an appointment in Meadowville in — in —" He took off his funny sugar-loaf hat, rested the end of the feather on the bridge of his long nose, and spun the hat around. "One — two — three — four —" The hat stopped spinning and he replaced it on his head. "In four minutes," he ended sternly.

"Th-that's a funny way to tell time," said Billy.

"I never tell time," replied the stranger, shortly. "Time tells me. Now, then, what do you say?"

"Th-thank you," said Billy, hurriedly, remembering his manners.

"No, no, no, no, no, no!" exclaimed the other, exasperatedly. "What about your wish? Do you, or is n't it?"

"Why — why, if it is n't too much trouble," stammered Billy, "I'd like to have it very, very much."

"Of course it's trouble," said the Fairy, sharply. "Don't be any stupider than you have to. But every-

thing's trouble; my life is full of trouble; that's what comes of being a D. A."

"If you please," asked Billy, politely, "what does D. A. mean?"

"Director of Athletics, of course. It could n't mean anything else, could it? Really, you do ask more silly questions! Now then, now then, look alive!"

"Yes, sir, but — but how?" asked Billy, anxiously.

"Repeat the incan, of course."

"The — the incan?"

"Tation! Don't tell me you don't know it!" The Fairy was almost tearful, and Billy naturally felt awfully ashamed of his ignorance. But he had to acknowledge it, and the Fairy, casting his eyes toward the ceiling in protest, rattled off the following so rapidly that it was all Billy could do to follow him:

"I wish this once;
I wish this twice!
Grant me the wish
That I wish thrice!

"Repeat, if you please!" said the Fairy. Billy did so, stumbly.

The Fairy grunted. "Stupid!" he muttered. "Did n't know the incan. What are we coming to? What are we coming to? In the old days, boys did n't have to be told such things. Modern education — pah!" And the Fairy fairly glared at Billy.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Fairy," he said.

"H-m, at least you have manners," said the Fairy, his ill-temper vanishing. "Well, here it is." He tapped the foot-ball he held with the claw-like fingers of his other hand.

"But — but I did n't wish for a foot-ball," faltered Billy, disappointedly.

"Of course you did n't! Who said you did? You wished you might play in Saturday's foot-ball game and be a hero and win the game for your team, did n't you? Or, if you did n't, how much? Or, other things being as stated, when?"

"Yes, sir, I did! And could I — could you really give me my wish?"

"Drat the boy! What am I here for? Wasting my time! Wasting my time! Fiddledunk!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said fiddledunk! I always say fiddledunk when angry. What do you say?"

"I say — I say —" Billy had the grace to blush and keep silent.

"I know!" exclaimed the Fairy, triumphantly. "You say 'Jerriwhizzum!' You should n't! It's almost swearing! You're a very bad boy, and I don't know that you ought to have your wish!"

"But I don't!" gasped Billy. "I never said 'jerriwhizzum' in my life."

"You just said it! Don't tell me! Don't tell me! Guilty or not guilty? Guilty! Remove the prisoner!" And the Fairy grinned gleefully and maliciously at Billy.

"But — but I meant I never said it before, sir!"

"Why don't you say what you mean?" demanded the other, evidently disappointed. "Are you or for what purpose did you not? Answer yes or no immediately. No answer. Discharged! Now then, what do you say?"

"Thank you very much," said Billy, promptly. The Fairy smiled.

"Not at all! Not at all! Glad to be of service. You have excellent manners — for a boy. Perhaps in time you'll get over being so stupid. I did. I used

to be awfully stupid. You would n't believe it now, would you?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Billy. The Fairy actually beamed.

"I took a correspondence course, you see."

"A correspondence course?" murmured Billy, questioningly.

"In non-stupidity. Try it."

"Thank you, I — I might, sometime."

"Time!" exclaimed the Fairy, twirling his hat again on the tip of the feather and counting the spins. "Dear me! Dear me! I'm — seven — eight — nine — nine minutes late! Did you ever? I really must go, I really must. Here is the magic foot-ball —"

"Oh, is it a magic foot-ball?" exclaimed Billy, in surprise.

"Of course it is! There you go again with your silly questions! Taking up my time! Did n't I just tell you that I was — how many minutes late did I say?"

"Nine, I think."

"'You think!' You ought to know! Now I'll have to do it again." He spun the hat and it stopped at six. "I thought you were wrong," he said in triumph. "You said it was nine! Stupid!"

Billy thought it best not to argue with him. "Wh — what do I do with the foot-ball?" he asked.

"Play with it, of course. Did n't think it was to eat, did you?"

"N-no, but —"

"This foot-ball will do everything you want it to. If you want it to come to you, you say 'Come'; if you want it to go, you say —"

“Go!” murmured Billy.

“Not at all!” exclaimed the Fairy, testily. “I wish you would n’t jump to conclusions. If you want it to go you say ‘Og!’”

“Og?” faltered Billy.

“Of course. When the ball comes to you, it comes forward. When it goes away from you, it must go backward. And ‘go,’ backward, is ‘og.’ I never saw any one so stupid!”

“Oh,” murmured the boy. “But suppose I kick the ball?”

“Say ‘Og.’ But you’d better not kick it very hard because if you do it might not like it. Magic foot-balls have very tender feelings.”

“But suppose I wanted to kick it a long, long distance?”

“Then say ‘Og’ several times. You’ll have to try it for yourself and learn the ography of it. Now call it.”

“Come,” said Billy, doubtfully.

The next instant the foot-ball was rushing into the fireplace, having jumped from the Fairy’s arms, collided violently with Billy’s nose, and bounced to the floor again.

“Save it!” shrieked the Fairy, jumping excitedly about on the rug.

But Billy’s eyes were full of tears, produced by the blow on his nose; and by the time he had leaped to the rescue the ball was lodged between grate and chimney, and the Fairy, still jumping and shrieking, was quite beside himself with alarm. Billy pulled the foot-ball out before it had begun to scorch, however, and the Fairy’s excitement subsided as suddenly as it had begun.

"Stupid!" he said severely. "You almost made me ill. The odor of burning leather always upsets me. It was most unfeeling of you."

"But I did n't know," replied Billy, with spirit, rubbing his nose gingerly, "it was going to come so hard!"

"You should have known! Seems to me, for a boy who goes to school, you are very deficient in ography and comeology."

"I never studied them. We don't have them."

The Fairy sighed painfully. "What are we coming to? What are we coming to? Never studied ography or comeology or non-stupidity! Oh dear! Oh my!" His long, thin, pointed nose twitched up and down and sidewise under the stress of his emotion. "Well, well, there is n't time to give you a lesson now. You'll have to do the best you can. I'm very late. By the way, when you're through with the foot-ball, just say 'Og!' seven times, and it will come back to me. But be careful not to say it seven times if you don't want to lose it. And, another thing, you must n't tell any one about it. Remember that! Thank you for a very pleasant evening." The Fairy made a ridiculous bow, hat in hand, and backed away toward the dark corner of the room. Billy started to remind him that it was n't evening, but concluded that it would only offend him, and so did n't. Instead,

"I'm awfully much obliged for the foot-ball," he said. "Would you mind telling me who it is you are going to call on in Meadowville?"

"The name is — the name is —" The Fairy lifted one foot and peered at the sole of a pointed shoe. "The name is Frank Lester. Do you know him?"

"N-no, but I know who he is," answered Billy, anxiously. "He's captain of the Meadowville Grammar

School Foot-ball Team, and I'll just bet he's going to wish they'll win the game!"

The Fairy frowned with annoyance. "He can't wish that," he said, shaking his head rapidly. "Besides, all the magic foot-balls are out. He will have to wish for something else."

"But — but suppose he does n't?"

"'Suppose!' 'Suppose!' I'd just like to know," exclaimed the Fairy, "how many supposes you've supposed! You're the most suppositionary boy I ever did see!"

"But if he *did* wish that," pursued Billy, "you'd have to give him his wish, would n't you?"

The Fairy grinned slyly and put a long finger beside his nose. "If wishes were fishes," he said, "beggars would ride."

"I — I don't think that's just the way it goes," said Billy.

"Then don't ask me," replied the other, indignantly. "Besides, you have kept me here until I am awfully late for my appointment. I must be — I must be —"

The Fairy caught off his hat and began twirling it about on his nose by the tip of the feather.

"One — two — three!" he began to count.

The hat twirled like a top and Billy, watching it, felt his head swim and his eyes grow heavy.

"Twelve — thirteen — fourteen — twenty-eight —" came the voice of the Fairy as though from a long way off. Billy wanted to tell him that twenty-eight did n't follow fourteen, but he was too sleepy to speak. "Thirty-three — thirty-six — thirty-two — fifteen —"

It was just a whisper now, away off in the hazy distance.

Billy sat up suddenly and stared. The Fairy was gone. He rubbed his eyes. After all, then, it was

just a dream! But, as he stirred, something rolled from his lap to the floor and went bouncing away under the couch. It was the magic foot-ball.

All that happened on Saturday afternoon. Monday morning, Billy sought George Marquis at recess, and asked him to let him play on the foot-ball team. "If you do," he said earnestly, "I'll win the game for you."

George laughed amusedly. "How'll you do it, kid?" he asked, with a wink at Harold Newman, the quarter-back.

Billy flushed. "I — I can't tell you how," he stammered. "It — it's a secret. But I can do it, George; honest and truly, black and bluely! Just let me show you, won't you?"

"Oh, shucks!" said the captain, "if you know how to win the game, you can tell me about it, can't you? Anyway, I guess we can win it without you and your secrets, Billy."

But Billy looked so disappointed that George, who was kind-hearted after all, said soothingly: "I tell you what I *will* do, Billy. If we're ahead at the end of the third period, I'll let you go in at half. How's that?"

"You won't be," replied Billy, glumly. "If you really want to lick Meadowville, George, you'd better let me play. If you don't, you'll be sorry for it. I can win that game for you, and I don't believe any one else can."

George's good nature took flight. "Oh, you run away, kid!" he said impatiently. "Any one to hear you talk would think you were a regular wonder! You're too fresh!"

"That's all right," said Billy to himself, as George went off scowling, "but you'll have to let me play

whether you want to or not! Unless," he added doubtfully, "that Fairy is just a — a faker, after all!"

But that did n't seem probable, for there was the magic foot-ball, and the magic foot-ball did just as the Fairy had said it would. That afternoon, when he was let out of school half an hour late — Billy's head was so filled with foot-ball these days that there was almost no room in it for lessons, and he was kept after school as a result — he hurried home, unlocked the closet door in his bedroom, and took the magic foot-ball down from the shelf. It looked just like any other foot-ball. There was the name of a well-known maker stamped on the clean leather, and no one would have ever suspected that there was anything unusual about it. But there certainly was, as Billy proceeded to prove, when, the ball under his arm, he reached the vacant lot behind the dye-works in the next street. The dye-works had no windows on the back, there was a tumble-down board-fence around the other three sides of the lot, and Tommy was safe from observation.

When he had crawled through a hole in the fence, he placed the foot-ball on the ground, swung his leg gently, and said "Og!" softly as his foot struck the ball. He hardly more than touched it with the toe of his scuffed shoe, but the ball flew up and off as straight as an arrow, and bounced away from the fence at the farther end of the lot. Billy looked carefully about him. No one was within sight, and so he said "Come!" very softly. The ball began rolling toward him along the ground. That was too slow, and so Billy said "Come!" once more and a little louder. Whereupon the ball left the ground and arched itself toward him. Billy held out his hands and the ball settled into them.

That day and every afternoon until Thursday, Billy continued his practice with the magic foot-ball, until finally he was able to judge just how to address it to get the results he wanted. For a short kick or pass, one "Og," not very loud, was enough. For a longer kick, a single "Og," spoken loudly, accomplished the purpose. For a very long kick, say thirty or thirty-five yards, beyond which Billy had never tried to kick a ball, three "Ogs" were sufficient. And the same rule worked when he wanted the ball to come to him. He could make it just trickle toward him slowly across the turf, or he could make it come slambanging to him so hard that, as often as not, he jumped out of its way so it would n't knock him down. When he did that, the ball, instead of going past, stopped short in the air and dropped to the ground. In fact, Billy learned what the Fairy had called "ography" and "comeology."

A very funny thing happened the next day. When he got home after school — he was n't kept in that afternoon, for there was a teachers' council in the superintendent's office — it occurred to him that perhaps it was n't necessary for him to go up and get the ball, even though it was in the closet with the door locked. At all events, he thought, there was no harm in trying it. So he said "Come!" very loudly, and waited there half-way up the front path. But nothing happened; not even when he said "Come!" again, very much louder. But when, for the third time, he said "Come! Come!" almost at the top of his lungs, something did happen. There was a frightful noise at the top of the house, a scream from Tilda, the maid, and a grunt from Billy himself. When Billy picked himself up, gasping for breath, he was six feet nearer the front gate, and the foot-ball was bobbing up and down in

front of him. It had taken him squarely in the stomach!

When he went into the house, Tilda was sitting half-way up the stairs having hysterics, an over-turned pail beside her and a flood of soapy water trickling down the steps. Something, declared Tilda, when she had been calmed by the use of smelling-salts and other restoratives, something had flown at her as she was going up-stairs and clean knocked the feet from under her! Just what the something was Tilda could n't say, but she was sure that it had been "as big as a wash-tub, mum, and kind of yellow, with two big, glaring eyes!" Billy, hiding the magic foot-ball behind him, crept up to his room. In the top of the closet door was a big jagged hole, and the floor was littered with splinters!

Billy looked and gasped. Then he stared wonderingly at the magic foot-ball. "I guess," he muttered, "I won't try that again!"

On Wednesday he went out to see practice. What he saw did n't impress greatly. Hillside did n't play like a team that was going to win on the morrow. The scrub eleven held the school team to one touch-down and a very lucky field-goal; and, when practice was over, the supporters of the team came back looking very dejected. Billy waited for George Marquis at the gate.

"George," he said, twitching the captain's sleeve, "don't forget what I told you!"

Captain Marquis pulled his arm away and scowled angrily at the youngster. "Oh, let up, Billy," he sputtered. "You make me tired! I've got enough troubles without having to listen to your nonsense!"

Billy went home and wondered for the hundredth time whether that Fairy was putting up a game on

him. Suppose, after all, the Fairy had just been making fun of him! If George did n't let him play, how was he ever going to win the game for Hillside? It was all well enough to have a magic foot-ball that would come or go just as you wanted it to, and that would break its way through closet doors and scare folks into hysterics, but if you didn't get into the game, what good were a dozen such things? Billy was sad and doubtful and pessimistic that evening.

But the next morning he felt more hopeful. To reassure himself, he went over to the vacant lot with the foot-ball and put it through its paces to his entire satisfaction. And then, since it was Thanksgiving Day and the big game was to start at half-past ten, he put on his playing togs, tucked the magic foot-ball in the hollow of his arm, and joined the crowd that was wending its way to the field. He passed Tommy Blue's house on the way, and, in answer to his whistle, Tommy appeared at an up-stairs window with his face swathed in cotton batting and linen, and waved to him sadly.

"Where'd you get the foot-ball?" mumbled Tommy, enviously.

"A fair — a fellow gave it to me," answered Billy. "Or maybe he just loaned it to me. It — it's a wonder!"

"Going to the game?"

"Yep. Wish you were, Tommy."

"So do I! We'll get licked, though."

"Bet you we don't! Bet you we win!"

Tommy tried to say "Yah!" but it hurt too much, and so he contented himself with shaking his head and looking sarcastic. "Yes, we will!" he mumbled. "Like fun!"

"We will though, and, Tommy,"— Billy sank his

voice so the passers would n't hear — "want me to tell you something nobody else knows?"

Tommy nodded.

"I'm going to win it for 'em!" confided Billy, in a stage-whisper. Then, with a magnificent wave of his hand, he went on, pursued by Tommy's cruel and incredulous, if much smothered, laughter.

We need n't dwell on that first thirty minutes of the game. From the point of view of Hillside, it was a sad affair. Meadowville outrushed, outpunted, outgeneraled her opponent. The Hillside line could n't hold against the swift, hard attack of the visitors, and the Hillside ends were no match for the fast backs of the Meadowville team. When the first fifteen-minute period was at an end, the score was 6 to 0. When the half was over and the teams trotted off the gridiron, the score stood Meadowville 17; Millside 0!

Billy, hunched up on a seat in the grand stand, the magic foot-ball clasped to his breast, watched and worried and almost wept. The Fairy's promise was n't coming true after all! He was n't to have his wish! All his lessons in "ography" and "comeology" were to be wasted! The magic foot-ball might just as well be back on the closet shelf, or, for that matter, back in fairy-land! Billy felt very sorry for himself, very disappointed.

"I suppose," he told himself dolefully, "Frank Lester wished they would win the game, and the Fairy had to give him his wish!"

But he made one last, final appeal before yielding to the inevitable. He left his seat and squirmed through the crowd to the home team's bench when Captain Marquis and his players came back, blankets and spirits both trailing. He got George's attention for a minute finally, and reminded him of his promise. George was

cross and impatient. "You again?" he exclaimed. "Promise? What promise? Oh, that? Well, I said if we were ahead, did n't I? We are n't ahead, so that settles that. Now get off the field, Billy."

Billy did n't, though. He carried his foot-ball to the bench and seated himself on it, unchallenged, amongst the substitutes. They were all too discouraged to care what Billy did. Then the whistle sounded again and the game went on. The pigskin floated in air, was caught by a fleet-footed Meadowville player and brought back for many yards, the Hillside ends failing lamentably to stop the runner. A plunge at the line and another mark was passed. A wide end-run and two more were traversed. Meadowville was literally eating up the ground, while from across the field came the triumphant shouting of her supporters. And then, not three minutes after the third quarter began, a strange thing happened.

The foot-ball in use, a perfectly good, brand-new foot-ball, supplied by the home team at a vast expense, began to become deflated. A halt was called, and the lacings were undone and they tried to blow it up again. But the air would n't stay in it! It was most perplexing and most annoying. No one had ever seen a foot-ball act so before. But there was only one thing to do, and that was to find another ball. Of course, Hillside ought to have had another one, but she did n't; at least, not at the field. There was an old foot-ball at George's house, but George's house was a good mile and a half away. So it devolved on Meadowville to loan her practice ball, and the Meadowville captain, after sarcastically stating what he thought of the stinginess of Hillside, consented to have the ball used. But when they went to look for it, it could n't be found! It had been there a half-hour before, they were all quite

certain of that; but it wasn't there now. Boys searched everywhere, even behind the stand, but to no avail. And then, just when Captain Marquis concluded that he would have to despatch a messenger to his house for the old foot-ball, some one brought word that Billy Piper had a foot-ball, and that he was sitting on the bench at that moment. Over hurried George.

"Let's take your ball, Billy," he said genially. "Ours is busted."

Billy smiled and shook his head. George blustered.

"Come on! We'll pay you for it, if you won't lend it! Don't be mean!"

"I'll lend it to you for nothing if you'll let me play left half-back," said Billy. A howl of derision went up from the players and substitutes. George scowled angrily.

"What's the use of being a chump?" he demanded. "Come on, let's have it!"

But Billy shook his head. George grabbed the ball and tried to tug it away. Billy said "Come!" very softly under his breath, and, although Harold Newman and Bert Jones and Gus Neely all helped their captain, not an inch would that ball budge! They had to give it up.

"Oh, let him play," said Harold, very much out of breath. "It won't matter, George. We're beaten anyway."

George, very angry, hesitated and finally yielded. "All right," he said gruffly, "you can play. Give us the ball. Gus, you're off."

Billy, the recipient of a look of deadly hatred from the deposed Gus, trotted joyfully into the field and took his place. Harold whispered the signal code into his ear. "You won't be able to remember it," he added, "but you won't get the ball, so that does n't matter!"

Then the game began again. Meadowville was on her second down, with four yards to go. The quarter-back called his signals, the two lines heaved together, and —

“Ball! Ball!” shouted half the players. The Meadowville quarter had fumbled, and, strange to say, it was Billy who dropped to the turf and snuggled the ball to him. For almost the first time the Hillside supporters had something to cheer about, and they made good use of the chance. And half the Hillside team patted Billy on the back as he was pulled to his feet. Of course, it was only an accident, but Billy deserved credit just the same!

Hillside was on her forty-yard line when she got the pigskin, and Harold Newman elected to have Bert Jones, the big full-back, take it for a try through right tackle. And so he called his signals and the players crouched in their places and the ball was snapped. And then, as Bert leaped forward to take the pass from quarter, Billy whispered, “Come!”

Such a befuddled-looking back-field as that was for an instant! Bert, expecting the pigskin, stood with hands outstretched to receive the ball, but clasped only empty air. The other players stopped, stood, and stared; all, that is, save Billy. Billy was very busy. Already, with the ball snuggled in the bend of his arm, he had crossed two white lines, and he was very intent on crossing the rest of them. That he didn't was only because the opposing quarter-back outguessed him and brought him to earth.

But twenty-five yards were not to be sneezed at, especially when heretofore the most that Hillside had made in one try was a scant six! George Marquis stopped scolding Harold and hugged Billy instead. Harold, too, thumped him delightedly on the back, but

the quarter had a dazed look on his face. He could have sworn that he had tossed the ball toward Bert Jones!

Slightly demoralized, Meadowville lined up again in front of her foe. This time she watched Billy as a cat watches a mouse; but when Billy, disregarding the play, scuttled yards across the field, the rival backs decided that he was faking an end-run, and paid scant attention to him. A moment after they saw their mistake, for the ball went to Billy on one of the prettiest and longest passes ever seen, and Billy, almost unopposed, streaked straight for the Meadowville goal-line! Only an end came near him, and Billy eluded the end deftly. Billy was really a clever runner, say what you like. The opposing quarter tried desperately to intercept Billy before he reached the goal-line, but he failed, and the best he could do was to tackle him behind it and prevent him from centering the ball.

You can imagine how Hillside cheered then! It was deafening, terrific! Even staid and serious-minded elderly gentlemen shouted and thumped the stand with their gold-headed sticks. Girls screamed their pretty throats hoarse, and boys—well, boys threw their hats in air and behaved like joyous lunatics! As for the Hillside players, they turned hand-springs and tripped each other up and behaved quite ridiculously. All save Billy. Billy, a little breathless, but wearing his honors modestly, yielded the ball, and trotted back up the field amidst a shower of congratulations. And not until Bert ones was directing the pointing of the pigskin did it occur to George Marquis to demand of Harold why he had signaled one thing and done another! And poor Harold, looking very white and worried, could only shake his head and gaze fascinatedly at Billy.

But why go into further details of that last half? At the end of the third quarter, Hillside was two points ahead of Meadowville and Billy Piper had only to turn his head or lift his hand to have the Hillside stand rise to its feet and cheer itself hoarse! Such runs as Billy made! Ten yards, twenty, even once a full thirty-five! Never was such brilliant running and dodging seen before! Billy could have played that whole game alone, had he wished it, but he did n't. With the assurance that his team would emerge victor in the end, Billy let the other backs have their chances. And when they were stopped in their tracks, or pushed back for a loss, then the ball went to the infallible William Piper, and said William reeled off a dozen yards, or two dozen, perchance; and everything was lovely.

When the last quarter began, Meadowville was showing the strain. So was the Hillside quarter-back! Poor Harold was beginning to think that he had gone crazy. Time after time, when he had tried to pass the ball to one of the other backs, or even carry it himself, he found that, for some strange reason, without wanting to do it, he had thrown it to Billy. Of course, Billy always gained, and that made it all right. Only — well, Harold was certainly worried!

A run the entire length of the field, barring ten yards, was Billy's heart-stirring contribution at the beginning of the final period, and from that time on until, with only a minute to spare and the ball on Hillside's thirty-two yards, he ended the game in a final blaze of glory, Billy performed like a — well, like a magician. I can think of no better word!

But the last feat of all was the most astounding. It went down in history, I can tell you! Even yet no other player has ever come within, at the very least, twenty yards of duplicating Billy's performance. The score

was 36 to 17 when the final sixty seconds began to tick themselves away. Hillside had the game safe, and it did n't matter very much what happened then. So when Billy said to Harold, "Let me try a field-goal from here, Harold," the quarter-back only stared and did n't tell him he was crazy. He only grinned. And then, since they all owed the victory to Billy, he consented. What did it matter how the contest ended? As well one way as another. And he'd be pleasing the redoubtable Billy. So Billy walked back to Hillside's twenty-five-yard line and held out his hands, and every one stared in surprise. For why, with everything her own way, should Hillside punt and yield possession of the ball?

Billy was ambitious to outdo all his previous feats, and he could think of but one way to gain that end, and that was to make a wonderful field-goal. But when, with poised arms, he awaited the ball and looked down the field at the far-off goal-posts, he began to have doubts. Perhaps the magic foot-ball could n't do it! It was an appalling distance! But just then the ball was snapped, and Billy said "Come!" Straight and true it sped into his hands, Billy measured distance and direction again, dropped the ball, and, as it bounded, hit it smartly with his instep. And as he did so, he said "Og!" very loudly, and then, to make very certain, he said "Og!" again and again and many times, and kept on saying it until the enemy came swarming down on him and sent him sprawling on his back.

But he was up in a second, watching the flight of the ball, and, lest it might falter on its journey, he said "Og" for, perhaps, the fifteenth time.

Friend and foe alike turned and watched the foot-ball. Every one held his breath. Surely it would

never travel so far! And yet it kept on going, getting higher and higher until, by the time it reached the end of the field, it was yards and yards and yards above the goal-posts. A great awe hushed the field. You could have heard a pin drop. And then a wild cry of amazement started and spread, for the magic foot-ball kept on going up and up and up, and getting smaller and smaller and smaller, until, at last, it was just a speck against the blue, and then — why, then it was n't anything at all! It had just floated out of sight like a runaway toy balloon!

But every one agreed that it had passed exactly over the center of the Meadowville goal, and so what did it matter if the ball was lost!

Billy, being borne off the field on the shoulders of enthusiastic admirers, cheered and waved at, a hero at last, smiled modestly. But under that smile was a sorrow.

The magic foot-ball was gone!

"I guess," said Billy, sadly, to himself, "I must have said 'Og' seven times!"

XIII

THE COWARD OF THE ELEVEN

BY RALPH D. PAINE

STILLMAN, the coach of the Bellehaven "first eleven," strolled over to the Freshman Field and surveyed the awkward mob of muddy youngsters with a wistful eye. He needed an end-rush, and the "scrubs" had so utterly failed to supply this demand that he was becoming haggard and sleepless. As for the Freshmen, they, too, had been raked over as with a comb, and it was the prompting of a forlorn hope that led him once more to scan, in sulky silence, these foot-ball infants who grunted and shoved with many horse-power of wasted effort, or fumbled the ball as if it were red-hot.

"Of course there's nothing worth fooling with in that bunch," he muttered. "It's a fool's errand for fair. We'll have the weakest pair of ends we have put on the field in years."

He loafed along the side-line with a hopeless air, and was about to turn away when a flash of color across the field caught his dejected eye. A slim lad was peeling off a dark-blue sweater as he hurried to obey the call of the Freshman captain. A curly black head popped from the clinging folds, followed by an alert, swarthy face aglow with eager excitement. The cat-like grace with which the boy ran on the field and the quick vigor of his tall young frame made Stillman pause and say to himself:

"I have n't seen that skittish colt out before. He looks faster than chain-lightning."

The youth's black eyes were dancing as he sprang into position at the end of the Freshman line. While the crouching teams waited for the signal, he was in nervous motion, shifting his ground so rapidly that the stolid end of the opposing wing looked dazed and uncertain.

Suddenly the best half-back of the other side was launched at the new-comer's end, and for once there was good interference. But the curly-headed lad sifted through the flying barrier like a wild-cat and downed the runner.

The coach beckoned the captain out of the play and asked:

"Who is that kid you just put in? Why have n't I seen him out before?"

"He's a South American named Gonzales," explained the Freshman. "His father is president of one of those crazy republics down there — Libertad is the name of it. I have n't been able to coax him out before. He said he did n't like the game, though I know he played some in 'prep school.' He'd make a corking end if he'd stick to it. You're not going to kidnap him, are you?"

"I most certainly am," said Stillman, grimly. "And I'll make him stick to it, to the end of the season. He's light, and he has an awful lot to learn; but I like the way he gets into it, and he's mighty quick on his feet. Send him over right away."

The Freshman captain sighed, for he had hopes of turning out a winning team, but he replied loyally: "All right, sir; I'll call him out of the game."

Sebastian Gonzales trotted up with a bow and a

bright smile, and asked: "What is the pleasure of the famous Señor Stillman?"

"I want you to come over to the college squad. Perhaps we can make an end-rush out of you, if you've got the sand."

Sebastian bowed again, and the two walked back to the trampled field whereon a different style of football was being played from that among the Freshmen.

"You can learn the signals in a few minutes," observed Stillman. "We're using only a few simple plays as early in the season as this. I'm going to put you in at left end on the scrub. Now play for your life, and don't mind a few hard knocks."

The winsome smile of Sebastian faded. His heart was thumping, and he felt his knees shake a little as he pulled himself together and ran into this alarming fray. The broad shouldered, fierce-looking young man with the scrubby beard, who faced Sebastian, yanked him by the collar and flung him on his nose with one deadly swoop. The victim scrambled to his feet, his face ablaze with wrath; but he fought down his temper and bided his time. Then the interference rolled over him as if he were a pebble in a mill-race, time and again, until he was battered and dazed by the ferocity of the game, while the coach dinned in his ears such insults as made him frantic.

But it was not long before the college quarter-back fumbled a pass, and the ball bounced at the feet of the waiting back, who failed to get his hands on it. Sebastian whizzed past his lunging opponent, seemed about to fall head-long, then scooped up the ball, and was fleeting down the field, with both teams tearing after him like a pack of hounds. It was forty yards to the goal, but Sebastian was running as he had never cov-

ered ground before, and the fastest back of the squad was losing ground with every stride. The fugitive shot between the goal-posts, flopped to earth with the ball squeezed to his chest, and looked up with a panting, blissful smile at the captain, who was first to reach him.

"You had no business to pick up that ball, you crazy *It*," growled the captain. "Always fall on a fumble like that. We don't want any grand-stand plays this time of year. Remember that, Freshman. It was a flashy run, but it was n't foot-ball. Wait till you learn the rudiments."

Sebastian's expressive face clouded. He was hurt and indignant, and he exclaimed as he picked himself up:

"Señor Capitan, to make the touch-down is the grandes' deed of the game, is it not? I make it all by my lone self, and you scold me. Always they cheer for the touch-down. I do not understan'!"

The captain did not bother himself to argue the point, but roughly ordered Sebastian back into the game. The youth was sullen and wilted, and the simplest trick-plays fooled him. He gritted his teeth and did the best he could until time was called; but in the dressing-room, while he took a census of the afternoon's bruises, he confided to Maxwell, another Freshman of the squad:

"It is the mos' hard foot-ball you play, is it not? *Carramba!* it is funny to call it a sport, which the word means a pastime, a for-fun. But I will be mos' careful not to make no more touch-downs for a scoldin'. I don't like the game very much."

Maxwell laughed and told him: "Oh, you did well for the first day. Of course it's hard work, but stick it out and you'll make the team. Only, for good-

ness' sake, keep your mouth shut and take your medicine."

"I think I will need the liniment medicine to-night — the arnica-bottle, eh?" smiled Sebastian as he tenderly felt of the end of his nose, which was beginning to swell.

At the end of three weeks of hard practice, Sebastian was holding a place on the left end of the college line by brilliant though erratic work. No one was so fast as he in getting down the field under a kick, and his tackling in the open was a treat to see. It was a head-long, hurtling dive, and then two lithe arms locked around their victim in a clutch like a steel trap. He threw himself into interference as if yearning to break his neck, and seemed proof against disabling injury.

And yet Sebastian was giving the captain and coaches no little worry. He was hot-headed and high-tempered. Opposing rushers learned that he could be taunted into rages which sometimes made him a prey for runs around his end.

"He is n't overtrained," said the captain to Coach Stillman after one of these unsatisfactory days. "I can't make him out. Of course he's a South American, and a high-strung young animal, and he flares up like a bunch of tow if he's not handled gingerly, and I vow he's worn my patience to a frazzle. Can we pound him into shape in the next month?"

"Yes, except for one thing, and I hope to thunder I'm wrong," responded Stillman, very soberly. "I've made all sorts of allowances, for he's got the speed and the dash to make a wonder. But I begin to think he has a yellow streak. You're playing every day, and you can't follow his game as I can. I'm afraid the youngster is going to turn out a quitter. I would n't listen to my own suspicions before to-day, but I've

been watching him like a hawk, and this afternoon I saw him dodge a heavy formation as plain as I 'm looking at you. I could see that he hesitated, and the runner got twenty yards he was n't entitled to, for his interference was rank. As I say, I 've seen some other little things that fit in with this. You 'd better have a talk with Gonzales, and don't be afraid to give it to him strong."

When Sebastian limped on the field for the next practice he was in one of his black moods. The captain called him to one side and broke out savagely:

"Look here, Gonzales. You 're not playing your game. Do you want to be called a coward and a quitter? What will the college think of you if the men get a notion that you 're afraid to face the music? If you don't brace up to-day I 'll throw you out on the side-lines and tell the team why I did it; and this town will be too blamed hot for you to stay in. Now go in like a man, for it 's your last chance."

A dull red flush crept into Sebastian's olive cheek. He raised his arms in a wild gesture of grief and anger, and his face was so fierce and drawn that the captain stepped back and squared off, expecting a blow. But Sebastian swallowed hard and cried with shrill vehemence:

"You must not dare call me a cowa-r-r-d! If a quitter is to wish to quit, to play no more this acur-r-sed game, I am the wish-to-quitter. *Si, Señor*. It is not a fair game. It is not what I learned as a boy to call the sport in my country. It is not fair for four, five men to jump on one, to beat him, and fall upon him. I play because it is what you say proper if you wish to be good, gran' college man. My father tell me be good American boy while I am in this United States. My

shoulder is very sore, my head is sore, my heart is sore. I make the touch-down — you speak to me like no gentleman speak. If we don't make touch-down, I am scolded, and my pr-r-ide, my honor, is hurt badder than my shoulder. Teach me the run-race, the base-ball, the track-at'letic team, I beat 'em all. Learn me this game? I say give me my machete — my pistol!"

The captain stood aghast, thinking that the injury to Sebastian's head must have been far worse than it seemed. It was impossible to imagine a boy who could make the college eleven deliberately throwing away all the honor meant, and openly branding himself as a coward. The thing was unheard of. He was about to make angry retort, but tried the wiser plan and laid his hand on the shoulder of the trembling boy:

"I can't believe you're going to fail us, Gonzales. You haven't learned our ways; that's the trouble. Now play to-day for my sake, won't you, and help us to turn out a winning team. That's what your father wants you to do, I'm sure."

Sebastian was instantly swayed by these kind words. His impulsive heart was touched, and he regretted his outbreak. And the captain's heart was glad, also, when the young rebel played the game of his life through that afternoon.

But an amazing rumor spread over the Bellehaven campus next morning. Sebastian Gonzales did not appear at chapel or recitations, his room was found to be deserted, and his trunk had vanished with him. On his desk was found a hastily scrawled note. It read:

The Presidente of Bellehaven College and my Comrades.

A telegram calls me to go away at once. I cannot have the time to pay my dutiful respects and explanations — to say *adios*. May be I come back some day to your fine, dear

college; I don't can tell now. It is impossible for me to tell you why this suddenness of departure. It is a very secret.

Your humbly respectable servant,

SEBASTIAN MORALES GONZALES.

When the report reached the foot-ball captain, he hurried to the vacated room, and heard this farewell read aloud by a group of Sebastian's wondering and sorrowful classmates. One of them shouted excitedly:

"It's awful hard luck. What are you going to do for a left-end? Do you know anything about the mystery?"

The captain was white with rage as he cried in the first shock of his disappointment:

"Yes, I do. He's run away because he's a coward and a regular quitter. He told me yesterday that he was afraid to play foot-ball because it was too rough. The baby — I wish I had him here now. I'd spank him across my knee. He decided to quit after yesterday's practice — I know he did. That's why he skipped out like a thief. He didn't dare face us. What do you think of your classmate Gonzales?"

The Freshmen clamored their sympathy with the captain.

"It's an outrage!" cried one of them. "It's a disgrace to us all. It's a black stain on the class. But he'll never have the nerve to come back. We'll tar and feather him if he does. I wish there was some way to get even with the chicken-hearted little Spaniard."

The captain left them to their tumult of abuse of their renegade comrade, and trudged off to consult the coach about the grave problem raised by the desertion of Sebastian. Their worst fears were confirmed by the practice of the final month of the season. They had no good end-rush timber with which to fill the gap;

and as the undergraduates crowded to the field to watch the practice, and realized how much the team had been handicapped by this disaster, the feeling against Sebastian grew more and more bitter.

The college disowned him. The Freshmen erased his name from the class roll, and their Greek-letter fraternity adopted resolutions purging its august councils of the memory of Sebastian Gonzales.

The great game of the season, against Williamsburg, was the bitterest drop in this cup of foot-ball sorrows. The hated rivals won by the score of 10-5, and the winning touch-down was made on a dashing run around the Bellehaven left-end. The luckless lad who tried to fill Sebastian's shoes was too slow to tangle up the play before the interference was compactly under way, and it swept over him like a landslide.

The spring term was in full tide and other outdoor interests had eclipsed the sad memories of autumn foot-ball. Shortly after the Easter recess, a mass-meeting was held for the purpose of arousing base-ball enthusiasm and collecting funds for the athletic treasury. Nearly four hundred students crowded into Alumni Hall to cheer the vigorous speeches of the captains of the college teams.

The first appeal had been made to the "good old Bellehaven spirit," when there was a sudden stir and hubbub near the door. The disturbance swiftly increased to a tumult of angry cries and jeers, and presently a yelling mob of Freshmen surged up the middle aisle. It seemed at first like one of the upheavals of class rivalry common among untamed undergraduates, but the time and place were so unseemly for a "ruction" of this kind that the upper-classmen jumped upon their chairs in crowds to shout down the rioters. Presently they could see that the seething mass of

Freshmen were closely packed around a slim and struggling figure which they were dragging with them toward the platform. A big voice in the van yelled above the uproar:

"It's the coward! It's Gonzales, the quitter! Ride him on a rail, fellows!"

Other voices took up the angry chorus, and then rallied to a shout from the chairs:

"Stick him up on the platform — the traitor — and let him hear what we think of him!"

Hoots, catcalls, hisses broke in a rising storm as his capturers rushed the fighting, tattered youth up the steps and thrust him out in front of them so that he staggered and almost fell. Then they retreated and left him standing there alone, facing this outcry of reproaches, this tempest of abuse. It was the whole college arrayed in arms against this lonely lad, who looked even more fragile and boyish than before his shameful flight.

His face wore a strange, dusky pallor, and as he stood gasping for breath, bewildered, trembling, it was noticed that a raw red line slanted across his forehead, and that his left arm hung at his side with curiously crippled awkwardness. He raised his right hand and strove to speak, but in vain. Again he tried, and again his fellow-students rudely hooted him down.

The sense of fair play, however, was working in the hearts of these impulsive young men, and it moved them to give him a hearing. For there was neither guilt nor shame in the bearing of Sebastian Gonzales, and it was he who asked for explanation when he began to speak with little catches of hard-held emotion in his voice:

"I do not understan'. Why do you do me this way, eh? I come back to my dear, much-estimable col-

lege of La Belle Haven, expectant to shake the glad hand of my *amigos*, my fr'en's, my classmates. I come back soon as I can. My heart is filled with much gusto, with the great pleasure, to find here a meeting of all the fellows. Then I am hoot-ed, thrown into the mob, called hor-r-rible language. Bimeby I hear you think I runned away from the foot-ball, that I am a cowar-r-d, a quitter-r-r, a traitor-r-r, a disgr-r-ace to the much-beloved La Belle Haven. Ah, it is ter-r-r-ible! My heart is sick. It is a gran' misunderstood."

Sebastian stepped forward to the edge of the platform, and seemed to grow by inches as he proudly raised his head and spoke with rapid and vibrant earnestness:

"Listen to me, my classmates; hear to me, my fr'en's of the foot-ball and the study-room. I once tell the capitan of the foot-ball that I not like to play. But the las' day I play I vow all to myself I will not be afraid, and I play pretty good that day. I had been 'shamed not to like it. I was determine', at las', to play until I am drop on the field. But it is all new to me, this, the college sport, the pastime.

"That night I get the telegram from my father in Libertad. He say come home, *pronto*, quick; to say nothing to nobody. It is in a cipher. One word tell me the revolution has begin to make him no more Presidente, to kill him, to make him lose his job. I have one hour to catch train for New York."

The hall had become quiet. The stripling speaker was carrying conviction to the eager listeners that he said the truth, and they waited for the unfolding of such a tale as had come to them only in books.

Sebastian was looking over their heads, seeing pictures of another clime and race.

"It is none too late when I arrive," he continued.

"I find my father's army fighting ter-r-rible battles with the revolution. My place is with him, at his right han'. Once before I fight through revolution what make my father Presidente. Then I was a soldier. This time I am *el capitan* in the cavalry.

"Two month we fight. At las', in the mountains of Puerto Trinidad, the rebel general, Sanchez, fight my father one final, great battle. You think the South America revolution is a joke? I tell you it is worse than foot-ball, I think. My cavalry regiment is with my father. We mus' charge Sanchez, and if we cut through his line we will smash his center, like foot-ball. My regiment ride to the char-r-ge with five hundred brave mens, with machete and revolver."

Sebastian's boyish treble thrilled with a trumpet-note as he shouted:

"Ah-h-h, my dear college! When we break through the center of Sanchez' army, how many of my br-r-ave regiment you think stick in their saddles? Two hundred and twenty. My squadron char-r-ge with almos' a hundred men. How many you think go home to their girls from that las' fight? No more than forty. They pick me up. My arm is shot pretty bad, and my head have fine big machete cut. *Pouf*, I did nothing! But next day Sanchez surrender to my father, and the Presidente is safe. *Viva la Libertad siempre!*"

And as one man Bellehaven College rose to its feet and thundered a mighty chorus of "*Viva la Libertad!*"

Sebastian wiped the sweat from his face, clicked his heels together, and saluted. Instantly he was caught up on the shoulders of a dozen foot-ball men, and borne round and round the platform, while the tail of the procession streamed down into the aisle, chanting:

"Viva Sebastian Gonzales!"

It would have seemed like vanity for an Anglo-Saxon thus to tell of his brave deeds; but his audience was quick to see that Sebastian Gonzales, the Spaniard, told them only what his heart moved him to say in his defense, and they, his fellow-students, were as tinder to the sparks of his fiery epic.

A cheering parade wound out into the peaceful moonlit night. The stately elms of the old campus framed a picture so eloquent of cloistered peace that the tale which had swept through Alumni Hall, breathing of war beneath the Southern Cross, seemed like a dream. This Bellehaven Freshman, then, had earned his place beside the names of patriots who had gone out from the old college to fight for country at Saratoga, and Yorktown, and Gettysburg. This was the thought that swayed the foot-ball captain as he led the escort which took the boyish hero to his room. And when Sebastian was curled up in his beloved old arm-chair, the captain grasped his hand and said, with a touch of awe in his tone:

"And we thought you were a quitter and afraid to fight! And you, a captain, leading your cavalry in a charge like that; a veteran soldier facing death for his father's cause! You'll forgive all us chumps, won't you? We're babes in the cradle beside you."

Sebastian grinned as he laid an affectionate hand on the captain's arm:

"I think I like to fight for my father better than the foot-ball sport. But maybe I learn. Next year I play har-r-d. We will wipe out the getting licked, my comrade. Viva La Belle Haven! Viva La Belle Haven!"

XIV

THE GAME I LOVE

BY FRANCIS OUIMET

Former National Golf Champion of America

“BIG brothers” have a lot of responsibility in life, more than most of them realize. “Little brother” is reasonably certain to follow their example, to a greater or less degree, hence the better the example set, the better for all concerned. My own case is just one illustration. Whether I was destined to become a golfer anyway, I cannot say; but my first desire to hit a golf ball, as I recall, arose from the fact that my older brother, Wilfred, became the proud possessor of a couple of golf-clubs when I was five years old, and at the same time I acquired the idea that the thing I wanted most in the world was to have the privilege of using those clubs.

Thus it was that, at the age of five years — eighteen years ago — my acquaintanceship with the game of golf began. To say that the game has been a wonderful source of pleasure to me might lead the reader to think that the greatest pleasure of all has been derived from winning tournaments and prizes. I can truthfully say that nothing is further from the fact. Of course, I am pleased to have won my fair share of tournaments; I appreciate the honor of having won the national open championship; but the winning is absolutely secondary. It is the game itself that I love. Of all the games that I have played and like to see played,

including base-ball, foot-ball, hockey, and tennis, no other, to my mind, has quite so many charms as golf, — a clean and wholesome pastime, requiring the highest order of skill to be played successfully, and a game suitable alike for the young, the middle-aged, and the old.

The first "golf course" that I played over was laid out by my brother and Richard Kimball in the street in front of our home on Clyde Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, a street which forms the boundary of one side of The Country Club property. This golf course, as I call it, was provided by the town of Brookline, without the knowledge of the town's officials. In other words, my brother and Kimball simply played between two given points in the street. With the heels of their shoes they made holes in the dirt at the base of two lamp-posts about 120 yards apart, and that was their "course."

Nearly every afternoon they played, while I looked on enviously. Once in a while they let me take a club and try my hand, and then was I not delighted! It made no difference that the clubs were nearly as long as I was and too heavy for me to swing, or that the ball would only go a few yards, if it went at all. After all, as I look back, the older boys were only dealing me scanty justice when they occasionally allowed me to take a club, for when they lost a ball, I used to go searching for it, and, if successful, they always demanded its return. In the case of such a demand from two older boys, it is not always wise to refuse.

"Big brother" was responsible for getting me interested in golf; "big brother" likewise was in great measure responsible for keeping me interested. On my seventh birthday, he made me a birthday present of a club—a short brassy. Here was joy indeed!

Not only had I now a club all my own with which to practise, but I already had amassed a private stock of seven or eight golf balls. The way this came about was that the journey from my house to school (this school, by the way, had only eight pupils in it, and the school-house was built in Revolutionary days) took me past the present sixth hole of The Country Club course, and I generally managed to get a little spare time to look for lost golf balls.

Some boys do not like to get up early in the morning. Any boy or girl who becomes as interested in golf as I was at the age of seven, will have no difficulty on that score. It was my custom to go to bed at eight o'clock, and then get up by six o'clock the next morning, and go out for some golf play before time to get ready for school. The one hole in the street where my brother and Richard Kimball first played had now been superseded by a more exacting golfing layout in a bit of pasture-land in back of our house.

Here the older boys had established a hole of about 130 yards that was a real test for them, and, at first, a little too much for me. On the left, going one way, the ground was soft and marshy, an easy place to lose a ball. If the ball went on a straight line from the tee, it generally went into a gravel pit, which had an arm extending out to the right. There also was a brook about a hundred yards from the tee, when the play was in this same direction. Here, then, was a hole requiring accuracy; and I cannot but think that a measure of what accuracy my game now possesses had its foundation back in those days when I was so young and just taking up the game. I believe, moreover, that any boy or girl who becomes interested in golf should not pick out the easy places to play at the start, simply because they like the fun of seeing the ball go farther.

What bothered me most, in those days, was the fact that I could not drive over that brook going one way. The best I could do was to play short of the brook, and then try to get the second on the improvised green. Every now and then, I became bold enough to have another try to carry the brook, though each time it was with the knowledge that failure possibly meant the loss of the ball in the brook, in a time when one ball represented a small fortune. At last came the memorable morning when I did manage to hit one over the brook.

If ever in my life a golf shot gave me satisfaction, it was that one. It did more—it created ambition. I can remember thinking that if I could get over the brook once, I could do it again. And I did do it again—got so I could do it quite a fair proportion of my tries. Then the shot over the brook, coming back, began to seem too easy, for the carry one way was considerably longer than the other. Consequently I decided that for the return I would tee up on a small mound twenty-five to thirty yards in back of the spot from which we usually played, making a much harder shot. Success brought increased confidence, and confidence brought desired results, so that, in course of time, it did not seem so difficult to carry the brook playing either way.

This was done with the old, hard ball, then generally known as the “guttie,” made from gutta-percha. About this time I picked up, one morning, a ball which bounced in a much more lively fashion than the kind I had found previously. Now, of course, I know that it was one of the early makes of rubber-cored balls, but, at that time, I simply knew that it would go much farther than the others, and that, above all things, I must not lose it. That ball was my greatest treasure. Day after day I played with it, until all the paint was worn

off, and it was only after long searching that I managed always to find it after a drive.

Realizing that something must be done to retain the ball, I decided to repaint it, and did so with white lead. Next, I did something that was almost a calamity in my young life. To dry the white lead, I put the ball in a hot oven and left it there for about an hour. I went back thinking to find a nice new ball, and found — what do you suppose? Nothing but a soft mass of gutta-percha and elastic. The whole thing simply had melted. The loss of a brand-new sled or a new pair of skates could not have made me grieve more, and I vowed that in future, no matter how dirty a ball became, I never would put another in a hot oven to dry after repainting.

All this time I had been playing with the brassy that Brother gave me, and all my energies were devoted to trying to see how far I could hit the ball. My next educational step in play came when Wilfred made me a present of a mashy, whereupon I realized that there are other points to the game than merely getting distance. Previous practice with the brassy had taught me how to hit the ball with fair accuracy, so that learning something about mashy play came naturally. Being now possessed of two clubs, my ambitions likewise grew proportionately. The cow-pasture in back of our house was all right enough, as far as it went, but why be so limited in my surroundings? There was the beautiful course of The Country Club across the street, with lots of room and smoother ground; nothing would do but that I should play at The Country Club. I began going over there mornings to play, but soon discovered that the grounds-keeper and I did not hold exactly the same views concerning my right to play there. Whatever argument there was in the matter

was all in favor of the grounds-keeper. Of course I know now that he only did his duty when he chased me off the course.

While my brother's interest in golf began to wane, because foot-ball and base-ball became greater hobbies with him, other boys in our neighborhood began to evince an interest in it, until it became a regular thing for three or four of us to play in the cow-pasture after school hours and most of the day Saturday. We even had our matches, six holes in length, by playing back and forth over the one 130-yard hole three times, each using the same clubs. We even got to the point where we thought it would add excitement by playing for balls, and one day I found myself the richer by ten balls. But let me add that it is a bad practice for boys. There is too much hard feeling engendered.

As we became more proficient in play, we began to look over the ground with an eye to greater distance and more variety, until finally we lengthened out the original hole to what was a good drive and pitch for us, about 230 yards; likewise we created a new hole of about ninety yards, to play with the mashy. From the new green, back to the starting-point, under an old chestnut-tree, was about 200 yards, which gave us a triangle course of three holes. In this way we not only began gradually to increase the length of our game, but also to get in a greater variety of shots.

As I look back now, I become more and more convinced that the manner in which I first took up the game was to my subsequent advantage. With the old brassy I learned the elementary lesson of swinging a club and hitting the ball squarely, so as to get all the distance possible for one of my age and physical make-up. Then, with the mashy, I learned how to hit the ball into the air, and how to drop it at a given point.

I really think I could not have taken up the clubs in more satisfactory order. Even to this day, I have a feeling of confidence that I shall be sure to hit the ball cleanly when using a brassy, which feeling probably is a legacy from those old days.

And a word of caution right here to the boy or girl, man or woman, taking up the game: do not attempt at the start to try to hit the ball as far as you have seen some experienced player send it. Distance does not come all at once, and accuracy is the first thing to be acquired.

The first time that I had the pleasure of walking over a golf course without the feeling that, at any moment, I would have to take to my heels to escape an irate greens-keeper was when I was about eleven years old. I was on The Country Club links, looking for lost golf balls, when a member who had no caddy came along and asked me if I would carry his clubs. Nothing could have suited me better. As this member was coming to the first tee, I happened to be swinging a club, and he was kind enough to hand me a ball, at the same time asking me to tee up and hit it.

That was one occasion in my golfing career when I really felt nervous, though by this time I had come to the point where I felt reasonably confident of hitting the ball. But to stand up there and do it with an elderly person looking on was a different matter. It is a feeling which almost any golfer will have the first time he tries to hit a ball before some person or persons with whom he has not been in contact previously. I can remember doubting that I should hit the ball at all, hence my agreeable surprise in getting away what, for me, was a good ball.

Evidently the gentleman, who was not an especially good player himself, was satisfied with the shot, for he

was kind enough to invite me to play with him, instead of merely carrying his clubs. He let me play with his clubs, too. That was the beginning of my caddying career. Some of the other members for whom I carried clubs occasionally made me a present of some club, so that it was not long before my equipment contained not only the original brassy and mashy, but also a cleek, mid-iron, and putter.

Needless to say, they were not all exactly suited to my size and style of play; yet to me each one of them was precious. I took great pride in polishing them up after every usage. The second time I played with the gentleman who first employed me as caddy, I had my own clubs. I had the pleasure of playing with him two years later, after he came home from abroad, in which round I made an 84, despite a 9 at one hole.

All this time, my enthusiasm for the game increased, rather than diminished, so that, during the summer of 1906, I was on the links every moment that I could be there until school opened in September; after which I caddied or played afternoons and Saturdays until the close of the playing season.

Somewhere along about that time I had a most trying experience. My brother Wilfred, who, being older, had become better posted on the technical side of the game, advised me to change my swing. I had been using what was more or less of a base-ball stroke, a half-swing that seemed to be all right so far as accuracy went, but was not especially productive in the matter of distance. Wilfred's advice struck me as sensible — almost any golfer, young or old, thinks well of advice that bids fair to lengthen his game.

At any rate, I altered my swing, taking the club back much farther. For the succeeding two months I discovered that my game, instead of improving, gradually

was getting worse. The old-time accuracy was missing. More than that, a good many golf balls also soon became missing, for in playing on my old stamping-grounds — the pasture in back of the house — I seemed to have the unhappy faculty of getting them off the line into the swamp, where to find the ball was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Being quite disgusted, I tried to go back to my old style, only to find that that, too, was impossible. Here was, indeed, a dilemma! On thinking it over, there were only two conclusions to reach: one was that to become at all accurate in either the old style or the new, meant to make up my mind to use one of them permanently, and then simply to keep on practising in the hope that accuracy would come; the other was that even though the new style had impaired my old game, at the same time it was plain to be seen that, in the long run, it probably would be the better style of the two. Under the circumstances there was only one thing to do, and that was to continue with the longer swing.

Perhaps then I did not realize the full significance of the choice. I do now. Had I kept on with the old swing, the result would have been that I probably would have advanced to a certain proficiency so far as accuracy goes, but my game would have been stilted, and lacking in the variety of shots which not only betters the standard of play, but which gives all the more personal satisfaction to the player. It was possibly two months after I took Brother's advice that I began to notice a gradual improvement. I began to hit the ball with the same certainty as of old, and, to my delight, found that the ball traveled farther than I ever had been able to hit it before, and also with less expenditure of effort. At first the added distance was at the

expense of direction, but it was not long before my control over the new swing became nearly as good as of old.

Back in those early days of my golfing career, I can remember an incident which taught me the lesson of always being honest with myself or with an opponent in the matter of scoring. The Country Club arranged for a caddy tournament,—I think it was the custom then to have these tournaments late in the autumn, when they would not interfere with the members. At any rate, this particular tournament happened to come on a day when there was snow on the ground. The boys, however, were so keen for play that this little handicap did not bother them.

Some of them had less reason to be bothered than others. They were the ones who felt that it was much easier to leave out five or six holes in the course of the round and “guess” what they would have done at these holes. I can just remember that scores as low as 77 to 80 were handed in to the officials in charge, and that soon there was a wrangle over the correctness of some of the figures returned. The upshot of it all was that, after considerable argumentation, it was decided that no prizes should be given at all.

It was a good lesson for all of the boys concerned, though a little hard on those who had tried to do what was right. The sooner a boy, or a man for that matter, learns to live up to the motto “Honesty is the best policy” in golf, as in other things, the better for him. There is no game which gives a competitor a better opportunity to cheat; but for that very reason there is no game in which the cheater, when discovered, as he usually is sooner or later, is looked upon with greater contempt.

A surprising number of golfers who have won high

honors on the links the last few years, first came into prominence during their school-boy days, and had their early experiences in golfing competition while participating in interscholastic tournaments or championships. I think I am correct in classing among such the 1913 national amateur champion, Mr. Jerome D. Travers; the runner-up for the 1913 championship, Mr. John G. Anderson; a former national titleholder, Mr. Eben M. Byers; Mr. Frederick Herreshoff, runner-up to Mr. H. H. Hilton for the national title in 1911; Mr. Charles E. Evans, Jr., that remarkable golfer of the Chicago district, not to mention many others. For myself, I can look back upon my golfing days while a pupil in the high school at Brookline, Massachusetts, not only with a feeling of the pleasure then derived from the game, but also with the conviction that a great many points which I learned then have since stood me in good stead.

It was as a school-boy golfer that I first had that feeling of satisfaction which comes in winning a tournament, and it was as a school-boy golfer that I learned a few things which perhaps may be useful to some boys who are pupils in school now and who are interested in golf. It was only nine years ago, in 1908, that I took part for the first time in an interscholastic tournament, at the Wollaston Golf Club, and I may as well say, right here, that I did not win the title; the fact is that I barely qualified, my 85 being only one stroke better than the worst score in the championship qualifying division. The best score was 74, which I must say was extraordinarily good for such a course as that on which the event was played. It is a fine score there to-day for any golfer, even in the ranks of the men. In my first round of match play, fortune favored me, only to make me the victim of its caprices in the second

round, when I was defeated 2 up and 1 to play by the eventual winner of the championship title, Carl Anderson. It was inability to run down putts of about three feet in length which cost me that match, and, to my sorrow, I have passed through that same experience more than once since leaving school. But what I recollect distinctly about that match, aside from my troubles of the putting-greens, was that I felt nervous from the start, for it was my first "big" match. I mention this because it has its own little lesson, which is that the chances of winning are less when the thought of winning is so much on the mind as to affect the nerves.

In the following year, 1909, I won the championship of the Greater Boston Interscholastic Golf Association, the tournament being played at the Commonwealth Country Club, Newton, Massachusetts. Only one match was at all close, that one going to the sixteenth green. The final, at thirty-six holes, I won by 10 up and 9 to play. In that tournament I learned a lesson invaluable, which was to avoid trying to play every shot equally well with my opponent. In other words, there were boys in that tournament who were vastly my superiors in long hitting. Frequently they were reaching the green in two shots where I required three, or else they were getting there with a drive and a mashy shot where I required two long shots. But, fortunately, I was of a temperament at that time which enabled me to go along my own way, never trying to hit the ball beyond my natural strength in order to go as far as my opponent, and making up for lack of distance by accuracy of direction and better putting. My advice to any boy is to play his own game, irrespective of what his opponent does. This does not mean, of course, that a boy should lose his ambition to improve

his game, or that he should be content with moderate distance when he might be able to do better. But the time for striving to do better than in the past is not when ambition is aroused merely through the desire to win some one match or to outwit some opponent. The average boy or man who strives in some one match to hit the ball harder than he does normally, generally, finds that, instead of getting greater distance, he is only spoiling his natural game. Then, the harder he tries, the worse he gets. Greater distance on the drive, as well as accuracy in all departments of the game, comes through practice and natural development, rather than through the extra efforts of some one round.

In that tournament at the Commonwealth Country Club, which gave me the first championship title which I ever held in golf, there were a number of players who subsequently have achieved successes in athletic lines, several of them having become prominent for their skill in golf. Among these was Mr. Heinrich Schmidt, of Worcester, Massachusetts, the young player who, in the spring of 1913, made such a great showing in the British amateur championship. Even at that time, "Heinie," as we called him, was a more than ordinarily good golfer, and he was looked upon as one of the possible winners of the championship. It was one of his Worcester team-mates, Arthur Knight, who put him out of the running, in a match that went two extra holes. "Heinie's" twin brother, Karl, who looked so much like him that it was difficult to tell the two apart, also was in the tournament, and among others were Dana Wingate, later captain of the Harvard varsity base-ball nine; Forrester Ainsworth, the sterling half-back on the 1913 Yale foot-ball eleven, and Fletcher Gill, who since has played on the Williams College golf team.



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FRANCIS OUMET

Who at twenty overthrew Vardon and Ray, the great English stars

The following year, 1910, I was honored with election to the presidency of the Greater Boston Interscholastic Golf Association, which did not, however, help me to retain the championship title, for that year the winner was Arthur Knight, of Worcester.

The interesting tournament was played on the links of the Woodland Golf Club at Auburndale, Massachusetts, and in the qualifying round I was medalist, with a score of 77. Singularly enough, I had that same score in winning my match of the first round, and also had a 77 in the second round; but on that occasion it was not good enough to win; for Francis Mahan, one of my team-mates from Brookline High School, was around with a brilliant 73, whereby he won by 3 up and 2 to play. It was beautiful golf for a boy (for a man either, as far as that goes), and the loss of the title, under such circumstances, left nothing for me to regret. It always has struck me that for any one who truly loves the game of golf, there is even a pleasure in being defeated when you have played first-class golf yourself, and have been beaten only because your opponent has played even better. It certainly was so in that case, and I was sorry that Mahan could not keep up the gait in his other matches. He was beaten by the eventual winner of the tournament, Arthur Knight, in the semi-final round, Knight winning the thirty-six-hole final by 2 up and 1 to play from R. W. Gleason, later a member of the Williams College team.

From my own experience in school-boy golf, I should be an enthusiastic supporter of any movement tending to make the game a greater factor in the athletic life of school-boys, or, for that matter, in the colleges. I do think, however, that it should come under more direct supervision of older heads, and that boys should be taught not only how to play the game,

but that they should have impressed upon them the fact that it is a game that demands absolute honesty.

I have known instances where, in school-boy tournaments, scores have been returned which were surprisingly low, and there have been occasions when such scores, appearing in print, have brought a tinge of suspicion upon the boys returning them. Such instances would be rare if proper methods were taken to explain to the boys that golf is a game which puts them strictly on their honor. They should be taught to realize that winning is not everything in the game; that a prize won through trickery, either in turning in a wrong score or moving the ball to give it a more desirable position, gives no lasting pleasure. Any boy winning a prize by such methods would in later life want to have it out of his sight. Every time he looked at it, he would have a feeling of contempt for himself for having adopted dishonest methods. Under proper supervision, golf can be made a great agency in the schools for the development of character; a game which will teach the boy to be honest with himself and with others.

As president of the Greater Boston Interscholastic Golf Association for one year, I naturally had an opportunity to get a thorough insight into the manner of conducting a school-boy tournament, and I have one or two ideas which may be worth setting forth. One is that, in the qualifying round of a school-boy tournament, every effort should be made to pair boys from different schools, instead of having the pairings haphazard or allowing the boys to pair up according to their own desires. One of the greatest advantages of a school-boy tournament, aside from its development of a boy's competitive skill, is that it brings boys from different schools and districts into closer relationship;

new individual friendships are formed, and a possible spirit of antagonism gives way to a wholesome rivalry. Golf being a game where there is no direct physical contact between the two boys, provides a happy medium for the intermingling of many boys of all ages and sizes, to form new acquaintances, expand old ones, exchange ideas, and engage in a game which has much more vigor to it than the average school-boy realizes.

Probably more than one first-class golfer has been lost to the world of golf through a defeat administered to some promising player in a school-boy tournament. It is a singular fact (perhaps doubly so to one who has been so enthusiastic over the game from childhood as I have been) that many boys become apathetic over the game after losing a match which they hoped, perhaps expected, to win; whereas if their team lost in base-ball or foot-ball, they would be just as eager to go in to win the next game on the schedule. But in golf, the individual alone bears the brunt of his defeat; he cannot deceive himself into the idea that it was his neighbor, rather than himself, who was responsible for losing. He should bear in mind that in golf no one is immune from defeat, and that when an opponent is winning a match, it is far better to study the methods by which he is gaining the mastery than to bemoan the fickleness of fate.

In the second place, the boy who is down-hearted has little chance to regain lost ground, whereas by plodding along and doing his best, there is no knowing what may happen to turn the tide. To illustrate this point, with the hope that the reader will not think I am trying to exploit my own success, I shall not soon forget a match which I had as a school-boy against Mr. John G. Anderson, formerly a master in the Fessenden School at West Newton, Massachusetts, and

runner-up for the national championship in 1913.

This match was an occasion when the Brookline High team played a team representing Fessenden School. The boys of Brookline were older and larger than those of Fessenden, so Mr. Anderson was allowed to play for the latter in order to help equalize matters. It fell to my lot to oppose him. Of course I had not the slightest expectation of winning, but resolved to do the best I could, at any rate, and make the margin of my defeat as small as possible. With such a state of mind, my play was better than I could have dreamed possible. Twice during the round I holed chip shots from off the green, and, almost to my own consternation as I recall it, I defeated Mr. Anderson, putting in two rounds of 36 over the nine-hole Albemarle course. I hope Mr. Anderson will forgive my telling this, if he happens to see the account; my reason being to assure every boy that in golf there is always a chance to win, no matter how stiff the odds may seem in advance.

Sometimes I think that there is no better mental attitude, going into a match, than the one I had when I played that match with Mr. Anderson. It has seemed to me that the average school-boy golfer is a bit prone to getting himself worked into a state of high nervous tension thinking about his match to come and wondering what his chances are of winning. He begins to worry over the outcome hours before the match, and perhaps has a more or less sleepless night from the knowledge that in to-morrow's match he faces one of the favorites for the school-boy title. Consequently, he neither has his full mental nor physical equipment with him when it comes to the actual playing of the match, and the least bit of hard luck is apt to throw him off his stride.

Now every school-boy golfer should bear in mind that one match does not constitute a golfing career. It is not possible for two to win in the same match, and the other boy's hopes of winning are just as strong as yours. Even if he wins to-day's match, there are many to-morrows coming, when it may be your turn to come out on top. Then there also is this to be borne in mind: the boy who defeats you in one match may be your opponent in a subsequent tournament, and, in the second instance, the result is reversed. Therein is double satisfaction, for if he is playing as well as he did in the first instance, you must be playing considerably better, and there is pleasure, also encouragement, in that thought.

A boy should learn, as one of his first lessons in golf, that it does not pay to get "mad," to use that common expression. Bunkers are put on a golf course not to provoke any player's wrath, but to compel him to play a scientific game. If the player gets into one of these bunkers, it is not the bunker's fault, but his own. If he could only teach himself to take that point of view, he might almost bring himself around to the point where, instead of uttering some angry word over the situation, he would beg the bunker's pardon for having disturbed it. That, perhaps, may be using a millenium viewpoint, but, after all, is n't that the proper view to take of the matter?

Nothing is gained by getting angered over the outcome of any particular shot. During my school-boy days, I remember playing a match once with a boy who might have become a good player only for his temper. He could not, apparently, bring himself to see that the more worked up he became over his bad shots, the less chance he had of making a good one. We were playing a match on a Boston course, and at the fourth hole

he topped a shot into long grass, then played a poor second, and immediately walked over to a tree, where he smashed the club with which he had played the second shot. At the next hole, he sliced into some woods, failed to get out on his second, and deliberately smashed another good iron. Before we had played the home hole, he had thrown away his putter.

How much chance had a player with that disposition to improve his game? Furthermore, no boy should enter a match without realizing that his feelings are not the only ones to be considered. He has an opponent, and, even though the other is an opponent, in a competitive sense, at the same time each is supposed to be playing the game for the enjoyment there is in it, and when one player gets provoked to a point where his temper altogether gets the better of him, there is not much chance for the other to gain any pleasure out of a round.

The school-boy age is the most advantageous period for acquiring a good style of play. The muscles are pliant, the swing is free, and the average boy is apt to have a good, natural swing even without any instructions. For all that, he should, if possible, seek a little advice from those older and better experienced in the game, in order not to get some bad fault in his swing which, as he grows older, will prove adverse to his game.

Perhaps the idea may not be practicable, but I cannot see why it would not be possible to have a little elementary instruction for the pupils in the city high schools on the proper method of swinging the club. Why would it not be possible for a city to hire a golf professional to demonstrate, in school gymnasiums, the proper method of swinging the club?

Faithful effort and earnest endeavor to improve one's game as a school-boy are apt not only to lead to success in the school-boy competitive ranks, but they pave the way to later successes on the links in a more general way. Moreover, beyond the high school there is the college, and intercollegiate golf has quite a niche of its own, beckoning the school-boy to enter its circle. Nearly every school-boy who is at all athletically inclined and who has ambition to go to college would like to shine there in some branch of sports. He may not be physically endowed for foot-ball; he may lack the requisite qualities to make the base-ball team, the track team, or the rowing squad. At the same time, he might be a leader in golf, triumphing over men far his superiors in physique.

"One thing at a time, and that done well," is a very good rule in golf, as in many other lines of either work or play. I speak of this because golf is a game in which the relationship between players is a bit different than in any other game that comes to my mind. It is a game which, to reap the best results, demands great concentration, and yet a game which, at times, is played wonderfully well by those who seem to be paying scant attention to the task in hand. The game one moment brings men together and next sends them apart, according to the direction in which they happen to hit the ball; two men can start from the same tee, be two hundred or more yards apart after their drives, and both be on the same green after playing their second shots. It is a game which invites sociability, and yet does not either demand or require it. One man can go out and play all by himself and thoroughly enjoy his game, or two men can go out, play a round together, neither speak a word between the first tee and

the last green, yet both go into the club-house and declare they had seldom or never spent a more enjoyable time.

So when I talk about concentration, I do not wish to be misunderstood. Different people like to do things in different ways, and golfers differ the same as other people. One golfer feels that he cannot properly enjoy a round without being able to converse with his partner or his opponent, while the other prefers to give all his attention to the play, though he may be a very prince of good fellows and most sociably inclined the moment the round is done. It is a good thing, therefore, for one golfer playing a round with another not to try to make it a sociable match, in the ordinary sense of the term, until he knows that such sociability is welcome.

As I stated before, some golfers seem to be able to play at the top of their game even though they carry on a conversation all the way around, or allow their attention to be otherwise diverted from the task of hitting the ball right. They are to be envied. At the same time, I have my doubts if there is one golfer in a thousand who can do those things yet rise to the top in the game, competitively speaking. With some golfers it seems to be almost second nature to be able to play well under any and all circumstances, but even of those fortunate players, some might possibly get further than they do at the game if, when it comes to important matches, they would buckle down to their own play and erase everything else from their minds. I would be the last person in the world to advise a sort of mummified attitude at all times on the links, for the sociable side of the game has a strong appeal to me. Often I have been criticized for not paying more attention to my game and less to other things. But the

more thought I give to the subject, the more am I convinced that, in a match which I particularly desire to win, there is no surer way of getting the desired results than in paying attention to nothing else while the match is in progress. Every school-boy knows that it is almost impossible for him to master a lesson if he is allowing himself to think of half a dozen different things while he is trying to study. A member of a school nine or foot-ball eleven knows how hard it is to try to study on the night before an important game or match. Exactly the same thing is true of golf, for no "man can serve two masters" and serve each equally well.

These views, I think, are borne out by the records of different golfers who have achieved the highest honors. Mr. Walter J. Travis, who three times has been United States Amateur Champion, and who once won the British amateur title, which practically made him World's Amateur Champion, is a veritable Sphinx during the course of a tournament round. Doubtless there are a great many followers of the game who think he is the same on all occasions, because they have only seen him during these matches. I can assure them they are wrong. I mention Mr. Travis here because of an incident that happened one time at the Essex County Club, Manchester, Massachusetts, where he was playing in an invitation tournament. Along about the fourteenth hole, Mr. Travis was approached by a golfer who propounded a question which, as I remember, was to settle an argument that had come up about some point of play. Mr. Travis looked up and said: "I am playing golf." In other words, he wished to give his entire attention to the match. His record tells its own story of what concentration has meant to him in the line of success.

From all I have seen of Mr. Jerome D. Travers, who won his fourth amateur championship of the United States at Garden City in September 1913, he is another who never, if he can help it, allows any outside influence to affect his play during an important match. At the national open championship in that year at The Country Club, Brookline, Wilfrid Reid, of England, made a grand showing in the preliminary rounds, and during the first two rounds of the championship proper. During the second round of the championship proper, he was approached by a newspaper man who desired to know how he was getting along to that point. "Please don't bother me," was the English professional's rejoinder. That was all he said at the time, though after the round he explained that he had not intended to be curt, only that he never liked to be interrupted during the course of a championship round. I might add that after his grand play the first day, Reid went "all to pieces" the second, due to a little trouble he had the night before which preyed upon his mind in the last two rounds of the championship.

Harry Vardon, I can imagine, might become so concentrated in his play that he would not even *hear* a question put to him during a championship round. For myself, I know I have lost more than one match for no other reason than that I have not set about my task earnestly enough. It is all right to say to yourself that you will get right down to business toward the end of the match, but, more often than otherwise, it cannot be done.

As already stated, I advise against trying to drive equally far with a golfer who normally gets a longer ball than you do. Along the same line, I again emphasize the point that the quicker a golfer can develop a state of mind which will enable him to witness a fine

shot on the part of his opponent without its having any adverse effect upon his own play, the more successful will he be. The logic of the argument is apparent. The problem is, how to develop that state of mind. It is natural to feel, after seeing your opponent lay an approach dead, that there is small chance of doing the same, and the tendency is to go at the shot half-heartedly, or at least without that confidence which means so much in a match. The better way of looking at this situation is: "My opponent is dead to the hole; well and good. I have everything to gain and nothing to lose on this shot, for if I don't get a good one, he wins the hole anyway, while if I do, I have a chance to halve, and it won't do my opponent any good to only halve a hole which he already thinks is won."

It is a peculiar fact, and part of the psychology of golf, that many times when one player makes a poor shot,—drives out of bounds or something of the sort,—his opponent steps up and does the same thing. Especially is this true of golfers not in the first rank, and, I might say, it also is to be seen with unexplainable frequency among the leading golfers. Possibly it is because the second player becomes a bit careless, or it may be because he tries to be too careful. At any rate, it does happen often. It would seem natural that the same thing might happen with the good shots, and sometimes it does, but not with anything like the same frequency. I presume the reason for this is that the rank and file of golfers are more prone to make errors, under stress, than they are to do something unusually good.

The man, above all others, whom I admire for his wonderful faculty of rising to the occasion by going his opponent one better, usually at a critical stage, is

Mr. Jerome D. Travers. It might appear that I am trying to find an excuse for my defeat by him in the national amateur championship at Garden City, in 1913, if I mention only one shot which he played on that occasion, and which had a decided bearing on the outcome. I will say, therefore, that Mr. Travers has a long-established reputation for doing something extraordinary at what may be termed the psychological moment, and what he did against me at Garden City is only in line with similar shots that he has pulled off in other matches. He is one of that type of golfers who always seems to have a little in reserve. There are times when he plays inferior golf, but—he usually plays just enough better than his opponent to win. The shot that I have particularly in mind is one that he played at the eighth hole in the second round of our championship match. My second shot, played from a point about 150 yards from the green, came to rest about eight feet from the hole. Mr. Travers, with possibly three or four yards less to play on his second, deliberated a trifle longer than usual, and then not only put his ball inside mine, but only three or four feet from the hole. I had viewed my own shot with intense satisfaction, and already was “counting my chickens” for a 3, to win the hole. What happened was that he made the 3, and I took 4! It may be that had I secured the 3 and he a 4, he still would have won the match; but, at the same time, the way the thing turned out certainly did not improve my chances. Hence, I would explain that it is all right to let a good shot influence you when it acts as a spur to doing even better, as it seems to with Mr. Travers!

Another illustration of the point that frequently a tough situation acts as a spur to brilliant effort was a performance by Mr. C. E. Evans, Jr., in the qualifying

round of the national amateur championship at the Chicago Golf-Club in 1912. Mr. H. H. Hilton, present British amateur champion, and at that time holder of the American amateur title, had completed his two rounds and led the field in strokes, with Mr. Evans needing a 4 at the home hole to tie for the lead. Mr. Evans was just enough off the line with his drive to get a lie which made it impossible for him to play straight for the green. After studying the situation, Mr. Evans decided there was just one possibility of getting his 4, which was to play his second shot deliberately off the line, almost at right angles to it, to reach an open spot known as the polo field, then approach from that open spot, and take a chance of getting near enough to go down with one putt. A fine shot landed him in the aforesaid polo field, which was upward of 100 yards off the course proper, and left him a long way from the green. Moreover, he found himself stymied by a tree. With wonderful courage and skill, he played his approach over the tree, and landed the ball on the green, though still twenty-five feet from the hole. The best thing about the story is that he holed the putt, which put him in a tie with the Englishman, and it was a fitting climax when he later defeated Mr. Hilton in the play-off for the gold medal.

This incident only goes to prove that no situation is absolutely hopeless in a round of golf, a fact behind which there is abundance of proof. Every follower of the game knows, for example, that holes are done in one stroke an astonishing number of times. The best thing about such matters as holing a tee shot or a long approach is that it is done by poor players and good players alike. The golf ball is absolutely neutral in its likes and dislikes. Of course, I must admit that the farther a man can hit the ball, the more chance he

has of doing something extraordinary in this line, such as when Mr. John G. Anderson holed his tee shot at the old sixteenth of the Brae-Burn Country Club, West Newton, Massachusetts, the distance being 328 yards. The finish was downhill, but it took a long drive to get the roll. Again, there was the hole-in-one made by Mr. Allis in 1913 at Homewood, the distance being 306 yards. If the golfer would only bear such things as these in mind when the outlook is least promising in a match, perhaps the spirit of optimism would carry him through to a successful finish. When the outlook is darkest is the time when Fate may be conspiring to bring about the unexpected. I had a taste of that in the Massachusetts amateur championship of 1913, played at the Wollaston Golf-Club, Montclair, Massachusetts. In the second round, my opponent was Mr. Ray R. Gorton. We halved the first eight holes, after which Mr. Gorton won the ninth, eleventh, and twelfth. I had to get past a half-stymie to hole the putt for a half at the thirteenth; at the fourteenth, he was on the green in two shots, while in a like number I was above the green, on an embankment, and had to pitch down with my niblick and go down in one putt, for a half, which left me three down, with four to play. The fifteenth I won with a 3, and the sixteenth with a 2, as here I needed only one putt. We halved the seventeenth, and at the home hole it looked to be all over when Mr. Gorton had only to hole a putt of less than a yard to halve the hole and win the match. There are times when a short putt holed is worth far more than the longest drive ever recorded, and this was one of them. Mr. Gorton missed his putt, the match was squared, and I won the first extra. After that I went through and won the championship. It is by such things that championships are won and lost.

Mr. Evans's inability to putt well at Garden City against Mr. Anderson, in the 1913 amateur championship, was the chief factor in his defeat. These short putts sometimes are missed by carelessness. The moral is obvious.

While carelessness is a bad feature for any golfer to allow to creep into his game, it must not be confused with unnecessarily prolonged deliberation over shots. Too much time in studying shots before playing them is, to my mind, worse than not enough. In other words, neither procrastination nor hurrying will bring satisfactory results; but as between the two, undue deliberation is worse because it is in the nature of an imposition upon other players. Golf has become so popular a game that the number of players has increased by leaps and bounds, hence a great many clubs have an active playing membership so large that it is a problem how to accommodate all who wish to play, especially on Saturdays and holidays. An unnecessarily slow player can hold back a field and cause more fuming and hard feelings than almost any other factor in play. The same thing applies in open tournaments or championships. Admittedly there are some golfers who are so constituted that they have to go at their play deliberately to do well, but they ought to realize that fact, and, when they see that they are holding others back, courteously let those following "go through."

But a great many players who are abnormally deliberate might find, by experiment, that they could play just as well, if not better, by speeding up a bit. When a golfer spends overmuch time in studying the line of his putt, for example, first viewing it from one side of the hole and then from the other, only to go back and have another look from the first side, he is apt to see

undulations or bumps which really would have no influence over the ball's course if utterly disregarded. The imagination gets too much play and the mind has too much time for working up hesitancy and breeding lack of confidence. The best putters, as a rule, size up the situation quickly, then step up and hit the ball.

In all these suggestions, let me explain, I do not wish to give the impression that it is wise to putt or play another shot without sizing up the situation, or to hurry the shots. But the more one practises the art of taking in the layout quickly, and reaching a speedy decision as to the club to be used and what has to be done, the more does it become a sort of second nature. The professionals, as a rule, waste little time in the preliminaries for their shots. Naturally, the rejoinder might be that it is a part of their stock in trade to reach speedy decisions; yet I do not doubt that a great many amateurs would find their play surely no worse if they, too, spent less time over the preliminaries.

Every golfer, I realize, has his own problems to work out, and when I preach the doctrine of sizing up situations quickly, I do not for one moment mean to say positively that every player can step up to his ball, know immediately what club to use, and play his shot without further deliberation. Some players I am certain can steady themselves with two or three practice swings, and some benefit from giving the line of putt deep study. But I firmly believe there are many others who do these things merely from habit or from imitation.

In the matter of trying to imitate the style and methods of players who have made their mark in golf, discretion must be used. Many golfers would never amount to much as drivers if they followed, exactly, the style of J. J. McDermott, the brilliant Atlantic City

professional and former national open title-holder. They might devote a great deal of time and effort trying to master his long, flat swing, only to find in the long run either that they could not hit the ball on the nose, so to speak, or else that they could not hit it accurately. On the other hand, they might choose to fashion their style after that of Alex Smith, also a former national open champion, whose comparatively short swing has an added attraction from the very fact that it looks so simple. Yet they might fail to take into account the exceedingly powerful forearm that the Wykagyl professional has, and which makes it possible for him to get a power into the short stroke which few could hope to duplicate.

Different players have their individual peculiarities, and the more a new-comer in the golfing ranks watches the leading exponents of the game, the more readily he recognizes these peculiarities, and abstains from incorporating them in his own game. For my own part, in my earlier experiences at golf, I took particular pains to watch such players as Mr. John G. Anderson, Mr. Arthur G. Lockwood, and other Massachusetts amateurs who had achieved distinction on the links, before I ever thought of being able to compete with them on even terms. I noticed that Mr. Anderson had a habit of sort of gathering himself together and rising on his toes during his upswing. As he hits a powerful blow, I deduced that this rising on the toes and then coming down with the downward swing, had a good deal to do with the results achieved, so I experimented a little on that line. The experiment with me was not a success. The secret of Mr. Anderson's success and my failure, of course, is that he rises on his toes and descends all in perfect rhythm with his stroke, and I do not. The upward and downward movement of the

body in my case throws me off my timing of the shot. It did not take me long to discover that, whatever advantage Mr. Anderson might derive from that peculiarity, it would not do at all for me.

It is a great pleasure for me to watch a player like Charles E. ("Chick") Evans, Jr., of Chicago, a former interscholastic champion, who, for half a dozen years or so, has been rated among the leaders of amateur golf in the United States, and who, perhaps, would have been national amateur champion long before he won both titles in 1916, if he could putt with as much success as he can play other shots. His style is so easy and graceful, that to watch him is to get the impression that golf is an easy game to master. Watching him, and a number of others I might name, shows in a striking way the difference between the good player and the bad. One goes about his task laboriously, in a sort of I-pray-I-hit-it attitude; the other steps up to the ball with a confidence born of success, as if to hit the ball in the middle were just a perfunctory matter, after all. Confidence is half the battle, anyway, though over-confidence is the worst enemy a golfer ever had. Doubtless that is true of most games.

Mr. Frederick Herreshoff, runner-up to Mr. H. H. Hilton for the national amateur championship in 1911, is another golfer whom I like to see in action, particularly when he is having one of his good days with wooden clubs. Edward Ray, I know, is rated as a wonderful driver, and I have seen him hit some long ones; I have seen others who are renowned for the long hitting, but I have yet to see another wooden shot which, to my mind comes up to one that I saw Mr. Herreshoff make at The Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts, in the National Amateur championship

tournament of 1910. The ninth hole, as then played, I think was about 500 yards in length. Mr. Herreshoff made so long a drive that he used a jigger for his second shot, despite the fact that the putting-green is on an elevation considerably above the point from which he played his second shot. The jigger, I will explain for those who do not know its uses, is a club for shots a little too long for the mashy, and, at the same time, requiring a little loft to the ball. In the hands of a golfer like Mr. Herreshoff, I suppose it is good, ordinarily, for 165 yards. The disappointing thing in this instance was that, after his remarkable drive, Mr. Herreshoff was a wee bit off the line with his second shot, and not quite far enough, so that his ball went into a trap to the right of, and just below, the green.

Mr. Herreshoff is one of those players who get their wrists into shots in a most effective manner.

For my own part, I never have tried to achieve distinction as a long hitter. To be successful in open competition, a golfer necessarily must be able to hold his own fairly well in the matter of distance; but I have found it possible to do this to a reasonable degree by trying to cultivate a smooth stroke and timing it well. Being of good height, almost six feet, and having a moderately full swing, my club gets a good sweep in its course toward the ball, so that the point I strive for is to have the club head moving at its maximum of speed at the moment of impact with the ball. I know I could get greater distance than I do ordinarily, for now and then I do try to hit as hard and as far as I can, with additional yards resulting. These efforts, however, are made when there is nothing at stake, and are merely a bit of experimenting. To make such extra efforts the rule, rather than the exception, would

be the old story of sacrificing accuracy for distance. The minute a golfer begins doing that in competition he is "lost," or such is my belief.

The 1910 Amateur championship at The Country Club, Brookline, where I saw Mr. Herreshoff make the drive above mentioned, was the first national event I ever entered, my age at the time being seventeen years. I did not qualify, but my failure did not make me feel very badly, considering all the circumstances. My total of 169 in the qualifying rounds was only one stroke worse than the top qualifying figure; and among those who, like myself, failed to get in the match play were such noted golfers as Mr. Robert A. Gardner, then the national amateur champion, and Mr. H. Chandler Egan, a former champion.

Furthermore, I played under circumstances that were a handicap in themselves. The championship field was inordinately large, and I was among the late starters for the first round, getting away from the first tee at 2:44 o'clock in the afternoon. This would have been ample time to get around before dark, had it not been for an extraordinary congestion at the third tee. Some one of the earlier starters was exceedingly slow, not to mention the time taken to search for a ball, and other little things that helped to cause delay and hold the players back. When my partner and I arrived at the third tee, there were ten pairs then waiting for an opportunity to play that hole, and there was nothing to do but wait. An hour and ten minutes of waiting at one tee in a championship is not conducive to best efforts; at any rate, it was not in my case.

While waiting at this tee, I remember having watched Mr. W. C. Chick take eight for the sixth hole, and, while mentally sympathizing with him, I did not dream that I would get a similar figure for my own card, when

I finally did play the third hole, for I had started most satisfactorily with four for the first hole, and the same figure for the second. When it came my turn to drive from the third tee, I drove into a trap, lost a stroke getting out, put my third in the woods, was back on the fair green in four, on the green in five, and then took three putts for an eight. But from that point, I was forty-four strokes for the first nine holes. By this time, the afternoon was pretty well gone, and my partner and I had to stop playing at the fourteenth, because of darkness. As my card showed even fours for the first five holes of the inward half, I was beginning to feel better, and had I been able to complete the round that day, I think I might have been around in seventy-nine or eighty.

Along with several other pairs who were caught in the same dilemma, I had to go out the following morning to play the remaining four holes, and the best I could get for them was a total of nineteen strokes, whereas I would do those same holes ordinarily in sixteen strokes, at most. My score of eighty-three for the first round was not bad, however, and a similar round the second day would have put me in the match play.

But I had made one serious mistake, as I learned in the course of the second round. My supposition had been that, after playing the last four holes of the first round on the morning of the second day, I would have ample time to go home to breakfast and then return for the second round, my home being in close proximity to the grounds. What actually happened was that, after completing the four holes of the first round, I was told to report immediately at the first tee for my second round, in which I was to have the pleasure of being partnered by Mr. Robert C. Watson, later president

of the United States Golf Association. For the first nine holes I had reason to feel satisfied, doing them in forty-one strokes, with every prospect of doing even better in the scoring for the last nine, which are less difficult. But by this time the pangs of hunger had taken a firm hold, and I could feel myself weakening physically, which was the result both of my failure to get breakfast, and the strain of a week of hard practising. The consequence was that I made a poor finish, took forty-five for the last nine, eighty-six for the round, and had one hundred and sixty-nine for my thirty-six hole total, or just out of the match-play running. The moral is, to be properly prepared for competition.

About that "week of hard practising" I would like to add a little. My experiences of practising for the championship of 1910 taught me a good lesson, which is, that practising may easily be overdone. My idea of practising for that event was to get in at least thirty-six holes a day for the week prior to the championship. This was based partly on the idea that, with so much play, the game could be brought to such a point of mechanical precision that it would be second nature to hit the ball properly. The thought of "going stale" from so much play never occurred to me. Probably one reason was that I never had had a feeling of physical staleness in any sport up to that time. I always had been keen for golf, from the time of becoming interested in the game, and could not imagine a state of feeling that would mean even the slightest repugnance for play.

That is, perhaps, an error natural to youth and inexperience. It was not for me to know that a growing youth of seventeen years is not likely to have such a robust constitution that he can stand thirty-six holes of golf a day for a week, not to mention fairly steady play

for weeks in advance of that, and still be on edge for a championship tournament.

It really was not only the Saturday previous to the championship (which began Monday) that I knew this feeling of staleness. It did not come on all at once, by any means, and I did not realize even then what was the trouble, for on the day that I first noticed that I was not so keen for play as usual, I made a particularly good score. That day I was playing in company with Mr. H. H. Wilder, Mr. R. R. Freeman, and Mr. W. R. Tuckerman. This round was more or less of a tryout for places on the Massachusetts State team, and I was fortunate enough to get in the best round, a seventy-six. Incidentally, I might add that this performance did not land me the coveted place on the State team, for Mr. Tuckerman reached the semi-finals of the championship the succeeding week, which gave him precedence. That year I did play one match for the State team, however. It was in the match against Rhode Island, when the Massachusetts team found itself one man shy on the day set for play, which also was at The Country Club. Somebody discovered that I was in the vicinity, looked me up, and I played with a set of borrowed clubs — also won my match.

To revert to the physical strain of too much practice, I found that on Saturday of the practice week my hands were sore, and that I was playing with unwonted effort, though not getting any better results than when hitting the ball with normal ease. It was my first lesson in the knowledge that when the game becomes a task, rather than a pleasure, something is wrong physically.

My advice to any golfer preparing for a championship is, therefore, not to overdo the practice end. To my mind, the wise thing is to play thirty-six holes a day for perhaps two days a week in advance of the cham-

pionship. Then spend a morning in practising shots with the irons, the mashy, and putting, followed by a round of the course in the afternoon. This might be done for two or three days, with special attention given to the club which perhaps is not getting satisfactory results. One round of golf, without special exertion, the day before the tournament, after such a program, ought to put the player in good shape for the real competition. As for the superstition of some golfers that a particularly fine round in practice means so much less chance of duplicating it in tournament play, I hold a different view, which is, that an especially good round gives an inspiration to equal it when the real test comes. I always feel after such a round that, if I can do it once, there is no reason why I cannot again.

Elimination from the championship, in the qualifying round, had its compensations. It gave me the opportunity to watch the championship play for the remainder of the week, to see in action those golfers of whom I had heard so much. That in itself was a treat. Some of the matches, moreover, gave me some new ideas about golf as played in competition by men in the foremost ranks. For one thing, it was rather startling, if such a word can apply, to see a golfer like Mr. Herreshoff literally "swamped" in his match with Mr. Evans. Mr. Herreshoff had made the lowest score of the entire field in the qualifying round, yet here was the same man unable to put up anything but the most feeble opposition to the young Chicago golfer. Such a match only goes to show that the best of golfers occasionally have their bad days, days on which they find it seemingly impossible to play satisfactorily. That is a good thing to bear in mind — no match is lost before it is played. When a golfer possessed of such ability as has Mr. Herreshoff can be defeated eleven up and nine to



CHARLES E. EVANS, JR.

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JEROME D. TRAVERS

play, it simply shows that golf is a game of uncertainties, after all; that, in fact, is one of its great charms.

In that same championship, the uncertainties of the game were shown in another match, and again Mr. Evans was one of the factors, though this time on the losing side. He had been playing in form which made him a distinctive favorite for the title, and, in the semi-final round, he came to the sixteenth hole two up on Mr. W. C. Fownes, Jr., of Pittsburgh. The sixteenth is a short hole, just a mashy pitch. Mr. Evans reached the edge of the green with his tee shot, whereas Mr. Fownes made a poor effort, and put his ball in a sand-trap.

The match appeared to be over, then and there. But a match in golf never is over until one player has a lead of more holes than there are holes to play, a fact which was demonstrated anew in this match. Mr. Fownes played out of the trap, and holed a long putt for a three, while Mr. Evans, using his mid-iron instead of his putter from the edge of the green, was well past the hole on his second shot, and failed to get the putt coming back. Hence, instead of winning the hole and the match, as he seemed bound to do, he lost the hole. Then, as so often happens when a man apparently has a match absolutely in hand and loses an opening to clinch it, Mr. Evans lost the seventeenth, likewise the home hole, and, with the loss of the eighteenth, he also lost the match. Instead of winning the match and the championship, as nearly everybody figured he would, he only got to the semi-finals. It is true that Mr. Fownes made a wonderful recovery at the sixteenth, to get his three; he played a remarkable shot at the seventeenth, too; but a man is apt to do that after recovering from an almost hopeless situation.

It was in that championship that I was astonished to see such a great golfer as Mr. Evans using his mid-iron

instead of his putter most of the time on the greens. He was then following the same practice that was true of his play in the middle west, notwithstanding that the putter is a much superior club for greens such as are found at The Country Club. He could not be expected, of course, to come east and learn to get the best results from the putter in such a short time as he had for practice.

To see him use the mid-iron on the greens, and then practically lose his semi-final round match, and possibly the title, because he could not lay a mid-iron approach-putt dead at the sixteenth, helped me to form one resolution for which I since have been thankful. That was to use my putter from any point on the green, provided there was no special reason for doing otherwise. Of course, there are circumstances when the mid-iron is better for an approach-putt than the putter, as, for example, when there is a little piece of dirt on or in front of the ball, casual water, or uneven surface to go over. But under normal conditions, nowadays, I would rather use my putter and take three putts, than take a mid-iron or another club. By adhering to that policy, I think I have gained more confidence in my putting, and confidence is a wonderful asset in this branch of the game.

Watching the good players in that championship gave me one distinct ambition, which was to try to steady my game down to a point where I would not play four holes well, say, and then have two or three poor ones before getting another three- or four-hole streak of satisfactory play. The steadily good game is better than the combination of brilliant and erratic. It is something like the hare and the tortoise.

Eating, drinking, and sleeping doubtless play an important part in golf, more particularly competitive golf. And when I speak of drinking, I do not mean in the

alcoholic sense. It would be presumptuous in a person of my years to make so bold as to present a regular formula on the correct hour for retiring the night before a match, the amount and character of food to be consumed, and how many swallows of water should be taken at meals or between meals. But without attempting to dictate to any one else, I can say this much from my own experiences: that there is nothing more truly beneficial than the early-to-bed habit just before and during a tournament in which the golfer wishes to do well. Although I never have made a scientific study of the matter, I am perfectly willing to accept as thoroughly reliable the theory that every hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after it.

No doubt the sleep problem is one which differs according to different ages and temperaments. I realize that there are golfers, both young and old, of nervous, excitable dispositions who would find it impossible to retire early the night before an important golf match and to be speedily wrapped in slumber. Possibly there are individual cases in which early retirement would mean just a constant turning and tossing due to abnormal mental activities in thinking about the match of the forthcoming day. In such instances, it might be better for the golfer to be up late and at some occupation so physically tiring that the demands of the body would lull the activities of the mind.

Hence, when I preach the early-to-bed doctrine, I do so for the rank and file of golfers, especially the younger players, who, in the first place, ought to try to school themselves not to feel that success in a match is the do-all and end-all of life. If the game is played for its own sake, rather than for the pleasure derived from winning matches or prizes, the sleep problem ought not to be particularly bothersome.

And a good night's sleep is an undeniable asset in a hard match. It not only rests the body and stores up vigor, but it clears the eye and makes the ball look just that much larger and easier to hit. I have not the least doubt that that was one of the factors which played an important part in my victory over Vardon and Ray at Brookline in the national open championship in 1913. Many of my friends asked me, that morning of the play-off, how I had slept. I answered them truthfully that I had had a good night's sleep. No doubt some of them thought I was saying that as a matter of course, while they inwardly doubted the veracity of my answer. Frequently since that play-off, friends have put the same question, and they have seemed surprised to think that I could sleep at all soundly when realizing that so much was at stake.

Perhaps I am more than ordinarily blessed with phlegmatic tendencies; at the same time, I am inclined to think that one reason why I managed to get in a good night's sleep was that, from the moment of tying with Vardon and Ray for the championship, I made up my mind that in the play-off I was going out simply with the determination to play my own game to the best of my ability; that there was nothing more I could do, and that was all there was to it. If I won, I won; and if I lost, I lost. No one could do more, so why lose sleep over it?

The night before the play-off I remember well. I retired at nine o'clock, as I had been doing all through the championship week. My sister was playing the piano down-stairs, and some member of the family, fearing that I would be disturbed, shut the door of the room where it was. I am extremely fond of music, and just then the thought of not hearing it was more in my mind than what would happen on the links the next

day, so I went softly down-stairs to open the door again. How long I listened to the music after that, I have not the least idea, for in the midst of it I went to sleep. Perhaps somebody will be inclined to remark sarcastically, "He must be fond of music, when it puts him to sleep!" But it must be remembered that I had had a rather strenuous thirty-six holes of golf, with an exciting wind-up, and I was well ready for sleep anyhow.

It is logical, to say the least, to assume that a clear eye and a well-rested body are assets in golf. That there are men who play winning golf after a night of little sleep and other factors hardly conducive to clear vision is undeniable, yet the other doctrine is the one I would preach. For myself, I know by experience that my golf suffers when my eyes are not feeling right. One day in the autumn of 1913, sometime after the national open championship, I visited the Merrimac Valley Country Club, near Lawrence, Massachusetts, after having attended, the previous night, the annual meeting and dinner of the Woodland Golf Club, of which I am a member. As the evening advanced, the room became thick with cigar and cigarette smoke, and, as it was such a delightful occasion, the hour of departure was late. The consequence was that it was after midnight before I retired.

My eyes felt heavy the next morning, and remained so when I played at Merrimac Valley, with the result that, while I felt all right physically, there is no doubt in my mind that my eyes were not doing their work properly. Almost invariably I was hitting too far in back of the ball, but why I could not fathom. Finally, after playing about fourteen holes in a fashion which must have caused the spectators to wonder how I ever could have won a championship, or even qualified, it

struck me that the trouble must be with my eyes. I began to think that perhaps the two were not in proper focus. At any rate, I tried the experiment of hitting at a spot a little beyond the point where I would normally, and then I had better success.

Since then, I have given the matter occasional thought, and have wondered if it is not possible that there are times when one eye may be tired and the other not, so that they do not work in unison. It also has struck me that there may be a great many golfers who play with ill success for no other reason than that they have some little defect of vision which may not affect them in ordinary work, but which is just enough to handicap them in golf. People have glasses for close work and for distance, but may it not be possible that neither is exactly suited for getting the best results in hitting at a little ball which is neither near nor far from their center of vision? Some oculist-golfer may be able to give the answer. I put the question entirely from a layman's unscientific viewpoint.

In the matter of eating, a great deal of discretion may be used. As a general principle, I would advise against hearty meals just before playing, and especially at luncheon between morning and afternoon rounds. It may readily be imagined that a man is apt to develop a vigorous appetite during the course of a morning round on a long and exacting course, despite the impression among those who do not play the game that it is a lazy sort of pastime, anyway, just hitting the ball and walking after it. I can assure them that, in my own case, a round of golf is a sterling appetizer. To satisfy this hunger completely is to invite defeat, for it is apt to bring on a logy, indolent state, or to mitigate against the player getting "down to the ball" on his

shots. I could cite specific instances in which I am convinced the better golfer lost a match mainly because of the ill-advised indulgence of his appetite.

On this particular point I can look back with a great deal of amusement to a match which I played a few years ago in the Massachusetts amateur championship. My prospective opponent and I, after having won our morning matches, went into the club-house dining-room to get our luncheons, and as it so happened, we sat opposite each other. This, of course, meant that each could see what the other ate. Evidently he felt as hungry as I did, and we both sat down to some extra-generous portions of lamb-chops, together with potatoes and one or two other side-dishes. I can just remember that the combination served that day was hearty, to say the least. After having finished the regular course, I asked for a glass of milk, while my opponent of the afternoon inquired what there was for dessert. He was informed that there were strawberry shortcake and apple-pie.

I could see that that strawberry shortcake was a temptation to him; it was to me, though probably in lesser degree. At the same time, I could see that, much as he wanted a piece of it, he could not quite make up his mind that it would be the part of wisdom to eat it. Finally, I sang out: "Go ahead and get a piece of it; if you eat it, I will, too." He ordered his piece of strawberry shortcake, and so did I, and we both ate it with a great deal of relish. The consequence of our indulgence, however, was that we both went out for our afternoon match with our stomachs rebelling at such vigorous exercise after such a feast, and it took us about eight or nine holes to really get going. Fortunately for each of us, the superabundance of food was about

an equal handicap. The thing does not always turn out that way, however, so it is a good point to keep a proper curb on the appetite between rounds.

While on the subject of food, I might mention that I have known of instances where golfers have had their play and food-stuffs intermingled entirely without their previous knowledge or consent. There was the case of a man playing at Kendall Green, Weston, Massachusetts, who hit a ball which entered the pantry window of a building and was found lodged in a custard-pie. I never ascertained whether the owner of the ball played the shot from where the ball lay, or whether he discontinued his game temporarily, long enough to eat the pie. The other incident I have in mind was when I was playing off a gross score tie with Mr. P. W. Whittemore, at the Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts, and Mr. Whittemore hooked his tee shot to the tenth hole to a spot which interfered seriously with a family of bees. Whether Mr. Whittemore likes honey, I do not know; but I do know that for a while he was the center of attraction for the entire colony of honey-makers, and that, before the end of the round, one of his wrists was nearly double its normal size.

Now as to drinking, meaning the drinking of such a temperate beverage as water. It may sound almost silly to say that a drink of water during the course of a round might be the cause of losing a match. Yet I am willing to go on record as making the statement. The thought might never have occurred to me were it not for an incident in my match with Mr. Travers in the National Amateur championship at Garden City in 1913. Just before driving from the sixth tee in that match, I went to the water fountain adjoining and took a refreshing drink. The next thing that happened was that I made an inglorious top of my drive. Mr. Gil-

man Tiffany, who was acting as caddy for Mr. Travers, in true sportsmanlike spirit volunteered me the information then and there that it was not wise to drink just before driving, for the reason that it had a temporary bad effect upon one of the nerves. At the same time, there flashed into my mind, curiously enough, an experience exactly similar which I had had in a previous interscholastic match at the Woodland Golf Club. Since then I have heard the same opinion expressed by one or two other golfers who not only play the game well, but who do so with an analytical mind for causes and effects.

Physical condition is not generally looked upon as so important a factor in golf as in a great many other games, but a majority of those who take such a viewpoint do not really know how much it does amount to. There is a tremendous physical strain, as well as the mental, in going through a National Amateur championship, for example, for it means thirty-six holes of golf a day for six successive days, and that coming after the practice. To swing a golf-club once or twice is not much of a task, and to walk around a golf course once is not much of a strain, but when it comes to walking around seven to eight miles over a golf course each day, and to playing under all sorts of conditions, not only of the course but of the weather, to putting forth the effort that it requires to get a ball out of the long grass or out of a bunker, the average competitor finds that at the end of several such days he is glad enough of a rest. Hence there can be shown wisdom not only in the matter of food but in exercise.

Championships sometimes are decided as much on physical condition and stamina as they are on skill. There are golfers who, in their advancing years, can still play their shots with the same skill as in their

younger days, but when it comes to several successive rounds of competitive play, they tire; the shots do not come off in the same old way, because there is not the same vigor in the stroke, and the timing begins to suffer. The National Amateur championship of 1909, played at the Chicago Golf Club, Wheaton, Illinois, was decided largely upon the physical condition of one of the contestants in the final round, or such was the opinion of many who watched the play all that week. In the final round were Mr. H. Chandler Egan, a former national title-holder, and Mr. Robert A. Gardner, then a young student. All through the earlier rounds, Mr. Egan had been playing wonderful golf. On the day before the final round, I think it was, he ate a piece of apple-pie that made him really quite ill. He had not recovered on the morning of the final, when he had to play a championship match. That he went out and gave Mr. Gardner a hard tussle for the title spoke well for his courage and fortitude. Perhaps he would not have won the title in any event, for Mr. Gardner played a fine game that day, but from the quality of Mr. Egan's game earlier in the week, it is a moral certainty that had he been in tiptop physical shape, he would have made the finish closer than it was, Mr. Gardner winning by 4 and 3.

I have spoken of the task of walking so many times around a golf course and conditions of wind and weather. Along with these topics there may appropriately be said something about the wearing apparel. In the amateur championship at Chicago in 1912, Mr. Norman F. Hunter of England had to drop out of the play in his match against Mr. Warren K. Wood, being overcome by the heat. He wore a coat, as is the English golfer's custom. As to whether golfers should wear coats on the links, I have no opinion, except that

I believe in being comfortable. Some golfers like to play in a coat, jersey, or sweater, because they like to have something snug to keep their shoulders in place, while others like to discard them for just the opposite reason,—that they like to get a free stroke. These are points which the golfer works out to his own satisfaction. In the matter of apparel, the main thing, as I have said, is to be comfortable.

The question of footwear is another on which individuals differ. Some prefer always to play in leather shoes with hobnails on the soles, whereas many prefer sneakers, and some the rubber-soled leather shoes. I like the sneakers, when conditions are normal, for I find the walking easier, and the sneakers seem to give more freedom. At the same time, it is an unwise thing to play an important match without having a pair of hobnail shoes handy in case of rain. When the ground is wet and slippery, the sneakers of rubber-soled shoes give precarious footing. I remember playing at The Country Club, Brookline, one time, when a thunder-shower came up, and I was playing in sneakers. At the long ninth hole, my ball rested on a piece of ground well bestrewn with clover leaves. These are particularly slippery after a rain, and when I made my swing, I swung myself completely off my feet, and went down flat.

Many a school-boy in scoffing at golf as a namby-pamby game, not to be mentioned in the same breath with foot-ball, track-athletics, base-ball, and other sports of their ilk, does not stop to think of the more lasting benefits which he might derive from the game he derides. Of its joys he knows nothing, never having experienced them; he looks upon golf with a vague sort of feeling that some day, when he is getting along in years, he may take up the game to be “in the fashion.”

Meantime, something more vigorous for him in the athletic line!

Fortunately for themselves, as I look at the matter, there are a great many boys who form an unalterable attachment for golf, and whose identification with the game as school-boys is only the forerunner of years of pleasure on the links. To continue their play after school-days, naturally they either have to join a club or to have their rounds on a public course. Regarding the latter, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that public courses have played an important part in the development of the game in America, both among the young and the older players. Scores of boys who have enjoyed golf while in school have not been in a position, financially, to join a golf or country club immediately after their school-days are over, yet have continued their play by making use of such links as the Franklin Park course, in Boston, Van Cortlandt Park, in New York, and Jackson Park, in Chicago.

The average school-boy golfer becomes ambitious to join a golf or country club from the time that he takes part in an interscholastic tournament. He sees the members come in, go to their regularly assigned locker, sit down to a luncheon for which they merely sign a slip of paper, and do other things with an air of proprietorship that has a certain fascination. The school-boy golfer, too, would be a member and enjoy all these privileges. He would like to rub elbows with men of prominence in the community,— for in the golf and country clubs are to be found “big” men, men of influence in the city, the State, or the country at large.

Any youth who joins a golf or country club and who lays too much stress upon the privilege of merely signing checks for luncheons and such things, is apt to get a bit of a shock when those checks, like chickens, “come

home to roost." They all have to be paid, sooner or later, so, if he is a golfer in moderate financial circumstances, he had better not be overgenerous with either himself or his friends in the early stages of his club life. This may sound a little like preaching, yet it is a fact that club life sometimes has an unfortunate influence upon a young man, especially if he gets started in the wrong way.

On the other hand, for the young golfer who is willing to hold a modest place in the club, there are a host of advantages. There is no denying that in golf he does have the opportunity to mingle with the finest class of people, intellectually and socially, and, if he is properly observing and discreetly curious, he can learn a great deal in several directions, and in particular many things which will improve his game of golf.

Doubtless it is true that one reason why the general standard of play in this country is not higher is that devotees of the game are so keen for playing themselves that they are not willing to put in a little more time in following and observing the methods of the better golfers. We know that on the other side of the Atlantic it is nothing unusual for even such great professionals as Vardon, Ray, Braid, and Taylor to spend some of their time watching each other play. George Duncan, perhaps the most brilliant golfer in the world in 1914, says unrestrictedly that his game is a composite of the styles of such players as those named above. Therein is his own confession that what he is as a golfer is largely the result of watching the play of the masters.

I can advance no stronger argument for driving home the idea that it pays to study the strokes of good players as well as to practise to perfect our own. And I think I am absolutely correct in saying that any

young golfer who is ambitious to learn will always find good golfers ready to give him the benefit of their experience and observations. Right here is one of the greatest features of the game. The finest players, professionals or amateurs, are forever trying to learn new points, and they rarely hesitate to divulge any point in connection with their own game. In other words, while there may be keen individual rivalries among the golfers, the greatest rivals may frequently be seen comparing notes on the best method for playing different shots.

There are many things for the young player to learn, aside from the best method for playing different shots. One golfer might pitch directly at the flag at a certain shot, while in your opinion the run-up would be the more natural. You might find, by questioning (but never questioning at an inappropriate time), that this particular green is softer than the others on the course. Or, again, a golfer might play a run-up where the more natural shot would be the pitch; only you find that he knows the ground is too hard to get good results from a pitch. These are matters which have nearly as much to do with success in competition as the ability to hit the ball correctly, and they are points which must be learned through experience. Sometimes there are marked differences in the character of the turf and soil on different holes of the same course. The experienced golfer gradually learns to form an estimate of such changing conditions, even by noting whether ground is high or low, and judging whether the low land has much moisture in it.

These points, of course, do not enter immediately into the game of the younger golfer, but they are injected merely to emphasize the advantage of being observant.

On this very point, I once had a good lesson taught me. Together with Mr. Ray R. Gorton and Mr. H. W. Stucklen, prominent players of the Boston district, and Captain Albert Scott, also of Boston, who has a collection of wonderful photographs of famous golfers in action, I was visiting at the Garden City course, Long Island. Mr. Walter J. Travis and Mr. John M. Ward of the Metropolitan district were there, and after a round of golf, we went into the club-house, where a discussion began of the way different shots were played. Mr. Travis, who probably has made as deep a study of the game as any man in the world, began to explain how he played different shots. His explanations opened my eyes in two ways. One was that I was rather astonished to hear him tell so clearly and minutely exactly how he played each shot, so that any person who had watched him play as closely as I had could have a clear mental vision of each movement of his club and body. The other thing that struck me most forcibly as I listened to his explanations was how little I actually knew about how I played shots myself. Put the club in my hand and let me get out to play a shot, and I felt confident of being able to play it in a reasonably skilful manner; but to sit down and tell somebody else how I did it I realized was beyond me.

From that time to the present, it has been my aim not only to try to play the shots correctly, but to know how and why I play them a certain way. Therefore my suggestion to the young golfer — any golfer for that matter: to study his own game as well as that of others. I'll admit that at first it is not a very easy thing to do, especially for the golfer who is not sure of hitting the ball at all "true." Doubtless he feels that he has trouble enough obeying the cardinal principle of keeping his eye on the ball, taking the club back in approved

fashion, and such like, without trying to pay heed to anything else.

But a golfer can do something like this: he can take a dozen balls, for practice, and change his stance several times to note results. He might try placing the ball directly abreast of him and about half-way between his feet, with an open stance. Drive a few balls from that position and note the general results. Then he might try driving the ball from a position more in line with his right foot, and next time with it more abreast of his left foot. He doubtless will note, if he still stands about the same distance from the ball, that each stance brings its own general results. With one he finds that he is more apt to get the ball down the middle of the course, another seems to develop a tendency to pull, and another to slice.

Of course, I should not advise beginners, or even those who have made moderate progress in the game, to spend a great deal of time on such experiments merely for the sake of knowing how to slice or pull at will. My suggestion is that such experiments occasionally are excellent correctives; as, for example, when a golfer finds himself continually pulling or slicing. It may not be that his stance is at fault at all, but that he is pulling his hands in toward him when he plays the shot, thus coming across the ball and slicing it, or that he is pushing his hands out. This I will say about experiments, however, that they at least inculcate in the golfer the idea of being something more than an automaton in the game. Every golfer naturally would like to be able to play with mechanical precision, but at the same time the average golfer would enjoy his own precision far more by knowing exactly "how he does it."

The more one studies his own game, too, the more discerning he becomes in noting the good and bad points



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WALTER J. TRAVIS

JOHN G. ANDERSON

of some one else's play. As I have said before, there can be a great deal learned from watching good golfers. A person may note the stance taken by the proficient golfer; how much he bends his knees; how he holds his head; how far back he carries his club; how he finishes the stroke; how he grips his club. It should be borne in mind, though, in watching a first-class golfer to pick up pointers, that what the first-class golfer may do is not always a good method to follow. It might be impossible for the rank and file. Edward Ray is a mighty driver, but there probably are not a great many others who could drive exactly as he does and get good results. The more a player observes, the more readily will he pick up the point which is going to help his game, and cast aside the peculiarity which is not safe to follow.

In suggesting that the young golfer would be wise in spending some of his time watching others, rather than playing himself, I know I am counseling something which hardly will appeal to many who delight in playing. They want the fun of playing. That is what they are in the game for; that is why they are members of a club. Yet I can truthfully say that one of the keenest pleasures that I can have personally is in following a couple of good golfers playing a round. It is almost as good as playing an exceptionally fine shot yourself to see some one else get up and hit the ball exactly as you would wish to see it hit or to do it yourself. You know just how you would feel after making such a shot, and you are mentally exhilarated by seeing some one else do it.

There are other things, too, which cannot fail to impress themselves upon a person of normal observance who watches the play, we'll say, of two skilful professionals. He will see these men strive, not necessarily to get down the middle of the course, nor as far as they

can from the tee, but to place the ball at some particular point which is more advantageous for the second shot. They will drive, let us say, well to the left at a certain hole, trusting in their own skill to keep them away from trouble that looms up on that side, merely for the sake of playing their second shot from a point where they can see the green. To drive straight down the middle would be lots safer, but it might leave the ball where the green would be hidden from view. It is little things like that which mark the difference between the golfer who continues gradually to improve in his play and his scoring and so many others who reach a certain point and there seem to stick.

For the younger player joining a club and hoping not only to become a good player, but to make a favorable impression upon older members and get along well in the more social side of club life, I would suggest that it is more advisable to be a good listener than to do a great deal of talking. To listen to men of experience discuss the game, or, for that matter, to hear their views on various topics, is to gain many points which may prove valuable. By that I do not by any manner of means suggest that the younger member should eavesdrop or try to hear something not intended for his ears.

Many golfers are apt to give a wide berth to the man who is inclined ever to talk about his own game. He wants to explain every victory and every defeat; how if his shot to the fourteenth green had not hit a stone and bounded off the course, he would have won the match, or how lucky his opponent was in holding an approach at the fifteenth. The great thing to remember is that what has happened to you, in one particular match or round, has happened to many others, and will happen to many more, so it has not even the merit of being newsy; unless there should happen to be some extraor-

dinary occurrence, such as hitting a bird in flight or killing a fish in a brook.

For the young man, also (and this, too, may sound like preaching), my advice is to steer clear of that part of the social life which includes liquors. As this is not a temperance lecture, however, I will say nothing more on that score.

The man who is fortunate enough to gain more than local fame, if such it may be called, in this wonderful game of golf is the object of many queries about this, that, or the other thing in connection with his play and his experiences on the links. He is certain to be asked what club he likes most among those which he generally carries; what kind of shot he likes most to play; what club he considers most valuable; and what shot gives him the greatest inward sensation of pleasure when successfully accomplished. Some golfers may find such questions easy to answer, but I must confess to a measure of perplexity, at times, in diagnosing my own impressions, particularly with reference to what shot gives the greatest reward in thrills. There unquestionably is a great delight in getting away a long, straight drive, where the ball travels far through the air, and perhaps bounds merrily along for many additional yards after striking the ground; there is the pleasure, inspired by a feeling of mastery, in compelling the ball to turn either to right or left to avoid some hazard, simply by a knowledge of how to hit it for what is termed a slice or pull; there is joy in laying a mashie-shot dead, when you know that you have hit it firmly and have gained only what the shot actually deserved; there is a sort of exultation in hitting a long putt boldly and seeing the ball drop into the cup, an exultation intensified if you happen to have that putt for a half or the hole. Yet more than any of these, as I think over the gamut of shots in

golf, it strikes me that the greatest delight of all is to find the ball sitting nicely up on the turf in the fairway with enough distance ahead to call for a full shot with the brassie, and then get away cleanly, with all the force at command, a shot with that club which, except for the number who use it for driving, has gone much out of fashion in these days of the lively ball.

My observation would lead me to believe that the average golfer has his greatest pleasure when he makes what, for him, is an unusually good drive. This does not necessarily apply to the long hitter. There must be just as much satisfaction in a drive of 175 yards for the man who normally gets only 150, as in a drive of 300 yards for him who frequently gets 250. In either case, there is the inward feeling of having accomplished something out of the ordinary, something which proves that there are latent powers in the man to be developed, so that, in time, his long drive of to-day will be his normal drive of to-morrow.

This matter of driving is one point that I would like to dwell upon, for it is a department of the game in which the young golfer, or the beginner, is apt to start out with misguided ideas. It has been pointed out already that the long driver is not necessarily the winner. Moderate distance, combined with accuracy, will win far more matches, or produce far better scores, than extraordinary distances but bad direction. If a golfer goes on the tee and with a prodigious effort sends the ball 300 yards, but out of bounds, what has he gained? Only the right to play another ball from the tee, with the chance of equally disastrous results from the very fact that he already has wasted a stroke. One of the commonest mottoes is that "the longest way round is the shortest way home"; but in golf that is seldom the case; its only application, perhaps, is on a

hole of the dog-leg variety, where one golfer takes a chance of getting into trouble by cutting a corner, while the other elects to play strictly along the line of the fairway.

It is an excellent thing for the golfer to get into the habit, if he can, of mentally comparing his drive with what he remembers having done before at the same hole, rather than to disparage it by noticing how many yards he may be in back of his friend or rival. If he can bring himself into this enviable frame of mind, he has done much toward a greater enjoyment of golf, as well as toward greater efficiency in competition. This lesson came home to me during the Greater Boston Interscholastic Championship of 1910, at the Woodland Golf Club. One of the side events of that championship was a driving-competition, which took place at the eighth hole. When it came my turn to drive, I got away three drives that I inwardly thought were "beauties." They were hit clean and hard, and the distances gained were highly satisfactory to me as I stood on the tee. When it came to measurements, however, my three efforts were far short, in total distance, of the three which won the prize. The fact that I had hit three balls cleanly and with all the power that I could muster brought the realization that I simply was not physically constituted to compete successfully in a driving competition with older and stronger boys, and I perforce had to derive what satisfaction I could out of the fact that I had done as well as I did.

Long driving is not an over-night acquirement. The boy or girl who takes up golf and expects to acquire distance and accuracy in short order is pretty apt to be disappointed. Getting greater distance is a slow, steady, and almost imperceptible process, which comes about as the golfer's muscles are strengthened by the

process of swinging the clubs, as mind and muscles get to working in better unison, and as practice allows the player to think and worry less over whether he is going to hit the ball squarely from tee or fair-green. When that part of the game becomes a little more second nature, then there is fairly certain to be a few yards additional length with the wooden shots and long irons, because the swing is apt to become freer.

Sometimes it makes quite a difference what style of club the golfer is using. When I was a youngster and new to the game, I labored under the false impression that in order to get equal distance with other boys larger than myself it would be necessary for me to use a long and comparatively heavy driver, the length to provide added leverage, and the weight to give just so much more initial impetus to the ball in its flight. It is with a smile that I now recall how at one time, when considerably younger and smaller than now, I struggled along with a driver forty-six inches long and fifteen ounces in weight, longer and heavier than the clubs which I use to-day. Of course it did not bring about the desired results, because the driver was too long and too heavy for me to swing quickly. It is quite likely that there are many playing the game to-day and getting poor results in their driving who would find quite an improvement if they used a brassie, instead of a driver, for the tee shots. The brassie face is laid back more than that of the driver, and even though many brassies are made with only a little more loft than the driver, at the same time this little helps to get the ball into the air. It also has the brass on the bottom of the club, which gives a little more "bite" as the club-head sweeps the ground and comes in contact with the ball. Many golfers may prefer the driver because, with its straighter face, the trajectory of the ball is kept lower

and gives more run to the ball; while it also works to advantage in playing against a wind. At the same time, one has, perhaps, more confidence in using a brassie with the feeling that it is just so much easier to get the ball away from the ground. It is entirely a matter for the individual, however. The only point that I would like to emphasize doubly is that it pays to learn to play the wooden clubs; for while the iron may produce excellent distance, there are times when a full brassie-shot or a full drive will save a stroke that never could be done with anything else. Moreover, the pleasure of getting away a full wooden shot, as I said before, is great.

For downright usefulness, as well as pleasure, there is hardly any other shot in golf quite the equal of the well-played mashie. There are long drivers in abundance, but it would not be stretching the point to say that for every twenty long drivers there is only one golfer who is equally effective with his mashie. This also refers to another club for the short approach, that is, the mashie-niblick, and perhaps, to a lesser extent, the niblick. The good drive unquestionably is a great asset in competitive golf, but as a rule it is the skill with the mashie that ordinarily stamps one golfer as superior to another. Here is the club which comes into play when the ball is comfortably near the hole, and fortunate is the man who can consistently get his ball nearer the hole than his opponent. Not only is he surer of getting down in two putts, but he has so much greater percentage of opportunities for getting down in one.

It is surprising how different is the attitude with which many a golfer faces the drive and that with which he goes at his mashie-play. On the tee his method is bold. He takes his stance, takes back his club, and hits at the ball in a manner which leaves no

impression of uncertainty as to his intentions. Plainly, it is his intention that the ball is to go as far from the tee as it is within his power to make it. But put that man within seventy-five or a hundred yards of a green, with a mashie in his hands and the ball in a good lie, and what happens? The distance is too short, we'll say, for a full mashie, and he hits the ball as if afraid that it might be an egg and that his club would break the shell. There is a lack of firmness about the shot which is fatal to success. It may not be so pronounced with a full mashie, but how often we see a seventy-five-yard approach only half hit, and the ball either stop well short of the green or barely get to the edge of it and still a considerable distance from the hole.

My own motto is that every shot should be hit firmly, the mashie as well as the long iron or the still longer drive. Therefore, as the mashie is the club of which so many golfers seem to feel "afraid" when facing a certain kind of shots, my own belief is that one of the best means of improving one's game is to put in a tremendous amount of practice with the mashie. Mr. Walter J. Travis was never what might be called a long driver, but he won tournament after tournament and a number of championships because of his extraordinary skill with the mashie, supplemented by his remarkable putting. And even his putting had some of its success, no doubt, because of his mashie-play. A man who could so uniformly lay his ball well up to the hole was fairly certain of going down with more than average frequency in one putt, and thereby came some of that reputation as a putter which fell to Mr. Travis's lot. That is my own explanation, at any rate; which is not saying, by any means, that Mr. Travis has not been a great putter even when his ball has been far from the hole.

The trouble that hosts of golfers experience in their mashie-play arises, according to my observation, from timidity — a tendency to let up in the stroke for fear of hitting too hard. Now with the mashie, or any other club, there is nothing more essential to success in golf than hitting the ball firmly. If the shot calls for a mashie, and yet the distance is too short for a full mashie, then, to my mind, the proper way to play it is to cut down the length of the swing and apply full power to the stroke, letting the shortening of the swing take care of the distance. The moment the effort is made to take the full mashie-swing, and then cut down the distance by letting down in force at the finish, the usual result is that the ball is not well hit, or it is not hit half hard enough. On the other hand, with the abbreviated swing, the ball is hit, relatively, just as hard as with the full swing; hence it is much more apt to go straight, and is far better controlled. As to how far back to take the club for the distance to be gained, that is something on which, with practice and experience, the eye and muscles coördinate and telegraph to the brain instinctively. There are, of course, different kinds of mashie-shots to be learned, according to conditions of turf and other factors which enter into the game. If there is an approach which calls for a carry over a bunker fairly close to the green, the ball has to go into the air, and the golfer will learn that the best way of getting this result is by gripping his club loosely well up on the handle, letting the club-head brush the ground as it approaches it, and the natural loft of the club's face send the ball into the air. Then there is the approach where it is better to keep the ball low, where the grip is firmer and the ball somewhat "smothered" as the face of the club hits it and passes into the turf.

The firm stroke applies not only to the mashie, but

to all the clubs used. Another point I should like to mention is that, in my opinion, it is unwise to "under-club" a shot, that is to say, not to press with a mashie to cover the distance which could be gained more easily with, say, a three-quarters shot with a mid-iron. The moment the player overexerts himself trying to get more than the normal distance with a club, he does so at the expense of accuracy. The thought of that extra distance to be covered predominates over everything else.

Along this same line, too, is another error to which many a golfer is prone, which is in thinking that, because his opponent has used a certain club for a certain shot, he must do likewise. Time and time again it has happened that one player in a match has taken, we'll say, a mid-iron to reach a green, and his opponent, seeing the success of the shot, takes the same club against his own inward conviction that he ought to employ a cleek. Each golfer should be his own best judge of what club to use for a shot and not be governed by what anybody else does. The other player's mid-iron may be of a type for getting greater distance than yours, for one thing; and for another, it is always wisest to realize your own limitations and govern yourself accordingly.

XV

LAWN-TENNIS FOR BOYS

BY J. PARMLY PARET

Author of "Methods and Players of Modern Lawn-Tennis"

With photographs illustrating good form in tennis, as posed by
Harold A. Throckmorton, former National Interscholastic
Champion

THE most successful players of lawn-tennis have been almost always those who have taken it up when young. The steady growth of the game among school-boys, who learn to play while the muscles are still young and supple, has filled the ranks of the champions with those who learned to play in school. For tennis requires elastic, pliable muscles, rather than great strength, and more players suffer from being "muscle-bound" than from any lack of strength. It requires such quickness of action that powerfully built men are generally too slow of movement to be successful. Speed depends mostly on the perfect timing of the stroke, the momentum of the racket, and the swing of the body weight.

Many interscholastic championship tournaments have helped the school-boys to forge ahead so rapidly that recently the older men have had little chance for the highest honors. The former national champion, William M. Johnston, of San Francisco, is only twenty-three years of age, and but a short time out of school; the present champion, R. Norris Williams, 2nd, of Philadelphia, is only twenty-five, lately graduated from

Harvard, and only a few years ago a school-boy player of great skill. Before Williams, Maurice McLoughlin, of San Francisco, held the national title, and he, too, is in his twenties and held school honors only a few years back.

The season before last, Harold A. Throckmorton, of Elizabeth, N. J., won the national interscholastic championship, winning in the finals from young Charles S. Garland, of Pittsburgh, and both of these school-boys have won high honors in large open tournaments. Garland won five or six different meetings open to all comers, while Throckmorton even forced Karl Behr, the fourth best player in America in 1915 to the full limit of five sets before he was beaten.

Throckmorton was selected as the best model for pictures to illustrate good form, and he consented to pose for the photographer.

Good form in tennis is hard to describe. It is not necessarily the ability to win matches, nor is it always the most graceful way of hitting the ball; it is rather the method of playing those strokes that have been shown by long experience to produce the best results with the majority of players. One too often hears an ambitious young player declare that any stroke that wins is good enough for him. Because McLoughlin won international matches in spite of using a cramped backhand swing, they are willing to copy his style in the hope of equaling his skill.

But success does not justify bad form. What a McLoughlin or a Brookes might do with a bad style of play is not always the best for others to attempt. Ten would fail with such methods where one would succeed, while with good form ten would succeed while one would fail. A young player with a generous future before him might much better select, as a model of good

form, strokes such as Johnston uses or those shown by Larned. With such a model, any healthy, active boy should be able to play tennis well after steady practice. The game does not require height or weight or any unusual physical qualification.

But let no ambitious young player imagine that tournament success can be gained easily! It takes years of hard work to become a champion. Once the rudiments of the game have been mastered, and the elements of good form are clearly understood, it requires endless patience and practice, perseverance and then more practice, to learn to play the game really well. The boy who plays best is generally the boy who plays most, and, given other qualities fairly equal, constant practice will quickly carry one player ahead of his rival.

The selection of a racket and the necessary clothes must be considered carefully. Freedom and lightness are necessary in the clothing; and it is very important that the shirt-sleeves shall not bind at the shoulders to interfere with freedom of the arm, while the shoes must be neither too loose nor too tight. Looseness is as bad as tightness, for either will wear blisters on the feet. Shoes should be light in weight and fit snugly, canvas "sneakers" being perhaps the best.

The racket should not be too heavy for a young player. Older players prefer fourteen and a half ounces as a rule, but some use rackets of fourteen ounces. For a school-boy, thirteen ounces is heavy enough, but if he is fairly large and strong in the wrist, thirteen and a half ounces will not be too great a weight. The handle should be small enough for the thumb to overlap the fingers around its end.

When one begins actual play, more progress will be made at first if balls are batted up against a wall or the side of a barn or house than if a regular court and net

are used. The ball comes back much more evenly from a wall — which never misses a return — than from another player.

Stand well away from the wall, say twenty feet, and hit a ball up against it a hundred times in succession, trying each time to return the ball from the first bound without missing. This kind of practice will work wonders in teaching the young player to hit the ball and to calculate its flight in the air and its angles of rebound.

The racket should be held by the extreme end; no worse fault can be developed than a habit of holding the racket with a short grip on the handle. At first the end grip will seem to throw too much strain on the arm and wrist; but that is because you have not yet learned the cardinal rule of the game — to let the swing of the racket and its momentum do the work.

As a beginner you will probably try to push the ball rather than hit it, and the strain then becomes hard on the wrist. But as you learn the proper stroke and loosen the stiffness of the arm to let the swing and weight of the body do the work, then the longer grip will be a great help and you will be glad that you did not cultivate the bad habit of a short grip.

There are some differences of opinion among the best players as to the actual method of holding the racket in the hand, but the great majority (of Americans, at any rate) agree on the following grips, in which the position of the fingers gives the greatest possible freedom of the wrist and control in the direction of the ball.

For the forehand stroke, the first finger is spread slightly apart from the others, and the thumb overlaps it, as it is bent around the handle.

For the backhand stroke, one that is made with the ball on the left side (for right-handed players), the grip must be very different, and there is more difference of

opinion here than in the simpler forehand stroke. The use of the thumb for the backhand stroke has been much discussed, but the best opinion in this country favors using it as a prop or support for the racket to stiffen it while making the stroke. It should therefore rest straight along the back of the handle ready to help in striking the ball.

The grip should be tight at all times, and the slightest relaxation while a stroke is being made is likely to ruin it, as the racket can easily twist in the hand if the grip is not tight.

The feet must be spread far apart when hitting the ball, and, speaking generally, in such relation to each other that a line drawn through them would show the direction in which the ball is to be played. Never stand around square toward the net to make a ground-stroke, for this weakens the power of the stroke. Instead of facing the net, turn so that the side points toward the net (the right for backhand strokes and the left side for forehand strokes).

When waiting for the next stroke, you should not only keep the feet spread well apart, but also have the knees bent slightly to be ready for instant action. When the stroke begins, get right up on the toes and spring at the ball.

When not making a stroke, balance the racket across in front of the body, the middle or "splice" of the frame resting in the hollow of the left hand, until you know whether your next stroke will be a forehand or a backhand one.

Keep your eyes on the ball everlastingly, too. Watch it from the very moment your opponent is ready to strike it until you have made your own return, and after as it flies through the air.

It is most important also that the player should "fol-

low through " with his stroke, for on this hangs the speed and power of the play. The arm alone can strike only a feeble blow at a tennis ball, just as an axman would take a week to fell a tree if he did n't swing his weight and body with his ax. If he stood upright as he struck at the trunk, his ax would make little impression; nor would the base-ball player be able to throw a ball very far without the all-important "follow through."

This is simply the action of swinging the weight of the body with the racket, so that its momentum is heavily increased when it reaches the ball and carries many times as much force as the arm alone could command.

Before the stroke is made the body is turned and swung back. It comes forward with a smooth, even swing as the racket rushes to meet the ball, and all the impetus of the arm, shoulders, and trunk is accumulated in the racket when it strikes, if the body-swing is complete. But the swing should not stop here, it is necessary to "carry through" long after the ball has been hit, and the body-swing follows after the ball as long as possible. This after-swing increases the power of the stroke and helps to guide the direction of the ball. Without it, the weight must be checked before the ball is hit and the blow greatly weakened.

Every motion, as far as possible, should be in direct line with the intended flight of the ball after it is hit. All side motions show a loss in power to the stroke, and the more directly the swing of body, shoulders, arm, and racket can be made to follow the line of the ball's flight, the better will be the stroke.

One of the greatest faults a player must overcome is the tendency to get too close to the ball. The playing arm must be kept well clear of the body to allow a free swing, and the ball must be met at a point well away

from the body. It is better to lean out and meet the ball, to jump at it and bend forward and outward toward it, rather than to meet it standing erect.

Don't try to hit the ball hard at first; be content with moderate speed and learn accuracy and steadiness first. Speed will come later when you become so accustomed to hitting the ball every time without missing that you feel you have good control of the different strokes. It is far better to make a slow stroke well than to miss a fast one, and trying for speed causes more mistakes than almost any other fault in beginners.

Having mastered these first general principles, then, it will be safe to take up the strokes of the game one at a time and see how they are best made; but before moving on to more intricate problems it would be well to go over once more the points covered here:

1. Clothes should fit loosely and comfortably, but the shoes should be snug in fit.

2. The new racket should be light and have a small handle.

3. Hold the racket by the extreme end and grip it tightly.

4. The feet should be far apart and in line with the play, the *side* of the body toward the net.

5. Give the arm a full, long swing and let the momentum of the racket do the work.

6. Keep your eyes everlastingly on the ball.

7. Keep away from the ball and give it plenty of room.

8. Swing the body with the play, and "follow through" after the ball with the weight.

9. Don't try to hit the ball too hard at first; it is better to be sure of not missing and learn speed a little later.

In teaching lawn-tennis strokes, personal help is far better than written instruction, but few school-boys have the advantage of coaching from an experienced player. Many could gain more, perhaps, by watching another boy being coached than by reading the simplest directions.

I helped a school-boy friend of mine a few seasons ago to learn the game, and he improved so rapidly in his play that I took a great interest in his success. The ability to make himself pliable has a good deal to do with any beginner's success in tennis. Jack had that ability well developed, and, although he asked many questions, he seemed to absorb rapidly what I told him. I had already explained the first principles of the play, and he seemed to have picked up a good groundwork from my first lesson.

"Jack," said I, the first time we took up actual stroke-play, "you remember what I told you about not needing muscle to hit a tennis-ball fast? Well, now you will see that theory applied. You will see that it is the momentum of the racket and the swing of the body that do the work, not the muscular strength of the player."

It always encouraged my young friend when I reminded him of this feature that is common to all sports where a ball is struck. It gave him the confidence in himself that he lacked so much, for he was a frail, thin little lad who had despaired of ever making his college football team or rowing on the crew. But I had already half convinced him that he did n't need the physical qualifications of an oarsman or a football-player to play tennis and golf well, and he had secretly determined to become a champion in one or both.

The stumbling-block of most young tennis-players lies in their failure to apply their weight at the right

time, to swing the racket long enough before hitting the ball to get its momentum well developed.

"Now, as you see the ball coming toward you, Jack, you must figure in advance where it will bound in order to be sure of hitting it. Get well behind the ball. Don't under any circumstances get close to it. Stand far back — much farther than you think is right — and well out of line with its flight, so the arm can have free play to make a long swing at the side."

"But suppose the bound is shorter than I expect?" he said. "I won't be able to reach it."

"Yes, you will. Every stroke should be made on the jump. That is, you should lean forward, and even *jump* forward, to meet the ball as you strike, and it is only necessary to jump a little quicker or a little farther if the ball does not bound as far or as high as you had expected.

"First of all, you must turn sidewise to meet it. Never play the ball with the racket in front of the body, — that is, toward the net. Keep the ball off at the side and far enough away to allow plenty of room for a long reach of the arm. Nothing ruins a good tennis-stroke more quickly than a cramped elbow, which is the result of getting too close to the ball.

"A forehand stroke is one made with the ball on the right side so that the arm has a free sweep at it, with the playing shoulder somewhat behind the blow, while backhand strokes are those made with the ball at the left side, with the playing arm partly across the body and the shoulder ahead of the ball."

"Suppose a boy is left-handed; does that make any difference?" he asked.

"Of course it does," I explained, "but the great majority of players are right-handed. All directions must be reversed for a left-handed player, for it is the

side on which the playing arm meets the ball that makes it a forehand or a backhand stroke.

“The forehand strokes are much easier to play, and whenever the ball comes directly at you, and sometimes even when you have to jump aside, it is better to move to the left to bring the ball on the right side, so that it can be played with a forehand stroke.

“For all forehand strokes, the left side should be turned toward the net as the ball approaches, and the right foot should be far behind the left, so that they are almost in line with the direction you intend to drive the ball. The weight should be thrown far back on the right foot as the ball approaches, and the racket swung back as far as the arm can carry it, long before it is time to strike.”

“I can't seem to do that,” said Jack, again. “I'm always afraid that I'll get the racket back behind me too soon, and then that I can't shift back if I mistake where the ball is coming.”

“I know what you mean. I know the feeling, and nearly all beginners have the same trouble. They hesitate to draw the racket back until they can actually see the ball in the air in front of them — and then it's too late! Then they haven't time for a full swing, and the result is that they make only half a swing, and the stroke is cut so short there is little or no momentum in the racket, and the result is a fizzle.

“It is simply a matter of confidence. You can hardly go wrong by swinging back too early. Long before the ball even touches the ground, the racket should start backward, and the earlier this preliminary swing is started the longer will be the stroke, and the less effort will be required to hit the ball hard. And if you should find the racket drawn back too early, which is very seldom, an easy remedy is offered, for a



THE BEGINNING OF THE FOREHAND DRIVE



THE END OF THE FOREHAND DRIVE

slight pause at the end of the back-swing is inclined to steady the stroke somewhat, not to hurt it. Larned frequently paused at the back of his long swing, and Wrenn even cultivated that steadying of the racket before the actual stroke that drove the ball was started."

We practised awhile after this, Jack and I, and I found that the lad had absorbed what I had been telling him. His racket went back earlier and farther, and the ball came back harder to me each time he used a long swing. Soon a new light was borne in on him, for he stopped a minute.

"Now I see how the long grip on the racket helps me, too," he said. "The hardest thing I have had to learn is to hold my racket by the extreme end. The leverage is so great that it bent my wrist back when I held it by the very end. If I held it up in the middle, I could wait longer before I swung at the ball, and I did n't miss it so often when I swung late."

"But you were making only a half-stroke, a push, or a jab at the ball, then, and you were using the muscles of your arm to do it, Jack. The ball did n't go fast either, and it could n't go fast from such a stroke if the strongest arm in the world hit it with only half a swing.

"Even at the risk of missing a good many strokes at first, take the racket by the end, swing back early, and then use a long free swing at the ball and the momentum will do the work; the ball will go away fast, and besides being hit harder, it will travel straighter in the direction you want it to go. But as you hit it, put the weight of the body in the stroke also. Swing forward as the arm comes on to meet the ball, shifting the weight from the right to the left foot, and let the weight of the shoulders and the body increase the speed and power of the racket until its momentum and force

are so great that the ball is driven ahead fast with little or no muscular effort.

"But the swing must not be checked or stopped when the ball is hit. The follow-through that you hear golf-players talk about so much is just as important in tennis as it is in golf. The shoulders and body-weight should follow after the ball as long as possible. As it leaves the racket, the body should swing around and the weight shift all the way over to the left foot. The end of the stroke, with a bend of the wrist, brings the racket up over the left shoulder.

"Look at these pictures of Harold Throckmorton, former interscholastic champion, making his strokes, and you will get a better idea of the correct swing than I can tell you in words."

"But his racket seems to be bent over flat at the end of the stroke," Jack commented after studying the photographs for a few minutes.

"Exactly so; and that bend of the wrist gives the twisting motion, the 'top-spin' as it is called, that makes the ball fly fast, brings it down to the ground sooner than a straight-hit ball, and also enables the player to control its direction better. As the racket meets the ball, it should be beveled slightly forward, that is, with the top edge of the frame ahead of the bottom, so as to break the sharp impact of the ball with a glancing blow.

"As the stroke is made, the racket is drawn upward as well as forward, so that the strings are rubbed over the ball's cover, and the rough felt clings to the elastic surface long enough for the upward drag to brush the ball into a spinning motion as it flies over the net. This upward swing of the racket is continued, and it carries the end of the stroke up over the left shoulder. If the swing ends lower down, opposite the chest, the

ball will have less spin, and if it ends up in front of the head, the twist will be so exaggerated that much of the accuracy will be lost.

“Now the effect of this twisting motion, or spin, is to make the ball curve in its flight. The forward-spinning top of the ball meets with greater resistance from the pressure of the air above, and the ball curves downward unnaturally. This curve helps the player to keep the ball inside the court, and makes it harder for his opponent to volley well. It is the same thing with a base-ball, and it is this same principle that enables the pitcher to throw a ball which curves in the air.

“There are also under-cut strokes in tennis, or balls that spin in the opposite direction, as well as those which curve down in their flight. A ball that is driven with an under-cut, or ‘slice,’ by a chop-stroke, as it is generally called, has the opposite effect. The bottom of the ball spins faster than the top, and the air-pressure from below has a tendency to keep it up longer in the air than is natural before its own weight brings it to the ground. These cut-strokes have a great drawback, though, because with them you cannot hit the ball so fast as with a drop-stroke, or it will go out of court.”

“Has the cut-stroke any advantage over the one you described first, the ball that carries top-spin?” was the next interruption.

“Not one that would offset the disadvantage of its lack of speed. The chop-stroke is made with a shorter swing and the racket travels slightly downward in making the stroke. It meets the ball with the bottom edge extended, and the glancing blow reverses the effect of the other stroke, finishing off in front of the left knee. The shorter swing makes it possible to delay the stroke longer, and sometimes helps accuracy of placing, but

the under-spinning ball is easier to volley, has a tendency to 'sail' out of court, and cannot be played fast for this reason.

"The skill of the chop-stroke player is limited, while that of the boy who uses top-spin has no limit. I would never advise any boy to learn the chop-stroke style. It is much more often used by men who have learned the game when much older, when their joints are too stiff to allow a long, free swing at the ball."

Jack was young enough, and ambitious enough, and pliable enough to follow good advice, and he started at once to practise the forehand drop-stroke, as this stroke is most often called, from the characteristic drop in the flight of the ball. I believe it is always safer to learn the forehand stroke first, before beginning with the other more difficult plays of the game, so we postponed the backhand stroke for another lesson.

Before we finished our first lesson in actual play, however, I went over the ground once more with him, so that the most important points would stick in his memory :

"Remember, Jack," the lesson ended, "that it is the momentum of the racket, not the strength of your arm, that does the work.

Draw the racket away back until it disappears behind the shoulders; start the swing very early and make it full and long.

Jump at the ball as you strike, keeping well away from it as the ball approaches.

Meet the ball at the height of the hips, with all your weight in the blow, and then follow through with the racket until it has swung after the ball as far as you can reach.

"Don't forget to draw it up a little just as you meet the ball (in order to give the ball some top-spin), and



BEGINNING THE BACKHAND STROKE



THE END OF THE BACKHAND STROKE

rub the strings across its cover to make it twist in the air. Avoid the under-cut or chop-strokes, for the spin on such a ball makes it stay up in the air longer and tends to make it sail out of court."

The first real stumbling-block of the average school-boy who takes up lawn-tennis is, generally, the backhand stroke. He will not find it hard to understand the first principles, already explained, nor the forehand strokes; but when it comes to backhand play, an entirely new idea comes up. It is generally hard to get used to the different positions required.

I had this same difficulty with my young pupil, Jack, who went sailing along smoothly until he reached this point. I did not let him try the backhand stroke, however, for some time after he had learned the simpler plays, and I made him practise for a week against the side of a friendly house, using only the forehand stroke, before I explained the new problem.

"Now, Jack," I said, the day we first took up this stroke, "you must get a clear idea first just what the difference is between forehand and backhand play. It is easy to talk about these shots and not know what they mean.

"A backhand stroke is one that is made when the ball is on the opposite side of the player from the striking-arm. For the usual right-handed boy, it is a ball that comes on his left side, and the body must be turned around entirely, facing in the opposite direction to the forehand stroke, when this play is to be made. With the right foot forward, and the right shoulder toward the net, the feet should be almost in line with the flight of the ball, the left far behind the right.

"This brings the shoulder of the striking-arm around where it will have the most freedom for the swing, but a little ahead of the ball when it is hit."

"But why can't the same position be used for both strokes? I should think it would take too much time to shift your position every time the ball comes on the opposite side of the body," he suggested.

"But you don't make a full shift each time. After every stroke you play, you should return to the waiting position, which brings the racket in front of the body, balanced with the fork, or 'splice,' resting in the idle left hand, and the body turned around to face the net again. With the feet spread out diagonally, you will be ready for any stroke, no matter which way the ball may come, and it is very easy to step into the correct striking position.

"A splendid rule to keep always in mind is — never to wait in the striking position and never to strike in the waiting position."

"But why not wait in the position you held when the last stroke was made? Are n't you doing double work when you shift to the waiting position and then step back again for the same stroke you had just made?"

"Sometimes, perhaps," I had to admit, recognizing the obstacle over which so many beginners stumble; "but when you learn to play a little better, if you don't make this extra effort, the other boy you are playing against will soon get you in trouble, and it will cost you many valuable points. A quick player soon takes advantage of his adversary if he finds him waiting in the wrong position, and promptly places the ball on the opposite side of the court, and so wins. There is not time enough to make the shift, and the player strikes with the wrong foot forward and from the wrong position, so that the point is lost nine times out of ten."

We practised awhile, and I watched Jack testing out this new idea. At first, like all beginners, he waited to watch the result of each stroke before he got back into

the correct waiting position, so I promptly taught him a much-needed object-lesson by placing the ball suddenly a few times on the opposite side, with always the same result. He was surprised by the attack, and each time he failed to make a good return from this stroke. At last he saw the point of what I had been trying to drive into him.

"Well, I guess you're right," he gasped, badly out of breath, after a fifth "ace" on his backhand side, which came as a result of his waiting after a forehand stroke in the same position, expecting to play the next ball without a shift.

"You are never safe in tennis," I explained, "unless you are in position to return anything, no matter where the ball may come. Even though you make a hundred forehand strokes in succession, the first time you fail to come back to the waiting position to anticipate any other, that is the signal for a wise opponent to give you on the other side a ball that should win."

In backhand play, it is hopeless to try to make the stroke with the feet in the wrong position, for the arm must then cross the body, and the playing shoulder, that is the pivot of the blow, will be on the opposite side from the ball. For full freedom, it is necessary to get the shoulder way forward and the body so turned that, as the racket goes back behind the head and left shoulder, the arm will have freedom for a full stroke.

As the sweep of the arm brings the racket forward to hit the ball, the weight should be swung ahead to increase the power of the blow. When the racket is way back, the weight should be entirely over the left foot; when the ball is struck, it is about evenly divided between the two legs, while at the end of the stroke it should swing forward until entirely over the right foot.

"The swinging of the body with the stroke lengthens

the swing of the racket and adds the weight of the body to the power of the blow," I explained to my young pupil. "It is not only needed to strike a full stroke at the ball, but it also helps to keep the racket in the right path and so guide the ball in the direction intended. This swing is continued long after the ball has left the racket, and should follow after the ball as much as possible in the same direction that it is traveling. The more directly the line of this swing follows the ball's flight, the better will be the control of the player over the ball."

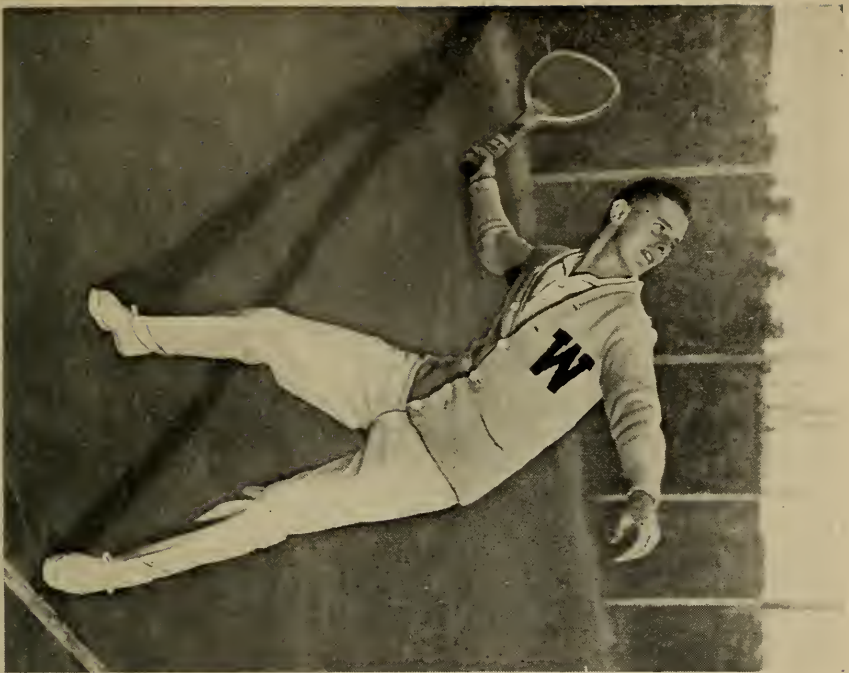
Again Jack interrupted. "How can any motion of the racket after the ball has left it affect the flight?" he wisely questioned.

Strictly speaking, he was right, too. It cannot, but the swing after the ball has left does affect the swing before, and that affects the flight of the ball. If the player were to stop the racket immediately after he had hit the ball, or turn it off sharply at another angle, it would be practically impossible to prevent this from affecting the earlier swing, and so the direction of the ball. To get the full value of the stroke, then, and make the all-important "follow-through" effective, keep your racket in line with the ball's flight and make the swing follow it closely and as long after as possible.

At the end of the swing, of course, the racket cannot be checked suddenly; at the limit of the reach, it should be allowed to swing off to the side, gradually stopping its forward motion.

Jack had a tendency at first to bend his elbow somewhat in making the backhand stroke, and I had a good deal of trouble in making him straighten it out, to make the blow in the same "plane of force," as it is called by the experts.

"As far as possible," I explained, "keep your arm



BEGINNING THE SERVICE



COMPLETING THE SERVICE

and racket horizontal, and do not bend your elbow. The tennis-stroke is really made with a jointed rod, hinged at the shoulder, at the elbow, and at the wrist. Power transmitted through a crooked rod is never so effective as through a straight one. If there is a sharp bend at the elbow or wrist, it will weaken the blow; so try to keep the arm well extended and as nearly in line with the racket handle as possible."

The new ideas were soon in practice, and I saw my young pupil improve rapidly as he followed the rules laid down. He seemed a bit uncertain about his back-hand grip, however, for he had heard there were several ways possible of holding the racket. There was danger of his failing entirely, as there is with so many boys, because a confusion of ideas might prevent his forming any fixed habits of play, so I repeated often to him these golden rules for backhand strokes:

Always use your thumb up the handle to support the racket; swing around with your playing shoulder toward the net and your feet in line with the flight of the ball; swing the racket back well over the opposite shoulder and follow through with the swing as far as the arm can reach; let the weight of the body swing forward with the racket, starting over the rear foot and ending over the forward foot; and, above all, always return after each stroke to the waiting position, with racket balanced in front of the body, so as to be prepared for the next stroke, no matter where the ball may come.

The service and volleying in lawn-tennis are a distinct department of the game, different from all the rest, and they can be safely classed together because the strokes are much the same. The school-boy who has learned his first principles of play and his ground-strokes, as already explained, needs only the volley-

stroke and service to complete an elementary knowledge of the game.

Overhead volleys and service are different from any of the ground-strokes because the motion is not in any way the same. For ground-strokes the swing is forward and upward to lift the ball over the net; but for serving and volleying, the sweep of the racket is forward and downward, as the ball must be hit high up in the air and driven down, not lifted up.

My young pupil, Jack, found it difficult at first to get this distinction that I tried so hard to make plain, and I thought of a happy comparison that made the difference clear.

"You have seen a wood-chopper at work, have n't you, Jack? You have seen him chop down a tree, and probably you have noticed the swing of his ax. Every blow is made with the same long swing, the ax starting from behind his back, well down below the shoulders. The ax starts upward and outward at the end of his arm's reach, and finally forward and then downward, following a sweep of nearly a full circle.

"The centrifugal force of this swing increases the speed of the ax as it flies through the air, until, when it strikes into the trunk of the tree, it has accumulated great power. Without this, the wood-cutter would take a week to cut down a fair-sized tree. The power of the muscles alone would hardly make the ax cut into the wood at all.

"Now, the overhead tennis-stroke is much the same as this, for the swing is similar and the same centrifugal force is needed to give the racket force enough to drive a fast ball. I do not know of a better model for the service than the blow of a wood-chopper's ax."

"But the ax stops short in the wood," suggested Jack, "and the racket travels on after hitting the ball.

The finish of the swing must be different, I should think."

"Exactly so," I was glad to explain, for this led up directly to one of the most important points of overhead play. "In serving and in smashing, the racket must follow through as in the ground-strokes; it must follow after the ball as far as possible before being checked. But the swing is made in the same manner that the woodsman uses with his powerful ax-blow.

"The racket should start from well behind the back, hanging downward, so that the upward and forward drag will give it good speed when it meets the ball. And the player must reach high up in the air also to meet the ball. It should be hit at the highest point it is possible to reach, at the extreme end of the arm's stretch, and the player should even rise up on his toes to increase the reach.

"The racket should be beveled a trifle, that is, turned so as to strike a glancing blow that will make the ball spin around, and it should be kept in contact as long as possible with the ball to help guide it on the proper course, as well as to make it spin in its flight.

"The ball should be met with a chopping, side-wiping blow, and the racket drawn downward quickly while still in contact with it. The 'drag' of the racket's strings in making the service helps to bring the ball down to earth quickly after crossing the net, so that it will not fly out of court."

We practised awhile, Jack and I, and he served for some time, putting into practice the stroke I had been showing him. Most of the balls he served went into the net at first. I found that he was striking the ball from too far out in front of where he stood, and this fault always brings the ball down too fast. I showed him where the error was and he tried again, and then

he struck at the ball too far back over his shoulder, with the opposite result, for most of his services then went out of court instead of into the net.

After an hour's practice, he finally got the stroke right, and his racket met the ball almost directly over his shoulder each time, so that most of the balls went into the right court. But, like all boys, his impetuous temperament made him want to rush ahead too fast, and he began to run before he had fully learned to walk.

"Don't try to hit so fast until you are more certain of making the stroke," I warned the lad; but he was full of enthusiasm and had a burning desire to imitate McLoughlin with every service. As a result, he not only made many faults, but he was constantly making double faults as well, and I had to give him the same advice I find is needed by so many other young players, a warning that too few can be made to follow.

"A double fault is the worst sign of weakness a young player can have," I explained. "Most beginners scorn to serve a slow ball, as they think it childish, but the experienced player has far more respect for the boy who seldom makes a double fault, even saving himself with the slowest kind of a second service to be certain of not missing it, than he has for the show-off slam-banger who hits every service hard and misses most of them.

"Another thing, Jack," I lectured, "remember that both feet must be outside of the court when you serve." I had seen him repeatedly step on the line while serving, and he was contracting one of the worst habits of the game. "The rules are very positive about this point, and a ball served while one foot is on the line or inside the court is as much a fault as though the ball went into the net."



FOREHAND VOLLEY AT THE NET



BACKHAND VOLLEY AT THE NET

This is a point that every beginner should study carefully before bad habits are formed.

Overhead volleying is very much like serving, as I have already explained, the chief difference being that the player must go to the ball and cannot select his own place and time to make the stroke. When the ball falls near the net, even a beginner is safe in making a regular smash, hitting the ball with great force; but if the opponent's lob is far back in the court, the chances for success are far smaller, and it is dangerous to risk such a shot.

To smash is to volley overhead with all the power you have, expecting that speed alone will kill the ball and end the play without further opposition. On dropping balls that can be played while close up, this smash is not difficult, but much the same stroke can be played from farther back in the court, by moderating the power when necessary, and directing the ball to one side of the court, so as to win the play by placing rather than speed.

The same backward swing is necessary for smashing as for serving, but the swing should be cut much shorter for other volleys, as less momentum is needed in the racket for these strokes. The ball is met in the same way with the face of the racket beveled slightly outward, and the stroke works best if chopped slightly with a twisting motion. For ordinary volleys, that are not fast enough to be called smashes, the ball can be played slightly farther in front than for smashes.

After practising this stroke for a while, Jack reached the conclusion that so many other school-boys come to.

"I'd like to smash every ball," said he, and promptly overdid this stroke as he had the service, until I stopped his enthusiasm.

"Remember, Jack," I warned, "smashing looks fine

to the gallery when it succeeds, but the winning player in a match is seldom the boy who goes rushing up to the net at every opportunity and smashes every ball he can possibly reach. These tactics bring too many errors, and the tournament winner is most often the careful, heady player, who takes less risks, sacrifices some of his gallery tactics to sound judgment, and keeps the ball going back over the net until his dashing adversary knocks it out of court."

As a final review, I went over the most important points that should be remembered in serving and volleying. These should be studied by every school-boy when he learns the game :

Always serve and volley overhead with a free sweep of the shoulder ; start the racket well behind the back and swing it fast enough to gather good momentum before it hits the ball ; strike as high as you can possibly reach the ball and follow through with the racket after the ball as far as possible.

In serving, you must remember to keep both feet behind the base-line until the ball has left the racket, and make the second service slow enough to be sure not to score a double fault ; for overhead volleying, use the same stroke as for serving, and keep well under the ball ; do not risk a smash unless close up to the net, and when you do smash, hit the ball fast enough to " kill it dead," as the Irishman put it.

XVI

UP-TO-DATE METHODS FOR SUCCESS IN SWIMMING

BY L. DE B. HANDLEY

I HAD occasion, last winter, to visit one of New York's public baths while the swimming team of a local elementary school was at practice. About twenty boys, not yet in their 'teens, were grouped about the pool, listening to one of their number who was instructing a lad in the water. The sight interested me, and I drew close.

"Keep your feet under the surface, when you crawl," the youthful mentor was saying, "and lift your elbows higher at the catch!"

I gasped in surprise. Here was a youngster, probably of ten or twelve, ably imparting knowledge of the latest of modern strokes. I approached him during a lull.

"Are you the team coach?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed; "we have a professional, but I'm captain, and I take charge when he's not here."

"And who taught you?" I inquired.

"My big brother. He is a member of a club squad, and he's been at me since I was eight, four years ago."

I remained to watch, and was astounded to note how superbly at home in the water were these budding champions. Every one could dive, plunge, and swim every type of stroke.

I mention this experience of mine to point a moral. No boy is too young to take up the art of swimming,

and no boy should neglect to do it almost as soon as he can walk.

Hardly a day passes in summer without the report of some drowning accident appearing in the newspapers, and this alone is sufficient reason to induce every one to learn how to swim, for swimming not only affords the means of saving our own lives, but of rendering a noble service to humanity in rescuing our fellow-beings.

Furthermore, natation has other great advantages. No form of exercise is better suited to improve mind and body. Swimming gives courage, self-reliance, control; and it develops the muscular system in perfect uniformity. As a pastime, it has no equal. Most boys love to bathe, and the pleasures of a dip are increased tenfold when one is an expert waterman; then, too, such proficiency opens the path to the thrills of aquatic contests, and to the enjoyment of such splendid games as Rugby and Association water-polo, aquatic basketball, push-ball, water base-ball and other popular sports.

It is really not difficult to become a good swimmer, if one goes about it in the right manner. The quickest and straightest road to success is undoubtedly to find a competent instructor, and let him do the leading; but it is quite possible to learn unaided.

I have found it most useful to give the beginner a course of so-called "dry-swimming," which entails land drill in the various parts of the stroke, before passing to work in the water. Once the arms and legs have become accustomed to the movements, they will come naturally when one graduates to actual swimming. Indeed, both the novice and the more advanced waterman will find preliminary work beneficial, as they progress to the racing strokes.

There are two ways, generally recognized, of learning to swim: first, through the dog-paddle; second,



ILLUSTRATING POSITION OF THE CRAWL STROKE

The crawl kick is an up-and-down thrash of the lower legs, from the knee



SIDE VIEW OF THE CRAWL STROKE

The arm passing under the body

through the breast-stroke. The former is the method of primitive man, and has the double merit of coming instinctively and of being closely related in its main features to the crawl, which is nowadays the aim of every young man; the latter is more complicated, requires considerable study, and has no exceptional value. In my opinion, the dog-paddle will in most instances give better results, but in view of the fact that many of our experts adhere to the breast-stroke, I will explain both.

No elaborate instruction is needed for the dog-paddle. The arms are rotated in the manner that every boy has seen a dog use his front paws in the water, and the legs are just flapped alternately back and forth, much as one does in walking. Find some place where the water is about up to your chest, and go ahead. Do not thrash away too fast, though; try to make every motion slow and effective. You will soon discover that the simple efforts will keep you afloat for a few feet, and you can increase the distance little by little. If you go too rapidly, you will tire immediately, and retard progress. Have in mind always that ability to stay on top is merely a question of balance, for the body is lighter than the water when the lungs are functioning normally, and, if you assume the right position, you cannot possibly sink. To prove this to yourself, just attempt in shallow water to lie down on the bottom, and note how you are forced irresistibly upward.

The elementary crawl is similar to the dog-paddle except inasmuch as the arms are swung above water in recovering, that is, in moving from the end of the drive to full reach.

If you tackle the breast-stroke, begin on shore. Stand upright, with arms outstretched in front, and hands together, back to back. Divide the stroke into

three parts, counting as you go, and using the legs one at a time, in succession. At count one, pull the arms back parallel to the ground, until they are in line with the shoulders, and take a deep breath as they circle, simultaneously drawing up one foot, toes down and knee out; at two, lower the elbows to the body, carry the hands to the chest — palms down, fingers closed and pointing forward — lift the toes and straighten the leg so that the foot is about eighteen inches from the other; at three, thrust the arms to full reach, bend down the toes, snap leg to starting position, and expel the air from the lungs. Repeat this cycle, alternating with either leg, until you are familiar with every detail; then stretch across a narrow couch, or some other comfortable support, and go through the movements, using both legs.

You are now ready for the water. Proceed at first to stand on the bottom, leaning slightly forward so that your arms are just submerged, and perform the arm-drive, breathing at the same time, as told above. Pay close attention to the breathing, because it is all-important. While the arms pull, the head is high and the mouth above the surface, so that you can inhale freely; but when the arms recover, the body sinks, and if, instead of exhaling, you breathe in at this time, you will probably suck in water and choke.

In attacking the whole breast-stroke, it is advisable for those who are a bit timid to select a shallow spot, and practise with the confidence inspired by the knowledge that they can find foothold by just dropping the legs. Good depth is recommendable in other cases, though. One may either don a belt to which a pole and line are attached, and ask a friend to lend support, or one can strap on some floating device, such as a cork jacket, water-wings, etc.

When you are able to handle yourself, whether with the dog-paddle or breast-stroke, you may go on to the trudgen and crawl, which are the best and most modern strokes for racing or any other kind of swimming. They are the least tiring, and enable one to cover greater distances and in faster time.

There is no difference in the arm-drive of the two strokes; the dissimilarity rests in the kick. As the movements of arms and legs should be mastered separately, the early stages of both are the same. I suggest to begin once more with land exercises. For this, bend forward until the upper body is almost horizontal, and put both arms over the head, hands side by side, palms down, fingers and thumbs closed, elbows and wrists slightly raised. You have, of course, decided ere you start whether it is more comfortable for you to swim on the right or on the left side. Now lower the top-arm, straightening it as it moves, and let the hand pass under the very center of the body; when it is about to touch the thigh, relax the muscles entirely, and begin to drive the other arm over the same course, immediately lifting the elbow and hand of the top-arm above an imaginary water-line, and carrying it thus, high, to original position. While the top-arm is driving, roll gently from it, twisting the head toward the top-shoulder, and filling the lungs through the mouth; then, as the under-arm pulls, roll back flat on your face, turn head down, and empty the lungs through the nostrils.

For the scissor-kick, which goes with the trudgen, lie down on some support, advance the top-leg the least bit — straight at the knee, but limp, holding the foot as if standing on tiptoe — and bend the under-leg nearly to kneeling attitude; then snap them sharply together. Both legs must swing back and forth at right angles to the body, not sidewise. Follow these instructions later

in the water. Tackle the arm movements first, standing on the bottom and bending down; then hang on to something, stretch out on your side, and work the kick. Finally, combine the two, actually swimming, and time them so that your legs move apart very slowly as the top-arm is half-way in its drive, and then bring them together vigorously as the same arm reaches the thigh.

The crawl kick is an up-and-down thrash of the lower legs, from the knee. The full width of the thrash should not measure more than eighteen inches between the feet, and the heels only should appear above water. Keep the toes pointing back, and do not exhaust yourself by making the action too swift.

I strongly advise your waiting to enter the competitive field until you have perfected yourself in every branch of the game. Many a swimmer endowed by nature with every qualification for becoming a champion, has failed solely owing to too much eagerness. You may attain partial success even without the proper grounding, but you will never reach the front rank.

Acquire form before you take part even in a novice race. Check the natural inclination for speed work, and devote all your energies to the development of a correct stroke. Take easy stretches, paying attention to making every movement perfect, and so gain knowledge of pace-judging, which is the fundamental principle of competition, and can be learned only through long, intelligent, conscientious work. You should in no circumstance do any racing until you can swim a good furlong without tiring and without losing form.

Give early and careful study, too, to starting and turning, which play an important rôle. Often, in sprinting, a good or bad dive has decided the victory, and many an event has been won by ability in turning, particularly in pool contests.



THE RACING START

Endeavor to strike the water pretty flat



FRONT VIEW OF THE CRAWL

The arms should bend under the body at the elbow



SIDE VIEW OF CRAWL WHILE THE RIGHT ARM IS DRAWING AND THE LEFT RECOVERING

A diving-start should be made with good spring, obtained by rising well on the toes and swinging the arms hard; endeavor to strike the water pretty flat, so that you will not sink more than a couple of feet, and hold the head high, the back arched, and the legs straight and rigid, that you may come at once to the surface and have good momentum.

To turn quickly, adjust your stroke as you approach the wall, so that you reach it with top-arm leading. Just as you are about to spin around, roll on your side, take a good breath, and throw back your head and shoulders, turning always in the direction opposite to the one of your top-arm. The twist given to your body in arching the back will throw you half around, and you complete the circle by resting the hand on the board and giving a quick push. As you come about, you back-water with the under-arm, to bring the hips close to the wall, then thrust the arms ahead, take a good shove off, and let yourself glide. When the impetus wanes, resume swimming, but do not use the legs until the second stroke.

In taking up training, guard against overwork, and always bear in mind that it is speed work that makes men stale. Make your time trials few and far between, and aim at producing strength, stamina, and condition, by means of easy swimming in good form. You will be surprised to find how quickly this method increases your speed.

Avoid, altogether, smoking, alcoholic beverages, charged waters, and stimulants. Eat heartily of plain, wholesome food, such as beef, lamb, mutton, fresh vegetables, and fruit, and do not be afraid of adding a few extra pounds to your weight. A little surplus flesh is beneficial, rather than otherwise, for it gives buoyancy, reserve power, and resistance to the chill of the water.

Above all, give yourself plenty of sleep; go to bed early, and have your eight hours of rest nightly. Sleep is Nature's own best remedy to replenish the depleted tissues and furnish a fresh supply of energy and vitality.

Let *moderation* be always your motto in swimming, as well as in athletics of all kinds. Lead a wholesome, normal life, and you will not fail to make your mark as a swimmer.

XVII

THE SWIMMING EVENT

BY GEORGE C. LANE

“**Y**OU fellows are worse than a lot of dubs at this swimming business. You act as though you were about as fond of the water as a dormitory kitten. If I had known you were n’t going to make any better showing than this I would have done my best to keep swimming off the list of events at the meet next week.”

“That’s a perfectly lovely swimming-suit you’ve got there, Williams,” continued “Professor” Whitman, “but it won’t help you any. There’s no hope for you unless you cut out that fancy stunt of yours and get down to real swimming. As for you, Jenkins, if you ever have any ambition to acquire speed, you’ve got to forget that twist you give your neck and shoulders every stroke you take; there’s too much lost motion there. Reach out, man, reach out! Never mind appearances. Get speed! Make every stroke tell for all there is in you.

“Come on; that’s enough for this afternoon.”

The swimming squad, comprising four boys, picked from a class of twenty candidates to represent Watkins School in the aquatic event at the big annual track-meet with their ancient rival, Fleetwood Academy, had been receiving their regular coaching and discipline from the school’s athletic instructor, “Professor” Whitman, the very youthful-looking coach, just graduated from col-

lege, who was also one of the Latin teachers at the school. (The athletic instructor was always "Professor" at Watkins.)

The boys returned to the gymnasium, a fine stone building at the lower end of the campus and within a few hundred feet of the lake shore, leaving the instructor sitting on a bench near the spring-board in a rather gloomy frame of mind.

A boy, who had been watching the practice from the bank of the lake, approached, made a noise as though seized with a cough, and broke in upon the brown study of the instructor.

"You don't seem to think much of your class in swimming, Professor Whitman."

"Eh, what's that?" asked the professor, without seeming to pay much attention to the boy.

"I say, you don't seem to have much hope for the school, as far as the swimming event is concerned."

"Hope? No, I should say not! Why, Fleetwood 'll have them left at the first stake. They have n't a chance, even. And a great deal depends on this event, too. The schools are pretty evenly matched in the other events; and if we want to come out ahead this year, we've got to take that quarter-mile swimming race. It's hardly too much to say that the fate of the whole meet may hinge upon this race, Willis."

"I should have called Williams a good swimmer," said Willis.

"Well, yes, but he's not good enough. The trouble with Williams is he's trying to do too much. I can count on him for the hundred-yard and the hurdle, but I wish he'd stay out of the swimming. I'm trying to make him see it without telling him in so many words. He's a rather stuffy lot, you know, as a swimmer."

"Give *me* a place in the swimming event, will you,

please?" Willis blurted out the request with a suddenness which, coupled with its apparent absurdity, brought the instructor to his feet.

Professor Whitman looked the boy over with a glance that seemed to take into account his weight, his strength of arm, his chest measure, and the probabilities of endurance that might be in him. Willis, standing there before him, with his long slim legs and a great quantity of wrist and ankles beyond his clothes, was uncomfortable under the scrutiny. He looked at the professor through his nickel-rimmed spectacles, which overstudy had made necessary ever since he was twelve, and waited, scarcely daring to hope for the answer.

"Why, Willis, my son, who'd have thought it? That you, the grind of the class, should have athletic aspirations fluttering in your bosom! Now, if you had asked to compete in a contest for making a translation of the Odyssey, or writing a thesis on the fourth dimension, I should not be surprised; but you, Willis, the little old man of his class, asking for a place in the swimming race! What made you?" asked the instructor, bantering.

Willis, instead of answering, turned with flushed face and started away.

"I say, Willis!" called the instructor. "Just a minute; come back here."

Willis returned to his position near the bench.

"I beg your pardon," said the instructor. "It was only that you surprised me so completely. I'm really glad to welcome new material — that might be promising," he added dubiously. "Can you swim?"

"Swim? Do you think I'm crazy altogether?" Willis replied warmly.

"Now, now, not too fast! I don't mean to ask can you keep afloat, but can you *swim*? Can you start out

with a dozen or so, all straining every muscle in their bodies and working with every bit of strength and wind they 've got to reach the finish first — can you start out with them and *stay*? Can you plug away at it, with some husky chap, or perhaps several of them, just a little ahead of you whom you know you can't pass unless you do a little more than possible? Can you plug away at it under these conditions and make good? You know you 'll break your heart trying to find out what it costs to make good. Second prize is the booby prize for you, if you are in earnest. You can't take any second prize and make good."

"Yes, sir; I know it, sir. If I enter, I shall go after that first prize," said Willis, enthusiastically.

"You 'll go after it, yes; but will you get it?"

Professor Whitman believed he saw promising stuff in Willis, so he had been saying all he could to discourage him, this being his method of shaping his material.

"I 'll finish first or bust!" Willis replied, grinning.

"Well, show up for practice with the boys at five-thirty to-morrow afternoon, then."

"But that 's the trouble; I can't come then. You see, sir, I 'm waiting on table in Pratt Hall, and I can't get away at that time."

"When do you expect to do your training, then, I 'd like to know?" asked the instructor.

"Before breakfast, sir. That 's my only chance."

"Well, well; I did n't know you could get a boy in Watkins up before breakfast," remarked Professor Whitman, jestingly.

"Look here, Willis," he continued, "I guess I 've been making rash promises. You 've got a few minutes, have n't you? Just run and slip into your swimming togs right now and give me an idea of what you can do."

Willis complied with alacrity. There were only a few persons about the lake, a fact which Willis was glad of for the reason that he did not want his aspirations known just then and this opportunity for personal instruction was just what he had hoped for.

“Now let’s see what sort of start you can make.”

Willis plunged a header from the long float on the edge of the lake, came to the surface a few seconds later, and started off splendidly.

“Too deep; don’t dive too deep. You lose time; and time, you know, is of the essence. Also, don’t try that stroke at the start. It’s the best you’ve got, I suppose, so save it for the finish; you’ll need it then. Take the breast stroke most of the way; you’ll do well with it, I should say. That shake of your head when you come up to the surface looks very effective; but leave it out; it takes time. You’re training for a swimming-race, you know, and your business is swimming.”

The professor continued his criticisms and advice for a quarter of an hour; then assuring Willis that he would give him a place, he turned to leave, with new hope for the swimming contest.

“And one word more, Willis. I think I can trust you — yes, I’m sure I can trust you with this word of caution.” The instructor hesitated a moment. “Unless I’m mistaken in you, Willis, you’re the sort that might overdo himself. Permanent injury may be caused by over-exertion, and especially in a swimming contest. There’s a limit to what the heart can do; it’s a terrible grind, Willis. And mind you use your head. Be sure you know your limit, and, in the final effort, be sure that you hit it squarely — no more, no less!”

Three days later, and two days before the big meet with Fleetwood, the names of the contestants in the different events were posted in the gymnasium.

The moment that Willis had dreaded had arrived. As he was passing through the gym, on the way to the dining-hall, a group of fellows stood scanning the program.

"Now listen to this!" said one of them, excitedly. "Swimming contest: Williams, Jenkins, McElroy, Watson,—*and* Willis!"

"Willis! Willis!" echoed the others.

"It's a misprint," declared Williams, laughing.

"Sure, a misprint," they all agreed.

"There he goes now! I say, Miss Walter Willis; does this mean you?" demanded Jenkins, severely.

Red to the ears with anger and embarrassment, Willis was dragged over to the bulletin-board.

"Is that you?" asked Jenkins, again, indicating Willis's name with questioning forefinger.

"Yes, sir, that's me," said Willis.

"Miss Walter Willis, the human fish!" cried Williams.

"'And all the water that he had was in his mother's pail,'" another quoted irrelevantly.

"The only swimming I ever heard of his doing was crossing the Hellespont with Leander in his dreams the other night," said McElroy, who was Willis's roommate.

"Oh, you Leander!" howled the group in unison, as Willis, breaking away from his tormentors, ran from the building.

The new entry in the swimming event was the chief topic of conversation the rest of the day.

The morning following, the unheard-of happened: Willis flunked his Latin recitation. As he was struggling hopelessly through the bewildering lines the boy next him whispered:

"Swim out, Leander: you can do it!"

“Wade in!” another encouraged.

But it was no use; he failed miserably, and “Professor” Whitman understood.

The instructor had noticed that Willis had been the object of much fun-making since his name had been posted, but he only smiled. “Let them tease him,” he said to himself; “it all helps.”

Field day and the annual battle between Watkins and Fleetwood arrived, a perfect day in early June. The colors of the contending schools bordered either side of the campus in brilliant display; class and school yells went up enthusiastically and almost continually as the events of the day proceeded. Each number of the program was contested with a zeal which was shared alike by participants and onlookers; and the results of the different events showed how evenly matched were the track teams of the two schools.

The first for the hurdle, the quarter-mile run, the broad jump, and the shot-put went to Fleetwood; while the high jump, the mile run, the pole-vault, and the hundred-yard dash, the last won handsomely by Williams, were captured by Watkins. In the matter of points Fleetwood had scored two more than Watkins; and so, as the coach had predicted, the fate of the meet depended on the swimming contest, which counted five for the winner and two for second place.

The lake, swept by a strong west wind for its entire length, a matter of over a mile, was choppy and promised difficult swimming. The course, which began and ended at the float at the western end, was marked off by flagged stakes, dividing it into four sections of practically one hundred yards each. At the turning-point, which marked half the distance, a boat was moored, in which two of the judges were stationed. On each side of the course were boys of both schools in gaily rigged

canoes and rowboats; but by far the biggest crowd had taken positions on each side of the float at the finish.

The ten contestants ran across from the gymnasium to the accompaniment of loud yells of both encouragement and ridicule.

McNamara, who had won last year for Fleetwood, a rather fat young person, was the center of attention everywhere as the squad approached the lake.

A score of calls greeted the contestants when they took their places at the edge of the float, waiting for the pistol.

As it happened, Willis was placed next to McNamara on the Fleetwood side of the float. The contrast in build caught the crowd at once.

"Are you ready?" the voice of the starter broke in upon the shouting.

Crack! They were off!

Willis, profiting by his recent instructions, had taken a shallow dive that brought him to surface sooner than all the others and in advance of them. He began at once the business of swimming so that every stroke would tell; not even looking to one side, he kept his eyes fixed on the white flag that marked the turning-point, and swam for it. Using his long steady breast stroke with calm, calculating perseverance, unmindful of the fact, as announced by the Fleetwood crowd, that McNamara had taken a splendid lead, with Williams and Jenkins crowding him hard, he maintained his rate of progress unruffled.

At the finish of the first quarter he held a place well to the rear of the procession along with two Fleetwood boys.

"Get a move on there, Doctor!" they called to him from the canoes.

If he heard, he gave no indication that he noticed them.

Williams and Lewis, several yards ahead, with Jenkins trailing close, fought hard for the lead, alternating their method of progress by the use of the breast stroke and the crawl. They worried and fussed each other in a manner that was beginning already to tell against them, with the result that Willis cut down the distance between himself and them by several feet. At the turn Willis held fourth place, Jenkins third, Williams second, and McNamara, ten yards ahead of Willis, was still heading the procession.

Now came the fight. Down the course, with the wind favoring them, it had been comparatively easy; but with the trip back, bucking a chop that sprayed their faces at every stroke, the real work commenced.

The yelling had ceased. This swimming event now promised to be of more interest than had been expected.

Steadily Willis plugged away, holding the reserve he knew he would need for the finish. McNamara had turned over on his back and was kicking for wind. Williams forged ahead for the lead.

"Ah, there he is! Now he's coming! Side-track yourself, there, Slat, before Hanson runs you down!" shouted a Fleetwood boy from the side-line.

And then abreast of Willis, with a splendid stroke, one of the Fleetwood squad, who had been lagging, came driving on.

"Oh, yes, there you are, indeed!" said Willis to himself. "I was wondering when you were going to show up."

The two swimmers looked in each other's eyes a moment, and each read the same salutation — the challenge to the finish.

It was the hardest thing that Willis had done yet, to let this man go past.

"He is using up some of his reserve to do it, though. Use your thinker, old boy," Willis told himself. "Steady, now!"

It was a splendid race, and to the onlookers it seemed as though almost any of the ten had a chance. Williams, half-way between the turn and the beginning of the last quarter, was being crowded out of the lead by this new peril, Hanson, the hope of Fleetwood and its pride. McNamara, who had already done his best, had given way grudgingly to both Williams and Jenkins; and Willis was surely cutting down the space between him and the leaders. The others pressed hard on Willis, and two of them managed to pass him in a spurt. But Willis did not give them a thought.

"Cling to him, Williams! Hang on, Jenkins! Stay with him!" encouraged the Watkins boys, whose hope was still with Williams and Jenkins.

But they were both splashing now and blowing hard, while Hanson, a yard in advance, was cutting through the chop with a telling persistence that maddened them. Inch by inch he drew away from them while Fleetwood yelled, jubilant.

The last marker had been reached, with Willis matched beside Jenkins and Williams and Hanson, and a hundred yards between them and the finish.

"Now, Willis, let out for all there is in you!" He was still doing his own coaching.

Changing at once from the breast stroke to a long overhand reach with his right, he began the spurt — a spurt which he knew must last until he had reached the very limit of his endurance. With the first half-dozen strokes he had left Jenkins and Williams behind and seemed fairly to leap through the water.



"HIS HAND TOUCHED THE FLOAT, THE FINISH-LINE,
TWO STROKES AHEAD"

Abreast of Hanson in the next few strokes, he forged ahead, while his breath came in short, fierce gulps that did not satisfy.

Not a sound from the tense crowd that lined the course and waited the finish at the float. Not a word of encouragement was offered these two, for they did not need it.

Hanson, recovering splendidly from the surprise of Willis's fine display of reserve force, regained his position a little in advance. On they came with a speed never seen at Watkins, almost neck and neck, a continually increasing distance making between them and those behind. But that little space between Willis and Hanson — could he never overcome it? Willis asked himself. He had never counted on this — this grinding, unremitting exertion.

“More than possible; you've got to do a little more than possible.” Professor Whitman's warning flashed on his brain. How true it was! How his heart pumped and pounded against his breast!

“You'll break your heart trying to find out what it costs to make good.— Second prize is the booby prize for you, if you are in earnest.” The words came back to him in the bitter reality of their meaning. He understood now; but — it was a little more than possible, he told himself.

“Can you plug away at it, with some husky chap just a little ahead of you — always just a little ahead, and make good?”

No, he could n't! What was the use? He was tired and sick. The muscles of his arms and legs begged him to stop! If he could only have a second — to run the cramp out of his hands! If he could only breathe!

Was Hanson feeling like this? Was Hanson capable of doing just a little more? he wondered. The thought

spurred him on. With the pitiable scrap of energy that seemed left to him he struggled to outstrip this sturdy pace-maker beside him.

"Now, Willis! Oh, Willis! Get in ahead of him! You can do it!"

The Watkins boys were pleading with him.

"Willis, Willis, you've got to!"

"Can't you see it's impossible?" He wanted to shout it at them; but there was no breath left for words — no breath for anything. If he could only fill his lungs, just once! His legs — what use were they? A leaden weight was pulling at his arms; his hands would close, in spite of him.

"I'll finish first, or bust!" It was his promise. could he keep it? Why had he made it, when he had been told it would be more than possible? Could he keep it? Trying to was not enough. "The limit — no more, no less!" He must — he would!

Gulping fiercely for one last breath to feed the final effort, he pounded the water to a foam with his feet and legs and reached out ahead with that bit of reserve, which, unconsciously, he had withheld for this moment. He seemed rather to go on than through the water. Four powerful strokes brought him flush with Hanson; six more, and his fingers touched the finish-line, two strokes ahead!

Eager hands dragged him onto the float, while Watkins went wild with ecstasy! "Did — we — win?" he gasped, as Professor Whitman bent over him.

"*You* won for old Watkins — handsomely, too! And you were quite sure it was more than possible, were n't you, Willis?"

XVIII

THE BOY'S FISHING KIT

BY E. T. KEYSER

“**P**LOP!” and a big fish rose just below the rock which jutted out in midstream. Dick proceeded to lengthen his line by the time-honored method of unwinding the reserve supply, coiled around the end of his pole.

“You can’t make it,” said Jack; and he was right, for the line was now too long for the pole to manage, and the attempted cast resulted in a beautiful snarl, which was in process of unraveling when Charley, armed with a lancewood rod, a reel, and a line no thicker than one strand of Dick’s, appeared, from around the bend, with the cheery hail of “What luck?”

“Four sunnies on the string, eighty-seven knots in the line, and a whopper out there where I can’t reach him,” was Dick’s inventory of results.

Charley laughed. “The trouble is that you fellows are trying to catch fish who have learned to keep out of reach with tackle that would have done the trick when our grandfathers were boys and fish were so plentiful that they lay all over the stream. You can’t go after twentieth-century bass with a bean-pole and chalk-line, and expect any but the babies not to know all about what you are trying to do.”

“Nonsense!” sputtered Jack. “Did n’t people use bean-poles before fishing-rods were invented?”

“They did,” admitted Charley; “and the Indians

killed deer with arrows, centuries before the white man knew that America was waiting to be discovered. But any one who waits to get within bow-shot of a deer to-day, would be pretty hungry before he dined on venison."

"All right," said Dick, "I can't get that bass. Suppose you try."

Charley measured the distance with his eye, brought the end of his leader up to the rod-tip, and made a cast. The reel purred and the bait shot out across the place where the fish had risen. Charley reeled in; no result. Again; still a blank — and the other boys grinned. Once more: a swish, a whirl, and *something* was fast.

"You've got him! You've got him!" shouted the audience. Charley reeled in stolidly, sometimes allowing the fish to make a dash, sometimes checking the rush, and, in a minute, a pound-and-a-half bass was flopping in his landing-net.

"You won out," admitted Dick. "Now let's see what you used to do it."

Charley handed over the rod. "It's lancewood," he explained; "also, it is nine feet long, because I do so much fishing from the shore. If I did more boat work and more bait casting and less still fishing, it would be from seven and one-half to eight feet in length; but this size helps me to drop the line over bushes, and poke into close quarters where I could not cast. The reel runs smoothly because it is steel pivoted and a four times multiplier. The line went out without sticking or kinking because it was a hard-earned dollar and a half that I put into the tackle dealer's change drawer for it. An ordinary oiled silk line would have served all right, for still fishing or trolling; but I wanted one line to do for all my fresh-water fishing. That's why I use this

quadruple reel instead of an ordinary double multiplier, which would cost less and be just as good for everything except casting."

"But what is the idea of the leader?" asked Jack, who had been examining the outfit with considerable respect.

"Just to keep the wiser fish from realizing that the bait and I had any business connection until they had taken a taste," answered Charley. "It cost only a few cents, and often makes all the difference between an empty creel and a fish dinner."

"Speaking of creels," interrupted Dick, "don't you think that a string is just as good?"

"I do *not*," was the emphatic reply. "Look at that water-logged assortment on your own string, and then look at my catch"; and he poured three bass and a pair of good-sized perch out on the grass. "I rap my fish on the head as soon as landed, and cover them with grass or leaves, and they are firm and fresh when I reach home. This canvas creel folds up and goes into my pocket when empty, and can be laundered after each trip."

"I'm converted to the fancy tackle, after what you did to-day," said Dick. "How much does a layout like yours cost?"

"Oh, not very much," laughed Charley. "Why?"

"I'm thinking of getting one like it," admitted the former champion of the "simple-life rig," as he called it.

"Where are you going to use it most?" asked Charley.

"Up on the lake. Father bought a boat last week, and there are some big pickerel up there and a few bass."

"If you intend doing much boat fishing," said Charley, "you had better get a rather different rod from this of mine."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Jack. "It looks all right to me, and the way it brought that bass into your net has made me wish that I had one just like it."

"It is all right," was the answer; "but it is best for the very kind of work which I use it for. I have n't any boat up on the lake, and do most of my fishing along this stream. Some people say that it's played out, but I have found a few rocks, logs, eddies, and bars where the fish like to lie and feed, and I work them over each trip. Fish are like people, and have their places of business, which, in the fishes' case, is eating. What is more, they like some places better than others, and form a sort of waiting list for the best spots. That is why there will probably be another bass hanging around that rock out there in a couple of days. Now I've already told you why I like this rod for stream work; but it does not follow that I would have chosen it for fishing from a boat. It's too long and unhandy for that purpose, and will not cast as well as a shorter and stiffer rod."

"You've caught enough fish for one day," said Dick. "Sit down on that nice soft log and tell me *what* kind of a rod to get. Any one who will point out faults in his own outfit gets my confidence from the start."

Charley arose, bowed, and said: "You honor me. I will now proceed with the subject on the table. If I were you, I'd get an eight-foot three-piece lancewood rod, or a seven-and-one-half-foot steel one. With either you can do better casting than with my rig, and, at the same time, they will be long enough to use for still fishing and skittering. A shorter rod, like that which

the western bait-casters use, would cast farther, but would not be nearly so good for still fishing, and an impossibility if you wanted to skitter."

"What 's the matter with split bamboo?" questioned Jack. "My cousin says that there is nothing that can touch it for action," and he looked as if he were extremely wise.

"Nothing *can* touch it," admitted Charley, "if you are prepared to be 'touched' first, to the extent of at least ten dollars, and to spend a couple more, cheerfully, each time that you smash a tip. There is nothing to equal a good split bamboo, but you must make sure that it is a good one, not a cheap affair which will unglue and fall apart just when the fish begin to take an interest in the bill of fare you are offering them."

"*Ten* dollars! — Ouch!" observed Dick, with some feeling. "How much will the other kinds cost?"

"From two and a half to six dollars will buy a lance-wood or steel rod that is really good, and will last as long as you take proper care of it, which includes oiling the ferrules of the wood rod and the entire length of the metal one each time that you put it away after use — also refraining from standing either up against the house while you are eating dinner."

"How about reels?"

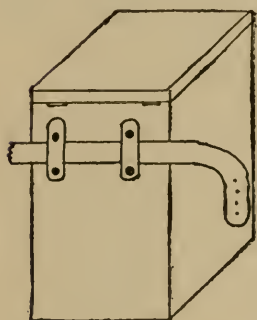
"Well, this one of mine is what is called a sixty-yard reel — it actually carries one hundred yards of No. 6 minnow casting line. For use on the lake, an eighty-yard reel will give you a better trolling length. But be sure to get one with steel pivots. This will allow casting, and while it costs a little more than an ordinary affair, will give much better service. I remember wearing out a cheap reel in one afternoon's casting. Either of the rods which I've suggested may be used for weakfish and snappers, when you try your luck in

salt water, but remember you must substitute a nine-thread twisted linen line for your braided silk one, for this purpose, otherwise the salt water will rot your fresh-water line. For salt-water use, a short tip, to go into the last joint of the steel rod, will let you use a heavier sinker than could be handled with the regular light tip. And don't forget a folding landing-net with a jointed handle. You cannot lift your fish out on a real rod, as you have been doing with that young tree," and Charley pointed an accusing finger at the about-to-be-discarded bean-pole. "You'll find the half-length handle just right for boat use, and the full-length a real fish saver when you are angling from the shore or a dock."

"Why can't you fellows come up to the lake Saturday and try out the new boat?" said Dick. "I'm going to ask Dad to help out my bank-account enough to get one of the outfits you've been telling about."

"We accept," said Charley. "But if the results of my toil are to sizzle in the pan this evening, I must be moving homeward."

"Wait a minute, and we'll be with you," said Dick, throwing the bait-can over with a splash. "Where's your worm container?"



Bait-box.

"Chained fast!" laughed Charley, turning around to show a tin box fastened to his belt. "I graduated from the 'tomato-can class' last season. They're too much trouble to find and carry. I got a square tin with a hinged top and large enough to get my hand into, bored four holes in its back with a wire nail, and fastened two belt straps to it with four round-headed

brass paper fasteners. Now the can is always with me, and I carry back the surplus bait and turn it loose in the garden. Come along, I'm hungry."

"The live-bait supply has proved unequal to the demand upon it," observed Dick, with much regret. "Jack, why did n't you catch enough to last?"

"Don't imagine that, while you were waiting for lunch to be tied up and letting Charley wind that new line of yours on the fine new reel, I was idle. I spent two hours on the job, and only fifty-six of those minnows were tame enough for me to cultivate their acquaintance."

"Oh, well, never mind about that now!" said Charley. "Here are a trolling-spoon, a floating bait, and a phantom minnow. The still-fishing contest is now adjourned while we troll around the lake for an unwary pickerel or so. You fellows take your pick of the baits, and I'll take what's left. It's anybody's game, and they are bound to take one of the assortment."

The trio were spending Saturday on the lake, trying out the new boat and new tackle at one and the same time, and had been enjoying pretty good luck until the minnows gave out. Now Charley's artificial baits were to save the day.

Along the line of weeds, a pickerel yielded to temptation and grabbed the spoon. Another attached himself to the phantom a little later, then another for the spoon. The wooden bait was unaccountably ineffective, until it was discovered that it was tastefully festooned with weeds. When these were removed, it speedily caught up with the procession, and soon the creels were well filled. The only drawback was the tendency of the lines of Dick and Jack to kink, from the twisting of the troll, and Charley explained how this might be pre-

vented by hanging a small bass casting sinker between the two swivels which separated the leader from the line.

"If it were not for the truly awful job of getting minnows, the lake would be all right," said Jack, on the way home.

"We can settle that easily enough," was Charley's reply. "We'll knock the sides from a soap box and bore a six-inch hole in one end. Then we will tack copper fly screening over the sides, put a screening funnel into the six-inch hole, bait the affair with bread crumbs or chopped meat, and sink it in the river or brook over night. Next morning, it will be full of live bait. We can hide it in the bushes near where the minnows are."

"You said something about drying the line," said Dick. "How do you manage it?"

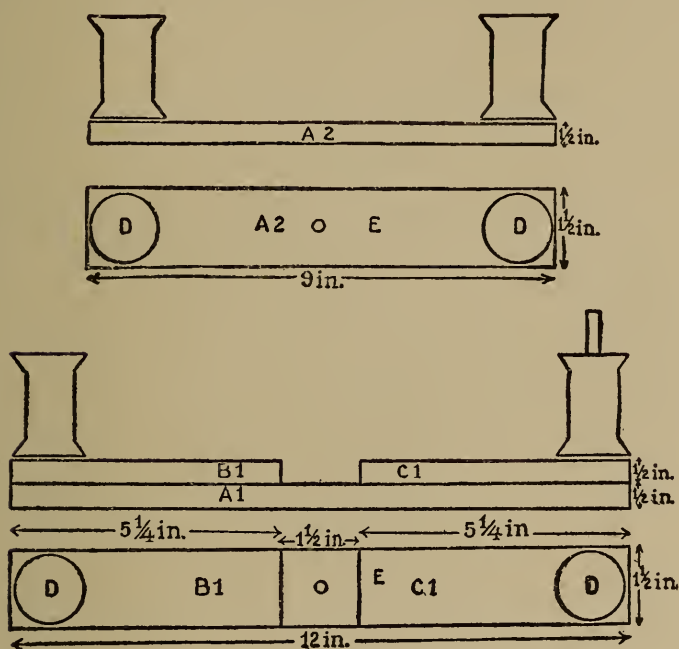
"Easy enough," said Charley, rummaging in his pocket and fishing out a pencil and an envelop. "Here's the plan for a home-made line-drier, and one where the line will not touch a particle of metal, either.

"All that you will need are four of the large red spools upon which heavy linen thread is wound, a strip of wood one-half inch thick, thirty-one and one-half inches long, and one and one-half inches wide, and ten flat-headed brass screws, each about an eighth of an inch in diameter and three-quarters of an inch in length.

"Saw the wood into four pieces, as shown. A1 is twelve inches long. B1 and C1 are each five and one-quarter inches long, while A2 is nine inches in length.

"Screw B1 and C1 on A1, as shown in Figure II, their ends flush with the ends of A1, and with a space of one and one-half inches between them. At each spot marked D, bore a hole and set in each a wooden post which will fit the holes in the spools quite snugly. Three of these are to come flush with the tops of the

spools, but one is to be one inch longer, to serve as a handle for winding. Cover the posts with glue and push on the spools, removing surplus glue as it squeezes out. Bore holes at E to take a short stout wire nail. When A2 is set across A1, at right angles, the strips B1



and C1 keep it in place, and make all the spools level with each other. Drive the wire nail through at E, and nail the whole arrangement to a fence, a clothes-post, or any other convenient support. By holding the reel in the left hand and winding the drier with the right, the line will soon be transferred.

"After using, remove the wire nail, pull A2 out of socket, and lay on top of B1 and C1, parallel to them. The spools of the shorter strip will fit in between those on the longer, and, fastened together with a rubber band, the whole arrangement occupies very little room."

"Come around to-morrow, and we'll build one while Jack is wrestling with the minnow trap," said Dick.

XIX

A FIRST-CLASS ARGUMENT

BY GEORGE M. JOHNSON

LESTER ROBERTS burst into the room where his father was busily perusing the evening paper.

"Oh, Dad!" he called; "come out and see Jim's motor-cycle! He's just got it."

Mr. Roberts leisurely followed his excited son out to the front yard where a number of lads were gazing in mingled envy and admiration at a second-hand motor-cycle. James Farnum, who lived across the street, and to whom the machine belonged, was trying — with little success, to be sure — not to look proud.

"Well, James, so you've actually become a motor-cyclist!" remarked Mr. Roberts. "I suppose there will be no peace and quiet in the neighborhood from now on."

"Ain't she a beauty!" exclaimed Lester, gazing with glowing eyes at the motor-cycle, which was really very much the worse for wear.

"Ahem!" rejoined Mr. Roberts, not caring to commit himself on that particular question. "Suppose you give us a demonstration," he added, addressing Jim.

The latter was only too willing, and, with the dignity which befitted the owner of a motor-cycle, proceeded to climb into the saddle.

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Roberts; "your back wheel's not on the ground. You can't ride it like that!"

"He's only going to warm up the engine," several boys were kind enough to explain in chorus, clearly shocked at the denseness of the ignorance which Lester's parent displayed.

Jim pedaled the machine vigorously, but nothing happened.

"Tickle the carb," advised one of his admirers.

Jim "tickled the carb" and tried again, with more gratifying results. A volley of sharp, pistol-like reports rang out, irregular at first, but coming more steadily as the engine warmed to its task. Then Jim throttled down the motor, released the clutch, kicked the stand up to its position, and soon was riding about in the street. Evidently the machine behaved well enough, even though lacking in good looks.

"Say, Dad," said Lester wistfully, after the exhibition was over, "I wish you'd buy me a motor-cycle."

"I've been expecting that," was the answer, "and, while I dislike to disappoint you, I will not buy a motor-cycle. They are dirty, noisy, dangerous, expensive, and a menace to the health of the rider!"

"I didn't know you'd ever owned one, Dad," remarked Lester very innocently.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Lester's sire, a trifle sharply.

"Why, you know so much about 'em, seems as thought you must have ridden a good lot; that's all."

"One does n't need to ride a motor-cycle to learn about it," stated Mr. Roberts confidently. "You can see that they're dirty, and even a deaf person can tell that they're noisy enough to wake the dead."

"Only when the muffler's open," declared Lester. "They're quiet enough if the muffler's closed, and

most fellows ride with it closed all the time. They're not dangerous either, except when you race 'em."

"We need not continue this discussion," affirmed Mr. Roberts. "There is not a single first-class argument in favor of my buying you a motor-cycle, and we may as well let the matter rest."

"Dad's got a grouch on," thought Lester mournfully, as he left the room. "Wonder what's the matter."

It was his mother who gave the boy light on this question.

"I hope you won't keep asking your father to buy you a motor-cycle just at present, Lester," she said, somewhat anxiously. "I know you'd like one, and perhaps you can have one when you're older, but that big case of father's does n't seem to go just as he had hoped, and it worries him most of the time. He did n't mean to be cross just now. It's only because he's been working so hard that his nerves are on the ragged edge."

Of course Lester promised not to say anything more about the motor-cycle, though he felt that he wanted one more than anything else in the world. But Jim was his particular chum and was very generous in sharing the new possession with Lester. Thus the latter had many opportunities to ride a motor-cycle, and each ride left him with a keener desire to possess one of his own.

About nine o'clock one morning, as Lester was digging worms in preparation for a fishing trip, his mother called him. From her voice the boy knew that something was wrong, very much so.

Mrs. Roberts was just hanging up the telephone-receiver as the boy darted into the room.

"Your father made a terribly careless mistake when

he left for the city this morning!" she gasped. "That important case is on trial to-day, and he took the wrong batch of papers. The right ones are on his desk upstairs, and he wants you to catch the 9:15 train to the city and get them to him as soon as possible. He said he could have the trial delayed a short time."

The two ran to the desk, but at first the missing documents were not to be found. Even as Lester finally buttoned them inside his coat, the train whistled. Mrs. Roberts turned pale.

"Oh dear!" she moaned. "Now we're too late. What will your father do?"

Then Lester had an idea — Jim's motor-cycle.

"Don't worry, Mother! I'll get 'em there!" he shouted, and off he ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

In about three words Lester explained the dire emergency to Jim.

"Go ahead, old boy!" cried the latter. "The machine's out in the barn," and he ran to help start the engine.

Two minutes later Lester was headed for the city, seventeen miles away, flattened down on the gasoline tank of Jim's motor-cycle. He had never ridden so fast before; in fact, he had never realized that the motor-cycle was capable of such speed. His hat blew off, but he hardly knew it. The wind cut into his face like a blast of sand grains; his eyes smarted and streamed, but Lester kept the throttle open and thanked his lucky stars that the road was level. That old rattle-trap was certainly a true blue machine — regardless of appearances — what one might call an example of "handsome is that handsome does."

Belvin's Corners marked the half-way point to the city, and Lester tore through in a cloud of dust, easily

doing forty-five miles an hour. Mr. Cyrus Belvin, who had plenty of time for the various duties of store-keeper, postmaster, notary public, game-warden, and village constable, rushed from his place of business as the roaring motor-cycle — for Lester had kicked the muffler open, both as a warning and to gain a little more power — flashed by. Cyrus had no liking for motor-cyclists and dearly longed to arrest one for scorching, but all in vain. They were usually out of sight before the slow-witted constable realized they were coming, and, as in this instance, all he could do was stand in the road and shake his fist at the vanishing rider.

About two miles beyond the Corners the motor-cycle, which had hitherto run like a top, missed a few explosions, and its speed slackened noticeably. Then, without further warning, the engine stopped dead. Lester dismounted a little unsteadily, for he was not used to such riding, and looked doubtfully at the machine. He put it up on the stand and tried to make the engine run by pedaling it, as Jim usually did, but not a single explosion rewarded his efforts.

"Well is n't that the limit!" exploded Lester wrathfully.

The motor-cycle did not seem to hear; at any rate, it vouchsafed no reply, while the discomfited rider scratched his head in perplexity. The information Lester possessed about motor-cycle engines was not what one could truthfully term exhaustive. He had not the slightest idea as to the proper thing to be done in such an emergency. In a vague sort of way he understood that the spark came from the magneto and the explosive mixture from the carburetor; that the inlet-valve opened to admit the fresh charge, while the exhaust-valve provided a mode of escape for the

burned gas. But just how these mysteries were brought about was very much of a sealed book to the boy.

The distant throb of a motor-cycle came to his ears as a faint interruption to this discouraged revery, and presently the machine itself appeared around a bend. On seeing Lester standing disconsolately beside Jim's motor-cycle, the rider threw out his clutch and put on a brake, coming to a stop close by, the engine purring sweetly. How envious that sound did make Lester feel! But then his eyes fairly glistened as they took in the new-comer's motor-cycle, a brand-new two-speed twin, equipped with electric headlight, electric horn, speedometer, and other desirable features.

"What's the matter?" inquired the rider of this splendid mount. "Stalled?" The speaker was a very likable-appearing young fellow indeed, dressed in a neat riding-suit of olive green.

In a swift flood of words Lester poured out the story of his trouble, explaining how important it was that he get to the city without loss of time. The stranger stopped his engine, leaning the machine against a convenient tree.

"I guess we can fix you up all right in a minute or two," he remarked confidently.

That young man seemed to know just what to do. First he rapped his knuckles against the gasoline tank.

"Plenty of gas," he muttered. "Tank must be half full. Compression's good," he went on after a brief test, "so valves are in fair shape, at least. Carb's got gas in it, too."

Then he disconnected the magneto-cable from the spark-plug.

"Pedal the engine over," he directed Lester, meanwhile holding the end of the cable close to the plug.

The boy did as suggested, and a husky blue spark jumped across the narrow gap.

"You see the magneto's delivering the goods all right," was the verdict, "and so your trouble must be in the plug."

With a few deft twists of a wrench Lester's good Samaritan removed the spark-plug from the cylinder-head.

"There she is!" he cried, and showed Lester how a thin deposit of burned cylinder oil had formed between the points, thus causing a short circuit. A few seconds sufficed to clean the plug and replace it, when the engine ran as well as ever.

"Say, but you must know a lot about motor-cycles!" was Lester's admiring tribute. The entire time consumed had been but three or four minutes.

"Oh, that was an easy one!" laughed the other; "but almost always, when an engine balks, it's nothing worse than a dirty plug, or some little thing like that."

"Well, I can't say how much I'm obliged to you," declared Lester gratefully.

"Don't mention it!" cried the stranger heartily. "Good luck to you!" and he was off down the road.

Fortunately for Lester no other hard luck was lying in wait for him. He found travel conditions in the city difficult to one of his inexperience, but nevertheless managed to get through with no mishap, even where traffic was thickest.

The first person Lester saw, as he entered the large open hall of the court-house, was his father, standing nervously by a telephone, watch in hand.

"Good boy!" exclaimed Mr. Roberts, at sight of his hatless, dusty son. "You're just in time! there was

not another minute to lose!" and, seizing the papers, Mr. Roberts fairly ran towards the elevator.

"Gee!" mused Lester, as he retraced his way down the massive marble steps, "I reckon Dad was in some hurry, from the way he acted. But he did n't hustle as fast as I did, at that."

With the big weight of responsibility lifted from his shoulders, Lester felt quite care-free and not a little self-satisfied. There was no occasion for further hurry, and accordingly he waited to regale himself with a couple of chocolate ice-cream sodas at a convenient drug-store. They served very well to wash the dust from his throat.

During the next few days Mr. Roberts was so busy that Lester saw very little of him, and therefore had no opportunity to describe to him the various adventures of that wonderful ride. Of course he told Mrs. Roberts about it as soon as he got back.

"And gee, Mother! you ought to have seen that motor-cycle!" was Lester's conclusion to his narrative. "It was a regular lallapaloozaler!"

"Lester!" gasped his mother. "Where did you get that horrible word?"

"And that fellow that started me going again was a dandy chap, too," the boy went on, not heeding the interruption.

"It certainly was very kind of him to stop and help you as he did," agreed Mrs. Roberts. "Not every one would go to so much trouble for a boy he had never seen before."

"Oh, that's the way all motor-cycle riders do," answered Lester wisely. "They never go by a fellow that's stalled without stopping."

Shortly after dinner one day, about a week later, the Roberts' telephone rang. Lester answered it.

"That you, Les?" said a voice. "Well, come down to the shop. Got something I want to show you."

The speaker was Joe Parker, who ran the local sporting-goods store.

Lester lost no time in obeying the summons. Mr. Parker had just finished uncrating a new motor-cycle (his up-to-date little store represented a popular make of machine) and was even then in the act of straining gasoline into the tank. The motor-cycle was just like the one Lester had described in such glowing terms to his mother.

"Some boat, eh, Les?" remarked Joe with enthusiasm.

"You bet!" was all Lester could say.

With hungry eyes he watched while Joe fixed up the machine for the road. How he longed for even a short ride on that wonderful motor-cycle!

"Tell you what, Les," said Mr. Parker, with a confidential wink. "S'pose you ride the bus around this afternoon. Show it to your dad to-night and see if you can't get him to buy it for you."

Lester almost jumped out of his shoes. Then his heart sank, for he knew the price of that luxurious model.

"I'm afraid dad won't," the boy said mournfully; then he added hastily, as if fearing that Mr. Joe Parker would repent of his generous offer, "but I'd like mighty well to try it, anyway! I'll be awfully careful, too," and Lester lovingly passed his hand over the beautiful, satiny enamel of the gasoline tank.

"Sure, I know you will," rejoined the agent affably, "or I would n't let it go out."

Joe quickly showed Lester how to manage the new machine, which was the same make as Jim's, and a few minutes later the boy started away. Without exception

that afternoon was the happiest in Lester's life. He had no idea that his father would buy the motor-cycle for him, but that could not detract from the pleasure of the moment.

When he finally rode back home to supper, Mr. Roberts was on the front porch reading the paper. Naturally he manifested considerable surprise at seeing his son in possession of such a vehicle. Lester briefly stated the facts in the case, as Joe had proposed it.

"Um!" mused Mr. Roberts. "What's the price of a machine like that?"

"Three hundred dollars," whispered Lester, feeling horribly guilty.

"What!" shouted his father. "Why, that's a lot of money! I can't afford to pay three hundred dollars for a motor-cycle!"

"That's just what I told Joe, sir," returned Lester quite frankly, "but he told me to go ahead and ride it just the same."

"Well, you'd better take it back after supper."

"Yes, sir," rejoined the boy.

That was exactly what Lester had known would happen, but he did feel very much disappointed nevertheless, for he had entertained a faint hope that the motor-cycle would be his. He wished Joe had selected a less expensive machine, for a first-class motor-cycle could be bought at a far lower figure.

Lester purposely waited until dark before returning to the shop, so that he could enjoy the pleasure of riding behind the brilliant beams thrown by the powerful electric searchlight. Joe did not seem discouraged at the loss of the sale.

"Look here, Les," he suggested, with one of his confidential winks. "You keep that machine for a

day longer, and see if your dad don't change his mind. I want you to own that motor-cycle."

"What's the use?" protested the boy. "I guess I know dad well enough to know when he's made up his mind. He's not buying any motor-cycles right away."

"Well, can't I take a chance on it if I want to?" demanded Mr. Parker, banging his fist forcefully down on the saddle. "You don't stand to lose anything, do you? You get to ride the machine, and if your dad does n't come across, bring it back, and there's no hard feelings. What's the matter with that offer? What?"

Of course no one could complain of such an offer, and, when Joe put the matter as he did, Lester really could not resist longer. Therefore the motor-cycle again went back to the Roberts home, where it found comfortable quarters in the woodshed.

"Did you bring that motor-cycle back with you?" demanded Mr. Roberts, as Lester entered the room.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy meekly, "but I could n't help myself. Joe would n't let me leave it there."

"Well!" grumbled Mr. Roberts. "I must say that this Joe Parker is a very persistent sort of chap. If persistency were the only quality essential to success, he ought to be very far removed from failure."

Lester hardly knew what to make of that remark and so said nothing, but his mother suddenly looked up from the magazine she was reading.

"It's a shame to tease the poor boy so!" she declared, "and I'm going to tell him. Lester, that motor-cycle is yours. Your father paid Mr. Parker for it this morning, and between them they fixed up this way of fooling you. I guess you'll forgive them, though."

For a moment Lester was absolutely dumb. Then he found his voice.

"B-but — you — you said you could n't afford to pay three hundred dollars for a motor-cycle!" he stammered.

"Well, I could n't," answered Mr. Roberts. "I'd just paid that much for one, and another would have meant six hundred dollars."

"But I thought you did n't approve of motor-cycles, Dad," said Lester slyly, after the family had been talking the affair over for ten or fifteen minutes.

"Well," replied Mr. Roberts judicially, "to tell the truth I did n't. I said that you could n't show me a first-class argument in their favor. Then, after you had done so well in convincing me that I was altogether wrong, the only decent thing for me to do was to buy you a first-class machine. Don't you agree with me in that?"

And Lester did agree — most heartily.

XX

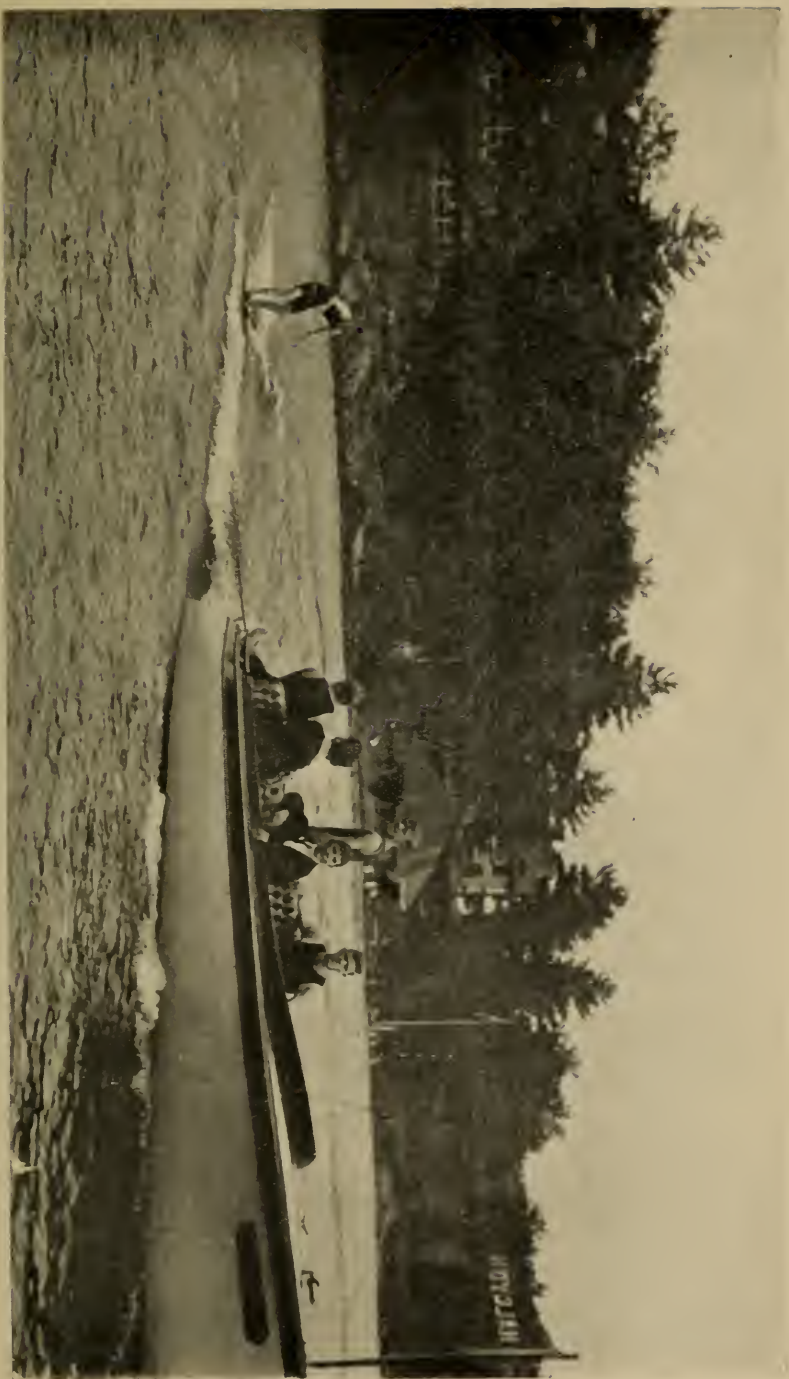
AQUAPLANE RIDING

By E. J. MORRIS, M.D.

THE youngsters at my summer home on Lake George, New York, have a sport called "aquaplane riding," which, in a manner, imitates the surf riding of the Hawaiians.

These Lake George young people, spending a great portion of their day on and in the lake, have become through environment more or less amphibious, just as all other youngsters do who have similar opportunities. Of course there is no surf at Lake George; it gets quite rough there at times, but you could hardly compare the waves on an inland lake to the surf of the ocean, and therefore the effect of the surf has to be imitated by towing the surf-board behind a motor-launch.

As used at Lake George, the aquaplane (which is only another and more high-sounding name for the surf-board of the Hawaiians) is about eight feet in length and eighteen inches wide, and is made from thin wooden strips, each about eight feet long and tongued and grooved, placed side by side until the desired width is gained, when they are held together by three battens, one at either end and one in the middle. Through the batten on one end are bored two holes, through which passes the rope by which it is towed. About eighteen feet of towing rope is used, one end being run through the holes and fastened in a long loop, the object being to have the towing rope as nearly on a line with the



THE RIDER OF THE AQUAPLANE HAS RISEN TO HIS FEET

By throwing the weight in just the proper direction, the board can be made to run from one side to the other of the wake of the launch

middle line of the board as possible. The long part of the loop is on the under side of the board, which gives the front end of the aquaplane a tendency to rise in rushing through the water. When finished, the board is covered with a strip of canvas, in order to afford the rider some sort of grip for the feet.

In practical use, the board is thrown into the water behind the launch, while lying to, and the rider climbs on the board, lying flat upon it. The launch is started, and when it has attained its speed, the rider rises to his knees, and then to a standing position. It is a matter of balance to be able to stand upon the board, and any slight deviation to either side generally means that the rider goes splashing into the water and gets a good ducking.

When that event occurs (and it does occur frequently), the rope is cast loose from the launch, and the rider swims to the aquaplane and rests quietly upon it until the launch can turn back to pick him up. Therefore there is little danger in the sport, though I would say emphatically — and shall impress it upon you by repetition — that *a boy or girl must be an expert swimmer and thoroughly at home in the water before trying the game*. Those who do attempt it, moreover, should be old enough to “keep their wits about them.”

Of course there is a knack in doing the trick, but the knack seems to come easily, and would appear to consist in standing as nearly as possible on the middle line of the board with one foot in front of the other. I notice, too, that the riders stand a little behind the center of the board, so that the front end is raised a little out of the water; but, after all, it is a matter of maintaining one's equilibrium, just as in riding a bicycle.

One other point is that the launch used for towing

should be fairly speedy, those used at Lake George having a speed of ten miles and upward an hour. The faster the launch goes, the easier it is to keep one's equilibrium, provided the launch does not exceed about fifteen miles an hour. At higher speeds the wash from the launch makes riding difficult.

Some of the riders become very expert, and one young man was particularly so. By throwing his weight in just the proper direction, he could make the board run from one side to the other of the wake of the launch, and it seemed almost impossible to dislodge him by making sharp turns or any other trick of steering. On one occasion he rode the board fully clothed, except for his shoes and stockings (as, of course, the water partly washes over the board, even at highest speed). Some one dared him to do it, and he did. The aquaplane was pulled in by its towing rope until it was close enough to the launch for him to step upon it, and after he reached his position, the towing rope was paid out from the launch until board and rider were at its end; having ridden as far as he wished, a distance of about a mile, the board was again pulled to the stern of the launch and the rider climbed aboard, nothing wet except his feet and ankles.

I have spoken of the boys as doing the riding, but, to be perfectly exact, I should tell you that the girls also are among the skilled riders. Altogether, it seems to be "great sport."

The question naturally arises, especially in the minds of the "older boys and girls" (the parents of the riders), as to the danger of the sport, and I confess that I myself looked at it a little dubiously until I saw, with my own eyes, that nothing happened to any one, even when the attempt to ride was made in rough water. Spills there were many, but they are part of the game.

Still, there are precautions which ought to be taken in order to make the sport perfectly safe.

First, I would repeat, with emphasis, that *the boy or girl who attempts to ride an aquaplane should be an experienced swimmer and thoroughly at home in the water*, and should know how to handle himself, or herself, in case of the spill, which is sure to come sooner or later, especially until the rider becomes an expert. The boy who has to be cautious in a canoe, or who does not know what to do in case it is upset, is not a sufficiently expert swimmer, and *should by no means attempt the feat of riding the board*.

Secondly, the towing rope should be fastened by only a single turn around the stern cleat of the launch, so that it can be immediately cast off when the rider falls; and one of the party on the launch should be stationed at the cleat, watching the rider, holding the free end of the rope in his hand, so that he can cast off the rope in the shortest possible time, immediately on seeing the rider fall into the water. In this way the aquaplane comes to rest but a very short distance from the swimmer, and it is a matter of two or three strokes for him to gain the board, where he rests until the launch can turn and pick him up. If the towing rope were made fast to the stern cleat, so that it could not be readily cast off, the launch would take the aquaplane for some distance from the fallen rider, and the boy might have to make a swim of it before he could gain a place to rest; but by casting off the line as soon as the rider falls, there is only a very short distance to be covered before the rider can safely rest, *lying flat* on the aquaplane, which will support him in this position, *though it will not do so, remember, if he tries to sit or stand upon it*.

Thirdly, there must be a sufficient crew on the

launch, in addition to the "man at the cleat," to manœuver it. This crew should attend strictly to the business on hand, and all skylarking is entirely out of place. (The best place for a skylarking crew is on shore, anyhow.) When the "man at the cleat" sings out that the rider has fallen, the helmsman puts the boat about and brings her to the aquaplane, the towing rope is taken aboard, and the game begins again, unless the rider is tired and some one else wishes to take his place, in which case the new rider goes overboard from the launch, swims to the aquaplane, climbs on it, the former rider is taken into the launch, and the sport is on once more. With these simple precautions, I have seen no danger in the game.

I understand that an aquaplane is manufactured by one of the sporting-goods houses, but any boy can easily make one for himself at very small cost. The ready-made aquaplanes differ slightly from the one I have described in the attachment for the towing rope. But the riders tell me that the board is not quite so easily managed.

XXI

THE TRIUMPH OF "DUTCHY"

BY J. SHERMAN POTTER

HIS whole name was Hendrik van Gelder Schmitt, but as the pupils of the Conrad High School found that too much for their unaccustomed tongues he was called "Dutchy" for short, and this title he bore throughout his whole sojourn in the school. This was his first year at Conrad, but he had had a good training in a Canadian high school before he came to the States, and as a result was put in the senior class. Here he became the chief source of amusement for the pupils, and at times even for the teachers. His faulty English and the frequent fun-poking of the pupils were often the occasions of outbursts of Anglo-Dutch which sent the class into convulsions of uncontrollable laughter. Still, he was an excellent scholar, and showed such good judgment in all questions of weighty importance in school matters that before he had been there two months he was unanimously elected the vice-president of the senior class and was defeated in the competition for presidency by only a few votes.

With the close of the foot-ball season that of hockey began, and it was not long before the rinks were covered with pupils trying to make the team.

"Vat are de rules for playing dis game?" asked Dutchy one afternoon while watching the players driving the puck across the ice.

"Oh, you can't trip anybody up, nor hold any one, nor get offside. But you can shove with your shoulders all you want in a scrimmage."

Dutchy had spent several winters in Holland before he came to America, and was considered there a good skater. He improved his ability in that direction while in Canada, and now he resolved to try for the Conrad hockey team. Stepping up to Langton, who was captain of the hockey team, he announced his intention of trying to make the five.

Dutchy got his skates, which were ones he had bought in Amsterdam, and joined the group of skaters, who greeted him warmly. Then he entered enthusiastically into the sport, and soon made it evident that he was the fastest skater and most brilliant player in the school. Every one was astonished; from that moment he became a sort of hero in the school and the boys ceased to tease him.

At last the time came for the final trials, before the team was picked. Two sides were formed, with Dutchy and Langton their respective captains. Then for two hours a desperate struggle raged, supported by brilliant playing on both sides. Four of the six goals were made by Dutchy; and he was the first one picked to represent the Conrad High School Hockey Team. This happened two weeks before Christmas, and on that day was to be fought a championship game with Conrad's old rival, Marston Academy.

"I tell you what, boys," said Langton, just before the game, "this is not going to be a cinch. In Alexander, that Indian over there, Marston has a 'crack-a-jack' player. Dutchy, you'll have to look out for him."

"Vell, I vill dry to, but perhaps he hat petter look owut alsó."

A great crowd of shivering people had gathered along the banks of the Conrad River Christmas morning to watch the great match. Here and there throughout the surging mass, could be seen the colors of the rival schools — Conrad's red and white, and Marston's blue and green.

At nine o'clock the two teams skated into their positions, the referee placed the puck in the center, blew his whistle, and the game began. For a time the rubber was kept about the center of the rink; then Alexander suddenly came out of the scrimmage with the puck in front of his stick, and, with head low and skates flashing, started for Conrad's goal. A shout of applause rang out from the Marston supporters. Dutchy sped after him like the wind, but could not overtake him, although the distance between them was but a yard. The Indian was a match for him in speed, and try as hard as he could, Dutchy could not lessen that yard. Nearer and nearer to the goal drew Alexander, and now he prepared to drive the puck into it. The Marston people were wild with delight and threw their caps into the air in a frenzy of excitement. But suddenly, with a burst of speed, a mighty lunge forward, and a quick thrust of his hockey-stick, Dutchy caught up with Alexander, and secured the puck. In the tussle for it, however, both players tripped or stumbled and sprawled along the ice, and the Conrad goaltender drove the puck out of danger. How the Conrad rooters shouted for joy! Cheer after cheer arose for Dutchy, but he got up, unmindful of the acclamations from a thousand throats, and joined his team.

Again the game raged near the center, and then it was Langton who started forth from the *mêlée* with a clear field. Alexander overtook him and captured the puck. Again a ringing cheer rose from the supporters

of the blue and green. But Dutchy was equal to the emergency, and after a fierce but short struggle between the two, away the Conrad champion sped, with the whole Marston team at his heels. He rapidly increased the distance between them and him, however, every second nearing the goal. Langton took care of Alexander, and so, with no one near him, Dutchy, with a well-directed drive, sent the puck between the goaltender's legs. Red and white flags filled the air and the Conrad cheer resounded on every side, ending with "Dutchy! Dutchy! Dutchy!"

The elated members of the Conrad school jumped up and down and waved their hats for joy, while Dutchy, with a flushed face, received the enthusiastic congratulations of his fellow-players. So ended the first half.

In the second half, Marston entered the game with a new energy. Slowly the puck, by a series of splendid plays, was driven toward the goal, when, with a brilliant dash, Alexander darted out from among the surging players and succeeded in making a goal. The score was tied, and now only a short time remained to play.

"We've got to beat them, Dutchy," said Langton to his friend; "last year they drubbed us, and now we ought to turn the tables. We have got to, that's all there is to it."

"Vell," replied the Hollander, "dat means much more vork dan pefore, I t'ink."

Again the game began, and as time went by without either side scoring, it looked as if the game would end in a tie. With grim determination Dutchy played, and seeing his chance for the third time that day, made another of his brilliant plays. Escaping the *mêlée*, he put his whole strength into his speed and started for

the Marston goal. Langton managed to keep up with him, warding off Alexander, now close behind. Then Dutchy fell in a heap on the ice, his skate having struck a twig. A groan burst forth from the spectators, but it changed to a cheer when Langton was seen with lightning speed continuing with the puck. A little later he drove it for the goal, but the goal-tender stopped it squarely with his stick and sent it far behind Langton.

By this time Dutchy had got up and was just in time to halt the sliding rubber and again start for the Marston goal. Instantly he was the center of a fierce, short struggle. How he ever came right through that mass of players without once losing the puck is, and probably always will be, one of the mysteries. But he did it, and desperately, too, he skated for that Marston goal. Langton, with the rest of his team, blocked all their opponents except the dauntless Alexander, who eluded the Conrad players and drew nearer and nearer to Dutchy. The poor fellow was so bruised from his fall and so tired that he could not skate as fast as at first. But he was now close to the goal, and swinging around, with a tremendous "whack!" he sent the puck for the second time into the goal, just before the Indian overtook him. In another minute the game closed.

The scene that followed was simply pandemonium let loose. Dutchy, now the hero of town and school, was carried home on triumphant shoulders and then three times around his own house. Then, after giving all the school yells, plentifully mixed with Dutchy's name, the last one ending with his whole title, Hendrik van Gelder Schmitt, his proud schoolmates left him to himself and departed.

XXII

TRAINING FOR INTERSCHOLASTIC ATHLETICS

By G. W. ORTON

INTERSCHOLASTIC athletics have undergone wonderful improvement in the past fifteen years, due in great measure to the systematic way in which the large colleges have encouraged the sport. Not long ago in New York in an open meet there were several hundred school-boys entered in the events. Similar large entry lists can be secured in many other large cities, while every high school and academy, no matter what its size, can boast some form of scholastic athletics. Many schools employ no professional instructors, especially in track athletics, and, because of the increasingly large number of young athletes who take part in these events, the following suggestions are offered.

It often happens that a young athlete gets into bad habits of form that are practically impossible to overcome later on, and a first-class athlete is spoiled, destined to remain among the "second-raters." More frequently, through improper training and the desire of the trainer to get all that is possible out of a boy, irrespective of his future as an athlete, the boy develops into a champion school-boy, but makes no further advancement when he is graduated into college or club athletics.

The first care of the school athletic trainer should be

to remember he is training boys, and that he has not full-grown men under his charge. The growing boy is capable of a great deal of work, but this should not be made too severe, or he will lose the nervous force which is at the bottom of all success in any sort of athletics. The exercise should be made as pleasant as possible, and the young athlete should not be allowed to specialize, or at least not in the same measure as the full-grown athlete. It is all very well for the young athlete to have his favorite event, to have one in which he is most proficient; but he should also have a certain amount of sprinting, distance-running, hurdling, jumping, and especially exercise in some form of light gymnastics, such as the chest-weights, Indian clubs, or dumb-bells. This will give him the necessary reinforcing or auxiliary muscles he will need later on, when, as a college man, he makes a real specialty of some event. By giving the young athlete exercise that tends to all-round development, the trainer will be fulfilling the object of scholastic athletics,—to send the young man forth from school fitted for college not only in mind but also in body. In their great desire to “win,” many trainers lose sight of this real object of athletics in any school. They must have “winners” at any cost, and they force the young athlete to such a degree that, though in school he does some very creditable performances, he never is heard of afterward, because his nervous force has been impaired. This is the great danger toward which competitive scholastic athletics is always drifting, and it is the duty of principals to see that the future health of the boys intrusted to their charge is not forever lessened through over-anxious athletic instructors.

The principal also should be most careful in his choice of a trainer, who, because he is older, can exer-

cise very great influence over the boys' ideas of fairness and true sportsmanship.

With just one remark on diet, we shall turn our attention to training proper. The young athlete need not undergo any system of diet. He should merely be cautioned against eating too much pastry, etc.; and three or four days before a meet the trainer should order him to give up everything but plain, healthy food, putting aside pastry, candy, and all sorts of highly seasoned viands. If he attempts to put the boy under too strict a régime, the latter will either go to one extreme or the other.

SPRINTING

No form of track athletics is as popular as sprinting, mainly because the American is a natural-born sprinter. This is shown by the fact that as a nation, we have so many very fast men in this event. The start is of prime importance in a short dash. The best start is the college start. In this the athlete practically takes the position of a cat when ready to spring. He gets on the mark, and after fixing his feet so he can dip down comfortably on his knees, waits in this position for the word to "get set." When the word is given he straightens up the rear portion of his body. In this final position he should rest steadily, and should have the weight so distributed on his feet that at the sound of the pistol he can spring forward immediately with all the power of his legs and thighs. In this start the heels and the entire leg should be kept at right angles to the finish, so that all muscles of the leg can be got into the first drive from the mark. The hands should be on "scratch," and they should be the chief means of keeping the body steady, but still ready to get away at once when the pistol fires. The young sprinter should



JAMES E. MEREDITH, WHO HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD OF
1 MIN. 52½ SEC, FOR THE HALF MILE



D. J. KELLY, HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR
100-YARD DASH

His time, 9½ seconds, made in 1906, was equalled by H. P. Drew in 1914

also remember that the first step is only part of the start. He should summon to his aid every muscle of his body during the first four or five strides, so that he can get into motion in the shortest possible time. Arthur Duffy of Georgetown, one of the greatest sprinters, owed his success not only to the fact that he was a quick starter, but also to his power to get up speed in his first four or five strides.

The matter of form in sprinting is of great importance. The athlete should have every movement directed forward. There should be no extra movement of the feet describing curves behind, nor any shortening of the stride. The body should work perfectly with the legs, and it should be held slightly forward, so that all the power can be put into running.

In training for the sprint, the young athlete should first make sure of his start. This can be obtained in only one way,—by practice. He should get off his mark, running only fifteen or twenty yards, but being careful he is doing it in good form and at his highest possible speed. Speedwork in any kind of running, however, should not be tried until the athlete first has had some preliminary training of a general character to get him in condition for active training. After making several starts, he may go through to sixty or seventy yards, but he should not go the full one hundred yards at top speed oftener than twice a week. He should, however, cover the hundred yards at three-quarter speed every day.

If the sprinter is naturally a fifty-yard runner he should get more of the full one hundred yard work than if he is slow at the first fifty. In the latter case the boy should be all the more careful in practising starts and in running thirty or forty yard dashes.

If a sprinter also wishes to run the two hundred and

twenty yards, which is usually called a sprint though it is not properly such, he should lengthen out his work; but he should be just as careful of his start as though he were merely training for a forty-yard dash.

The sprinter should run against the wind in training, because he is likely to have to do this in a race. In a real race, the sprinter should never look over his shoulder to see where his opponents are, as that takes his mind off his running, and involuntarily he slackens speed. The sprinter should put all his mind on his work, and should run into the tape at top speed. Many a race has been lost at the tape because of letting up at the finish, thinking the race won. In sprints an inch often decides a race; there is no time for looking around or slackening speed.

After taking the regular starts, a sprinter should finish his work in the training quarters by exercise for the back, abdominal muscles, the arms and the chest. Occasionally, after his sprints, he should take a jog, running a half-mile or so, but easily, and merely as a form of exercise.

MIDDLE-DISTANCE RUNNING

The quarter and half mile are called the middle distances because the first is not a sprint, and the latter is faster than the real distance gait. In the former a certain amount of speed is necessary, with staying power a secondary quality; while in the latter the staying power must be reinforced by an ability to set a speedy pace. The quarter-miler must have speed, while the half-miler cannot get along without staying power, no matter how great his speed may happen to be. The most successful quarter-milers have been those who have been able to do close to ten seconds for the hundred yards, and, together with this ability, have staying

qualities allowing them to maintain a high rate of speed throughout the entire four-hundred-and-forty yards.

Thus, in training for the "quarter," the athlete first should make up his mind as to which characteristic he most lacks. If he has staying power, he should put most of his time on speed work, while if he has natural speed, he should lengthen out his work so that gradually he is able to go the entire distance without faltering. As a general rule it is well for the quarter-miler to pay much attention to his speed, for he cannot have too much of that quality; but he also should be sure to run the full distance often enough to guarantee that he can maintain a stiff pace the entire distance.

In training for the "quarter," a schedule might be adopted as follows: Every day the athlete should run four or five thirty- or forty-yard dashes at full speed, to gain quickness and an ability to get away from the mark the instant the pistol is fired. This is very necessary, as on most tracks the "quarter" starts near the corner, and very frequently the good starter gets to the corner first and is not bothered, while the poor starter is jostled all the way around the first turn, and often put out of the entire race. After this speed work, the athlete should run two hundred or three hundred yards at quarter-mile racing speed. Twice a week he should sprint the two hundred and twenty yards at full speed. He should jog the quarter at fair speed almost every day; but he should not have more than one trial a week at the full distance.

The general form at this distance is not the same as when sprinting. The quarter-miler should try to get into a long, easy swing, and he should not "tie up" in his running until the very last hard spurt for home, when the best quarter-milers will shorten their stride if they have run the first part of the race at their best

speed. The quarter-mile is a punishing event, and no athlete can expect to run it as it should be run without feeling the pace during the last hundred yards. A conscious mental effort to keep the stride even and maintain form will be found to be of much use at the end of the quarter-mile.

The half-mile runner should also develop a long, swinging stride, for the best of our half-mile runners have been tall men with a good burst of speed,—very strong, but with an easy stride. Kilpatrick, a world's champion in his day, and Hollister of Harvard, a former intercollegiate record-holder, were examples of this. The half-miler should learn to sprint and start, and he should do considerable quarter-mile work. He should occasionally run the full quarter at racing speed, but more frequently he should go through the four hundred and forty, the five hundred yards, or the six hundred and sixty yards at half-mile racing speed. This will give him his speed, and if he runs through the half-mile occasionally he will develop a sprint at the finish.

Here, as in the quarter, the runner should do more or less fast work, according to whether he is naturally suited to the distance. If the half seems a little too long for him, he should lengthen out his work occasionally to three-quarters, or even a mile. If he has plenty of staying power but is lacking in speed, he should do more sprinting. A curious instance of this is furnished by the experience of Dohm of Princeton and Downs of Harvard, away back in the eighties. Downs was a quarter-miler, while Dohm was a half-miler. They both entered each event at the college championships. Dohm, in his efforts to get fast enough to defeat Downs at the quarter, did a great deal of sprinting and neglected his distance work. Downs, on the

other hand, thought he had sufficient natural speed to defeat Dohm, but lacked the staying power. He therefore did much training at the full half-mile and even longer distance. On the day of the race each of these athletes showed the effect of this special training, for Dohm won the quarter, while Downs took first in the half. Each half-miler, therefore, should train according to his natural ability, developing either speed or staying power as he stands most in need. But in general it will be found safest to do considerable sprinting in addition to the necessary distance work.

DISTANCE RUNNING

One of the prime requisites for a distance runner is style or form. The more easily he runs, the less effort he expends, the greater speed will he be able to maintain over a given distance. The young athlete should strive to develop a long, easy stride; but he should never over-stride, as that is exhausting. He can, however, develop a longer stride by careful practice. In long distances every inch added to the stride makes seconds gained at the finish of the race. Experience of our best runners proves that distance running is a branch of track athletics that needs much practice. Many distance runners have triumphed over poor style, even poor physique, by everlastingly keeping at it and developing muscles which are needed for long distances. Much practice is necessary, so that staying qualities may be developed to the required standard. Most of the scholastic mile runners have made the mistake of thinking that, because they are training for a distance event, they should do no fast work. The distance man should go through his full distance every day, unless he is training for a five- or ten-mile race, when that is unnecessary. The mile is the standard

distance race in scholastic sports. The runner should cover this full distance every day, but seldom at racing speed. He should do occasional half-miles, and three times a week go three-quarters of a mile at mile racing speed. This will give him the pace for the distance without exhausting him. The mile runner, as indicated above, should also do some sprinting and quarter-mile work. It stands to reason that a man who can do fifty-five seconds for a "quarter" is better qualified to run the first quarter of his mile in one minute and eight seconds than the man who can do only a minute for the "quarter." Speed will make easier the holding of the pace in a race, while it will be found a very comforting quality when drawing near the finish.

The great thing for a distance runner to remember is his style in the last third of the mile. Here he is getting tired and, if he does not think of it, will lose his form, chop his stride, and begin to fall back. A conscious effort to retain form will result in helping the runner to do so. If the runner can change his style during the last three hundred yards of a mile, and strike a quarter-miler's gait, which is really a sprint, he will finish much faster than if he is unable to do this.

The distance runner, and the quarter and half-miler as well, should not forget to take exercises for the abdominal muscles, the back, etc., for without these the distance runner will hardly ever do well.

THE HIGH HURDLE

One of the prettiest events on any athletic program is the high hurdle. This is an event which needs much attention to form. The special attention given to form in this event aided by the example of such men as Kraenzlein, Shaw, and such famous hurdlers, has improved the standard of hurdlers very much in recent

years. In the olden days a sixteen-second man was looked upon as a wonder; but we now have many of them, and this has been due to the speedier form instituted by Kraenzlein and others, also to better training methods. It is necessary therefore that the young hurdler learn first how to get over the sticks in the most up-to-date manner, and then work for speed. One reason why many high hurdlers do not progress steadily, but remain at a certain stage without improvement, is because they strive for speed over the sticks before they have mastered the form.

In the days of Puffer and Stephen Chase, the hurdle race was even a prettier event to watch than it is to-day. Then they sailed over the sticks very prettily, there was a distinct glide through the air, and the motion was stopped after each hurdle. The science of hurdling now demands that the athlete get over the hurdle with the greatest possible speed, flip himself over without any glide in the air, and so throw his feet and body that the very effort to clear the hurdle hurls the runner on to the next hurdle. This style, while not so pretty from the spectator's standpoint, is much faster, and Kraenzlein must be given the credit for fathering and developing it.

Kraenzlein in topping the sticks would use his hip as a swivel, and throw the first leg over the hurdle, not trying to get distance on the further side of the hurdle. His main idea was to get his leg over as quickly as possible. The other leg followed after, but it was not dragged. It was brought up smartly, so that when his first leg hit the ground on the other side of the hurdle, his other leg was in position for the next stride. This is the leg motion, but the young hurdler will find that in order to get the above result he must use his body as a lever and his arms as a means of balancing and pro-

pulsion. When throwing the first leg over, the body is doubled up like a jack-knife, as this not only helps to get the leg over the hurdle, but aids the speed with which the hurdler gets over. The right arm is thrown forward if the right leg is first over; the left arm is then brought up with a rush while the other leg is being swung across the hurdle, so that when the runner hits the ground after clearing the hurdle he is in a natural position for running, and can put all his effort to getting speed between hurdles. The runner should remember that when going at a hurdle he should keep his chest squarely facing it. The body is the lever, and if it is not held straight when going over the hurdle, the runner will not alight squarely on his feet, and will lose form and speed between hurdles. In this event the runner should plan to take but three strides between hurdles.

The hurdler when practising this event should try to get over the hurdle as closely as possible. He will find that it takes very strong development to throw him over the hurdle in Kraenzlein's fashion, and he must pay great attention to his back, chest, arm, and abdominal muscles. The high hurdle is a sprint distance, and, besides his practice over the sticks, the hurdler should take regular sprint training. He should constantly practise starting, and get as speedy as possible. The hurdler should also practise until he has perfected his stride between hurdles so that, with his mind relieved of this worry, he can put all his efforts into speed.

THE LOW HURDLE

Kraenzlein also revolutionized low hurdling. This was the event in which the world's champion first came to public notice. His form, unlike that of his predecessors, was noticeable for the fact that there was no



KRAENZLEIN GOING OVER THE LOW HURDLE



KRAENZLEIN TAKING THE HIGH HURDLE

It will be seen the positions are practically identical for both high and low hurdles

glide over the hurdle. He merely took the low hurdle in his stride, and seemed able to run nearly as fast over the low sticks as if he were running on the flat. That this was no idle dream was shown when, in his first year in the East, he defeated Bremer, the then world's record-holder, beating his record by one and one-fifth seconds, and putting the figures at twenty-three and three-fifth seconds. Kraenzlein seemed built for the low sticks. With him there was practically no lateral or side motion of the leg. When he came to a hurdle he merely went into the air about five inches, but otherwise went over the hurdle in his stride. He may have swung the first foot up a little farther than was natural when running on the flat, but he was so exact in "hitting the hurdle" that he seemed to take them in his stride, and apparently did not go into the air more than a few inches. He did not slow up at all. This is the style that has been copied ever since he appeared on the track; but it seems difficult to attain, because it needs a man of a certain build, and, in addition, it is a dangerous style unless run perfectly. Though most low hurdlers aim at Kraenzlein's form, all have more or less lateral movement of the legs, and more or less glide over the hurdle, both of which means time wasted in comparison with Kraenzlein's style. Every young hurdler should try to attain the form which was so instrumental in making the world's champion the holder of all standard hurdle records.

Kraenzlein took seven strides between hurdles, and this is the best number. If eight are taken that means the hurdler will have to learn to hurdle with either his right or left leg forward, as he will hit the hurdles alternately with right and left leg. If the young runner cannot get the seven strides, and is yet undeveloped as to stride, it may pay him to use nine strides instead

of eight, as it is seldom that a runner can be found who can hurdle equally well with either leg forward. It is most important in this event, as in the high hurdles, that the aspirant for hurdle honors should practise till he has his stride between hurdles letter perfect. After he has this, and has attained good form over the sticks, he can go at the hurdles full speed and not waste any effort.

This event is also a sprint distance, and the runner should take regular sprint training, but, as the two hundred and twenty yards hurdle is longer than the high hurdles, he should run two hundred and twenty and three hundred yards on the flat occasionally. Here, again, the runner must not forget to take exercise for his arms, chest, back, and abdominal muscles.

XXIII

COACHING THE COACH

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK

“IT was n’t much of an argument,” Coach Emerson confessed to his relay team. “I simply suggested that we have each runner pass the stick to the next, rather than merely touch hands. Rogers alone objected. He runs the last lap.”

None of the four to whom he was speaking offered any comment.

“You see,” explained the coach, “he probably figured that if the race were very close, he could get away an instant before the third runner touched him.”

“Oh, you ’re wrong, Mr. Emerson; I ’m sure you ’re wrong,” said “Midget” Blake, flushing with the earnestness of his defense. “I know Rogers. He is n’t that sort at all. He would n’t even think of taking an unfair advantage.”

“I suppose not,” agreed the coach, in a tone that meant nothing of the sort. “Anyhow, the use of the stick obviates any possibility of trickery; that is why it has been adopted so widely. Now, if you are ready, we might as well go out to the track.”

As he turned to follow the leader from the dressing-room, little Blake allowed his brow to pucker into a worried frown.

“I wish,” he told himself, “that he understood college honesty a little better. I ’m afraid he has seen so

much of professional sports since he graduated, that he has grown cynical. If he could only be made to recognize our point of view ! ”

But once the boy was out upon the main floor of the gymnasium, with its saucer-like running-track, and its delirium of lights, pennants, moving crowds, and crashing band, he forgot everything save the desire to be instrumental in winning the race. This indoor meet was to serve as the first public exhibition of the new relay team, but even the Midget, modest to a fault, knew that it could run as had no other within his memory, unless it were last season's champions, whom they met to-night. To vanquish them, therefore, meant the elimination of the most dangerous four they would be asked to face in the struggle for final honors.

Almost before he realized it, the race began. The band stopped suddenly, and the great crowd gasped and fell silent. Then a shot rang out ; and around the oval, slanting track ran Stone, of his team, and some tall, thin chap of the visiting four. Side by side they raced, neither able to wrest a yard's advantage from the other. The great room was a babel of noise.

“ Get ready, Shaw,” he heard his coach say, and good old Terry, who ran the second relay, walked, trembling with excitement, to the starting-line. The Midget puzzled gravely over his team-mate's display of emotion, and could not understand it until he recalled that he himself must take up the race where Shaw dropped it. His own cheeks reddened hotly, and his fists persisted in clenching and unclenching spasmodically as he watched and waited.

Stone swept around the last sharp curve, with his body leaning far inward, and held out his little block of wood. Still running by his side, the other man thrust forward a similar one. Two clutching hands closed

upon them, and Shaw and his opponent were off upon the second relay.

Midget Blake walked out upon the track. He was breathing hard, and his knees wobbled treacherously. The great spluttering arc-lights blinded him. It was suffocatingly hot, too, and already his forehead was moist with perspiration.

He waited seconds for the runner to reach him. To his tortured brain they seemed hours. At last, when the suspense was driving twitches through every muscle of his body, he heard the grateful *thud-thud* of feet behind him. Half turning, he held out his hand. But it was not Shaw. Terry had stumbled somewhere on one of the deceiving curves, and lost a full five yards. When the Midget finally had the precious block of wood in his hand, the runner against whom he was pitted was already at the first turn, his twinkling legs showing with grotesque clearness against the padded canvas of its slanting background.

Midget Blake fixed his eyes on the bobbing red head of the boy in front of him, and urged himself toward it with every muscle of his lithe legs and every beat of his stout heart. On the straight-away portions of the track, he leaned forward till it seemed he must fall; on the curves, he leaned inward till those near the racers moved rapidly away in alarm. Always he kept his unwavering gaze upon the stubby shock of red hair that flaunted before him; and, bit by bit, it grew nearer and more distinct.

His wonderful burst of speed brought the spectators to their feet, and set them cheering frantically. He did not hear them. He did not even know they had arisen. He was dumb to everything but the *thud-thud* of the other runner's foot-beats, and the beckoning auburn of his jerking head. His only thought was the

dogged determination to reach and pass that other boy. If he could do that, and reach his mate, Clarke Gordon, in time to give him a slight lead, he was confident of the ultimate result of the race.

The time came when the red head was before his very face. He swerved, ever so slightly, and parted his lips in a grin as he saw from the corner of his eye that it was by his side. Then he was in front of it, almost at the end of his relay, with Gordon holding out his hand and smiling encouragement to him. By Clarke's side, Rogers, of the visitors, waited impatiently.

But just as he came within a few feet of Gordon, Blake tripped suddenly, and fell, plunging toward his team-mate from the impetus of his running. The accident was embarrassing, to be sure, but could hardly have occurred at a luckier spot. Even as he sprawled helplessly toward Clarke, that runner took a quick side-step, to prevent a violent collision, and dashed forward upon the last relay of the race, with a clean lead of three yards.

Midget Blake jumped ruefully to his feet, and rubbed the bruised spots upon his elbows. Nobody was watching him now; every eye was fixed upon the two runners circling the track. Never were two sprinters more evenly matched. From start to finish, they ran separated by almost the precise number of inches that had marked the initial lead. After it was over, and Gordon had won, the Midget insisted that his mate's final advantage was three yards and one foot, but this extra gain Clarke solemnly denied. He had defeated Rogers, he said flatly, by exactly the same margin with which Blake had led his opponent to the finishing-line.

Then the cheering students who had watched the race charged upon the contestants. Gordon was caught

and lifted high upon the shoulders of proud friends and classmates. Shaw and Stone fared no better. But the Midget, who had gone through all this before, slipped out of the door to the stairway that led down to the baths. He was the second runner to reach them. Rogers was the first. Blake grinned at him, said, "Tough luck!" and asked him why he was in such a hurry.

"I am going back home on the ten-thirty train," explained Rogers. "I think I have just time to make it. The other fellows, you know, are to stay over for the morning express."

In the meantime, an argument had arisen in a corner of the main room above. Banner, the little red-haired runner of the visiting team, had rushed aggressively to his coach, who in turn had found one of the officials.

"Did Gordon have his stick when he finished?" he demanded.

Near them, Emerson turned suddenly to listen. The official looked annoyed.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," the latter replied. "There he is now; I'll ask him."

A minute later, he returned to the little group. From his look, Emerson knew what to expect.

"Gordon tells me," the man explained, "that he dropped it somewhere while he was running the last lap."

"He never had it," exploded Banner. "Blake fell just as he reached him, and forgot to hand it over at all. Why, I was just where I could see what took place."

"Directly behind Blake, eh?" It was Emerson's cynical voice. "Oh, this is all nonsense. The race is ended and won."

"It's not ended, by any means," declared the other coach, angered by Emerson's positive decision, "and it's not won. I shall protest."

"You have no grounds for argument."

"Have n't I? Have n't I now? Who proposed the adoption of the stick? Why, if Blake admits that he failed to pass it, Gordon must be disqualified for running without it. Banner here knows the truth, and Rogers —"

"Where is Mr. Rogers?" asked the official.

"I — I'm afraid he has gone. He wanted to catch a train at ten-thirty, and had to leave."

The man pondered. "Well," he decreed, "it rests with the runners' evidence. So far as I am concerned, I failed to notice any violation of the rules. If you care to thresh out the case, and bring me the affidavits of all concerned, I shall be forced to re-open it."

"You will have to prove that Blake really did not pass the stick," Emerson reminded.

"Oh, you admit now, do you, that we have grounds for argument?" smiled the other coach. "All right. I tell you, I shall protest the race."

It was useless to prolong the discussion. Emerson nodded shortly, and marched to the dressing-room, where he found the rest of his team.

"Do you remember, Midget," said the coach, "whether you passed the stick to Gordon as you fell?" Blake looked up with a smile. "I was so excited," he confessed, "that I might have thrown it to the ceiling. Why?"

"Because," explained Emerson, "young Banner, who was finishing the third relay behind you, says you did n't give it to Gordon. If this is so, we shall probably have the victory taken from us."

"But we won it." The voice was that of Stone.

"It's this way," explained the coach, setting forth the arguments of the excitable Banner. When he was done, they all fell silent for many seconds. Blake himself was the first to speak.

"But they were beaten fairly enough, anyhow," he persisted, wrinkling his brow over the matter, "and it's hardly sportsmanlike to quibble over a technicality."

"It's anything to win," Emerson pointed out with an expressive shrug. "The race may have to be run over. But if they are going to such desperate lengths, we can match them. You see, they must prove Blake failed to pass the stick."

"But did he fail?" asked Terry Shaw, in all innocence. "How about it, Mister Runner?"

"I can't recall," answered the Midget, shaking his head and looking away at the low murmur of disappointment. "I think — no, I have no right to guess. Gordon says I did; he would n't lie. On the other hand, Banner says I did not; I know he believes he is telling the truth. Fellows, I was so excited that I have n't the faintest recollection of what happened as I fell."

"Suppose," suggested Emerson, "that you are called upon for your evidence. If you say you don't remember, it will be equivalent, so far as the officials are concerned, to a confession that you did fail to pass it, but don't care to admit the fact."

"But that's all I can say, is n't it?" mildly protested the boy.

"Not at all," dissented Emerson. "If you are not certain, I don't want you to say that you gave it to Gordon. But the chances are that you really passed it to him. When your evidence is asked for, testify that you believe you did, but are not absolutely sure.

That is merely a more convincing way of confessing you don't know."

"I — I can't say that, Mr. Emerson."

"Why not?"

"Because it would be misleading. I do not know what I did. You don't. Banner was as excited as I was, and I don't believe he does, either, although I am certain he honestly thinks he is right. So, you see, I can't say I think I passed it to Gordon."

"Oh, come now, Midget, that's drawing the line altogether too fine. I don't ask you to lie, do I?"

"No," agreed the boy, a little uncertainly, "but — well, I am afraid we two do not look at it in just the same light."

Emerson tried a new tack. "Blake," he said, "we are rounding into a splendid team. If this victory stands, we have an excellent chance to win every race this spring. Now, I am asking you to do what you can to make this victory count; and I am asking it in the name of the other fellows on the four. How about a sacrifice of conscientious scruples for their sake? You are not the only one concerned."

The boy looked at the others. Gordon's lean, frank face wore an expression of harassed suspense. Stone's was plainly a scowl. Even Shaw's had lost its usual cheery smile. The Midget's decision meant a very great deal to them all.

"And then I want you to consider me," went on Emerson's persuasive voice. "I've tried to help you, Midget, as well as the others, and I have done it gladly, freely, without the thought of exacting return from you. But, now that the opportunity has come, I ask you, for the sake of the fellows and me, to do as I suggest. Will you?"

Midget Blake did not hesitate. "I can't do it, sir;

I must tell the truth. If I believed I passed the stick, I should say so. But I do not remember, and I cannot even suggest that I did."

"Not even for the sake of your team-mates?" asked Emerson, confident of their attitude.

"Ask them if I shall."

The coach turned to the still little group about him. There was no need of putting the question into words. It was Gordon who acted as spokesman for the trio.

"I think, Mr. Emerson, that Blake is right. He can only say that he does not know. Do you fellows agree with me?"

The other two murmured "Yes," with emphatic nods of their heads.

To Emerson the decision was a shock. He had been confident of their sympathy. To him the victory was the thing, and, although he detested all that was dishonorable, this mere re-wording of a sentence meaning so much had seemed entirely justifiable.

There was a long silence, embarrassing in its intensity and duration. Presently Emerson walked over to a window that fronted toward the campus. The little clock on the wall ticked off a minute or more before he turned and came back.

"Blake," he said, holding out his hand, "I want to apologize to you, and to you others. I was wrong. I see it quite clearly now, and I'd give a lot — a whole lot — if I had n't said what I did, and if I had n't believed it myself. Losing the race does n't matter half so much as losing one's respect for oneself. I have been out in the professional world so long that I am afraid my moral nature was warping a little. It's straightened again, though; I've had my lesson. And, fellows, it will stay straight if we don't win another race this spring."

Then, before they could speak, he was at the door. As he went out, he called back, "Thank you — all of you!"

An hour later, Emerson called up Blake on the telephone.

"The other coach has just been here," he informed the runner, "and he apologized for his attitude this evening. They have been talking it over, and have decided that it is hardly sportsmanlike to protest. He says"—here the voice of the speaker became unusually gruff—"that we won fairly enough. His boys have no desire to take advantage of a technicality."

The Midget moistened his lips. "What did you tell him?" he asked.

"I — why — hello — I said we could not consider accepting his decision. If his team won, it won, that's all. I told him we wanted an honest victory, technically and actually, or none at all, and that we would n't accept a doubtful victory."

"Good for you, Coach!" shouted Blake, who understood how much the sacrifice of the victory meant to Emerson. "I'm going to drop around and see you to-morrow. Good night."

When he called the next afternoon, the coach greeted him with a smile, and held out a telegram. "Read it," he said. "It's from the protester."

Midget Blake read:

· Profound apologies. Rogers says Banner wholly mistaken. Former saw Gordon drop stick half-way around track. Banner misled by excitement during race; begs you believe claim regretful error, not wilful misrepresentation.

"Why, of course we believe it," the runner said unhesitatingly.

"Of course," the coach echoed sincerely.

XXIV

“SKEETER”

BY OSCAR LEWIS

IT was nearing the end of the long summer twilight and the basket-ball team at Fenton Park had been forced to call their practice game on account of darkness. Several of the boys still lingered behind on the turf court at one corner of the little playground for a few moments of field-goal practice before changing their clothes at the club-house and hastening home.

In the group was Tom Kane, captain of Fenton Park's team, who played center, and Harry Fuller, one of the forwards. Both the guards were present also, and several members of the second team.

And, of course, little “Skeeter” Hall was there, too. One could always depend upon finding “Skeet” on the basket-ball court as long as any one else remained. It had even been rumored that he sometimes stayed behind after all the others had left, practising free throws and field goals and dribbling rushes, especially dribbling rushes; they were Skeeter's specialty. Sometimes it would be quite dark before he returned to the little club-house at the far end of the grounds, walking slowly and reluctantly, and dribbling the ball before him as he came down the path. Skeeter liked the game, there could be no doubt about that.

It was a real misfortune that Skeeter was so outrageously small; every one of the boys at Fenton Park

agreed to that, for they wanted him on the team. He was so serious, and so good-natured, and so vitally interested in everything. But the chief reason why they wanted him on the team was because he was such a whirlwind of a player,—“a regular untamed wildcat when he gets hold of the ball,” Mr. Wirt, their young physical director and coach had once said.

Fenton Park needed good players that season, too, which made them regret Skeeter's ridiculous size all the more. In the series of games for the championship trophy offered by the playground commission, little Fenton Park, the smallest and most recently established of the city's playgrounds, had battled itself into the semi-finals, winning the five preliminary games without a single reverse. But as the race had narrowed down and the less expert teams were eliminated, each succeeding victory had been harder won. The score at the end of each game became closer, and several times Fenton Park had managed to make their winning goal only in the last few minutes of play.

The Saturday before, they had played the semi-final with the team from big Mosswood Park in Piedmont. They had seemed hopelessly outclassed at the end of the first half, but had come back in the second, playing so desperately as to even the score. And then, in the last half minute of play, Tom Kane had thrown a brilliant field goal half-way across the court which had won the game and the right to compete a week later in the final test for the championship trophy.

They were discussing their chances of winning this deciding game as they stood there in the twilight that evening, ranged in a semicircle about one of the goals, each in turn tossing the ball through the iron circle above.

“Lakeside Park has a ‘gym,’ which gives their team

an inside court to practice on,” Mr. Wirt was saying, glancing at the same time about the flat, treeless little area of their own park, and at the bare factory walls that rose up on three sides. “That, of course, is an advantage to them. Then, too, their team practises a couple of hours each afternoon, whereas most of you fellows work till five o’clock, and we are lucky to get in an hour an evening before darkness comes along and shuts us off. All of which,” added the coach, with a smile, “gives us one very marked advantage over them: we realize our limitations, and we won’t go into the game over-confident.”

“Small chance of over-confidence on our side,” agreed Tom Kane. “All we have to do in order to cure ourselves of that is to remember those two guards on the Lakeside team. Just look at their record this season! Not a single team has scored more than six points on them. Lakeside claims to play a perfect defensive game, and I guess they’re right. And — well, a team must score points in order to win!”

“Those Lakeside guards are wonders,” admitted the coach. “Our forwards will have a hard time; that seems certain. Still, we’ll do the best we can; I’m sure of that. And no team can do more.”

The captain’s gaze roved about the group and fell upon the deeply interested face of Skeeter Hall in the background. “Too bad we can’t turn Skeet loose on those Lakeside guards,” he said, regretfully.

Every one turned smilingly to the little “sub” who grinned good-naturedly and shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

“Why don’t you weigh twenty-five pounds more, Skeet?” demanded Tom. “If you did, we would feel a lot more confident about next Saturday’s game. But you’re too light. Those guards would carry you

around under one arm, and you wouldn't have a chance to get your hands on the ball."

"I guess you're right, Tom," said Skeeter regretfully. His tone was exaggeratedly solemn as he spoke, and his face showed not a flicker of the amusement they all knew was behind it. Every one broke into a laugh.

"You're all right, Skeet, even if there is so little of you," said some one. "You will be big enough next season, and then we'll win the trophy sure, no matter how we come out this time."

"Better run in now, fellows, and have your shower," broke in the coach at this point. "You might catch cold standing out here."

The group started off at a run toward the clubhouse, and the coach followed more slowly, carrying the ball under his arm. He had not gone far when he heard some one at his side. He turned and found that it was Skeeter Hall.

"What's the matter, Sherman?" he asked. "Why don't you go in and dress?"

"May I have the ball for a while longer, Mr. Wirt? I'll lock it up when I get through, so you won't have to wait. I'd like to practice a little longer."

"But it's almost dark."

"I know. But I've an idea and I want to try it out, if you don't mind."

"Of course, I don't mind, Sherman," returned the coach. "Here's the ball; practice as long as you like."

But after Skeeter had thanked him and rushed back to the deserted court, the coach stood for several moments looking after him through the twilight. "Now, I wonder what he is up to this time?" he mused, as he turned finally and continued on his way to the clubhouse.

The coach had occasion to ask himself that question many times during the days that followed, and not he alone but every one in the park was puzzled to account for Skeeter's new and mysterious activity.

“It seems that Skeet just about lives on the basketball court these days,” Harry Fuller said one afternoon toward the end of the week. “Wonder what he's up to?”

“I happened to pass here this morning,” put in another, “and Skeet was out on the court, so I stopped and watched. Do you know what he was practising? Dribbling rushes; nothing else at all. He just ran steadily up and down the court dribbling the ball before him, bouncing it up and down on the ground with his hand, you know. But he did n't run in a straight line; he was forever zig-zagging back and forth, and darting off suddenly in all sorts of unexpected directions. You all know how quick he is, like a flash. And always he wound up at the end of the court with a quick shoot for the goal. He made the goal, too, every time. Funny, was n't it?”

“Yes; he has something up his sleeve, that's clear.”

But Skeeter himself seemed in no hurry to solve the mystery, for he always evaded their questions, dismissing the matter as of no consequence, and it was not until a few minutes before the start of the big game with Lakeside that he made known the plan upon which he had spent so many hours.

The game was to be played on the court at Lakeside's big “gym,” and the Fenton Park team were in their dressing-room just off the crowded main floor, waiting to be called out for their preliminary practice, when Tom Kane felt a hand rested hesitatingly on his shoulders. He found the serious, excited face of Skeeter Hall looking up at him.

"I — I," began the other, glancing about nervously. "Suppose we go over to that bench in the corner. I've something to tell you, and it's important."

"All right, Skeet, fire away," encouraged Tom when they had reached the bench, wondering at the same time what had so excited the little "sub," for Skeeter was usually calm under all circumstances.

"It's — it's going to be a hard game, I suppose," he began, and then paused, hesitating.

"Yes, of course it's going to be a hard game," agreed Tom. "But see here, Skeet, that's not what you dragged me over here to say. You've something on your mind; now out with it!"

Skeeter broke into an embarrassed grin. "Well, you admit that the game is going to be a hard one, Tom," he began slowly. "And,—well, the score may go against us, you know, and — and if it does I — I — well," he finished finally, "if we're behind, I want you to let me play guard for the last five minutes."

Tom hesitated at this unexpected request, and Skeeter hurried on, his eyes fairly sparkling with excitement and earnestness.

"I have a scheme, Tom, and I think it will work against Lakeside. Anyhow, if we are losing, it can't make much difference if I go in for a few minutes at the end, can it? My plan may win the game. It's a good idea, and I've spent quite a lot of time trying to get it as perfect as I can, and — well, what do you say, Tom?"

At that moment the coach's head appeared in the door and his voice came across to them. "All right, fellows," he called, throwing open the door that led out upon the court. "It's time to warm up now. The game starts in five minutes!"

Tom rose to his feet. "You're mighty careful to

keep this idea all to yourself,” he laughed down at his companion as they started for the door. “And — and —” he hesitated, “well, all right, Skeet, I promise. If things are going against us toward the last, I’ll put you in.”

The game was to be a hard-fought one, that was evident from the first toss-up. For a full ten minutes neither side scored. In spite of their widely different methods of play, the teams were very evenly matched. Fenton Park, lacking the thorough preliminary training of their opponents, played a more “ragged” game; their passing was less sure, and their combination plays often were broken up before they were well started. The Lakeside team, on the other hand, intent upon their cautious, scientific game, lost much of the spontaneous dash and enthusiasm that distinguished Fenton Park’s play.

Although for some time neither side was able to score, the game was by no means lacking in thrills, and from the crowd about the side of the court and in the gallery overhead came continuous bursts of cheers and applause as the ball, hovering perilously about one or the other of the goals, was captured finally by the guards and sent flying back to the center of the court.

But as the game advanced, little Skeeter Hall, sitting on a bench at one end of the court with several other substitutes, saw that the play returned with increasing frequency to threaten Fenton Park’s goal. A dozen times the vigilant guards sent it flying back down the court, only to have it return slowly but steadily after a moment. And then, suddenly, Lakeside scored twice; one after the other. Several minutes later their center threw a long field goal, making the score 6 to 0, in their favor. And then, after a struggle lasting nearly five minutes during which the

ball never left Fenton Park's territory, Lakeside scored yet again and the half ended, 8 to 0.

"It's those guards," said Harry Fuller, Fenton Park's star forward, while the team was resting in the dressing-room between halves. "They seem to be on all sides of a fellow at once. You can't even pass the ball, let alone try for a goal!"

The second half continued much as had the first. Fenton Park, playing desperately, managed to prevent their opponents from increasing their lead, but not once were they able to score for themselves. Always when they threatened Lakeside's territory, the two opposing guards intervened and sent the ball snapping across from player to player down the court and out of danger. Fenton Park was awarded a free throw when the game was three-quarters over, for some minor breach of rules by their opponents. Tom Kane threw the goal from the foul line and scored Fenton Park's lone point.

The game continued for five minutes more, desperately contested but without further scoring, and then suddenly Fenton Park's captain called for time out to make a change in line-up.

"All right, Skeet," he called briefly across the hall, and with an eager bound the little "sub" had left the bench and sought his place.

The play went on without noticeable change. The ball at the moment was in the vicinity of Lakeside's goal, but Skeeter, waiting eagerly at the other end of the court, knew that it would remain there only a short time. He was not mistaken, for soon a passing rush got under way and the ball came sweeping down toward Fenton Park's goal. An instant more and Skeet at last was in the midst of the play.

Not more than three seconds later an astonishing

thing began to happen. There had been a series of short and rapid passes before Fenton Park's goal, and then suddenly a small and surprisingly active figure detached itself from the group. It was Skeeter Hall, and he was in possession of the ball, dribbling it along skilfully before him with one hand.

“All right, Skeet,—pass!” came Tom's voice nearby, for it is not the business of the guard to advance the ball far from the goal that he is guarding. “Get the ball clear, and then pass it,” is the standing order that guards are supposed to bear in mind.

But Skeeter, it was clear, intended obeying no such precedent. He made no attempt to pass the ball; instead, he continued his dribbling rush straight down the field. For an instant the opposing players were taken by surprise by these new tactics, and then the Lakeside center shot across the court to intercept him. He reached the spot; extended his hands for the ball. But on the instant that his fingers were beginning to close upon it, Skeeter's palm descended sharply upon the leather surface and the ball bounded lightly to one side. Another quick sweep with his hand brought it back in its course again, and Skeeter, having made a neat and lightning detour around the astonished Lakeside player, continued swiftly down the length of the court.

A second player, one of the formidable Lakeside guards, shot across toward him. Skeeter advanced straight ahead until the other had reached his very side; then, at the last instant, shot the ball unexpectedly off at a right angle. With a lightning squirm, he slid under the other's outstretched arm, and the next instant a roar of spontaneous applause shook the building as Skeet, grasping the ball in both hands for the first time, shot it aloft and directly through the basket.

"Great work!" said Tom, clapping Skeeter briefly on the shoulder as the teams reformed for the toss-up. "Play fast,—only four minutes more!"

Skeeter played fast. Ten seconds later he again had the ball in his possession. Once more he darted forth upon his astonishing zigzag course down the hall, dribbling the ball before him with superlative speed and skill. Again he shot by the opposing players with his lightning dodges, and again the rush ended with a swift toss aloft and a perfect goal.

"Score, 8 to 5; three and a half minutes to play," announced some one on the sidelines above the uproar, as the teams reformed on the court.

But by this time the Lakeside team had readjusted their play to this unusual mode of attack. "Keep the ball away from him," was the word that passed among them. "Watch him, everybody; don't let him get near it!"

Thereafter Lakeside kept the ball in the center of the court, and it was a full three minutes before one of the Fenton Park players managed to get possession of it. Instantly he shot it across to Skeeter and, like a flash, the little guard was off down the court, dribbling the ball ahead of him with one hand, dodging, twisting, and squirming. His wonderful natural speed, together with the sureness and ease in handling the ball that his long hours of practice had given him, enabled him to elude the desperate attempts that Lakeside made to stay his progress. Again the ball soared aloft before Lakeside's goal. It struck the wall behind the basket, bounced down upon the circular rim itself, wavered an instant, and then fell—inside!

"Seven to eight, favor of Lakeside," shouted the scorer as the teams hastily formed for the toss-up. On the bench beside him, the timekeeper, eyes on his

watch, drew a nickel-plated whistle from his pocket and held it ready in his hand.

The ball shot up between the opposing centers. Tom gave Skeeter the signal that he was going to attempt to knock the ball across into his hands. Skeeter nodded and, as the ball descended, Tom jumped high in the air and shot it across into his teammate's waiting hands. The play had succeeded, and Skeeter was off like a flash. But when he had advanced two-thirds down the court, something caused him to glance hastily at the timekeeper on the sidelines across the hall, and he saw that the other was just setting the whistle to his lips.

There would be no time to finish his dribbling rush; Skeeter realized that instantly. Tom Kane, at the moment was abreast of him, running in the same direction. Like a flash Skeeter shot the ball across into his hands.

“Shoot!” he said, tensely.

The captain understood. He came to a sudden stop, poised the ball at arm's length for a second, and then, just as the opposing center bore down upon him, hurled it forward. The ball sped high over the player's heads, inscribing a long and graceful semicircle in the air.

The timekeeper's whistle blew sharp and shrilly, telling that the game was over. But an instant before, the ball had ended its flight, falling directly into the center of the basket; a perfect field goal.

“Nine to eight,” announced the scorer, in the instant of silence that followed. “Fenton Park's game!”

XXV

A FAMOUS LACROSSE STRUGGLE

BY GEORGE HOUNSFIELD FORD

IN the front rank of sports for boys is the native American game, lacrosse. In common with baseball and foot-ball, it has the advantage of being a team game as opposed to such individual games as tennis, and it cultivates the speed and agility necessary to the sprint runner, and the lung-power and endurance of the long-distance cyclist. It is less dangerous to life and limb than any game of nearly equal activity, and, from the spectator's standpoint, is the most interesting and brilliant of all the sports.

Possessing all these advantages, it is hard to see why lacrosse is not more generally played by our boys.

The Canadians excel at the game because their boys get lacrosse-sticks as soon as they are strong enough to hold them, and small sticks are provided which even the youngest can wield. In England and Ireland there are teams by the dozen, and thousands attend the matches. Yet in the United States, which is really the home of the game, there are hardly more than a score of teams.

Happily, interest in the game is growing, but as yet it is played ordinarily by young men; and it is in the hope of interesting some boys that this story of an exciting, well-played match is written.

The materials required for the game consist of the

goals, a solid rubber ball, a lacrosse-stick for each player, and a "lot." The only one of these that requires explanation is the stick. The shaft of tough hickory is very light and strong. It is strung with heavy gut, which is not tight like that on a tennis-racket, but is strung more loosely, so that it gives when struck by the ball. This enables the player to catch handily. With this stick all the play is made, touching the ball with the hands being strictly barred.

The object of the game is, as in foot-ball, to attack your opponents' goal and at the same time defend your own; but the scoring is done by driving the ball through the goal, and not over it, as in that game. The goals are set one at each end of the field, generally about one hundred and ten yards apart, and there should be at least fifty feet of open field behind each for play behind goal. Two seven-foot sticks about one and a half inches in diameter, set firmly one foot deep in the ground and just six feet apart, constitute the goal. English players have added a great improvement to the goal, however, which has been adopted in this country and Canada. It consists of a bag of stout netting, stretched from the goal-posts and from a cross-bar between them to the ground at a point about seven feet back of the goal. The object of this net is to remove a source of frequent disputes as to whether the "shot"—for so the throw which sends the ball through the goal is called—went through, just to one side, or above the goal. It is almost impossible for the umpire to tell whether the ball passed just six feet above the ground, or six feet and half an inch. The first would be a "goal," the second "no goal"; but on such decisions as this many a match has been won,—and many an umpire's reputation lost. The net eliminates all this, for if the ball goes through the six-foot

square opening it will be found in the bag; and nobody can blame the bag.

Just as two or three boys with bat and ball can play "ball," any number of players can enjoy lacrosse; but a full team consists of twelve players. They are divided into "attack" or "home," and "defense," and in the game, are so placed on the field that each attack-player of one team is opposed by one of the defense of the other. These positions they are supposed to hold throughout the game, hunting in couples, each player covering only his own part of the field.

With the players in these positions, the start or "face-off" is made as follows: The two centers lay the backs of their sticks flat on the ground and side by side, with just room enough between to admit the ball. The referee drops the ball between the sticks, blows his whistle, and the battle is on.

The centers immediately "draw" their sticks by pulling them along the ground and at the same time pressing hard against the ball. Each is endeavoring by some skilful stratagem to pick it up himself, or, failing this, to force it to his own third-attack, who stands ready and eager to receive it. One of the third-attacks is lucky enough to get it, and instantly darts away a few feet to rid himself of the opposing third-defense. The cry goes up, "Uncover!" which means that the attack-men of the side holding the ball should get way from the opposing defense-men, so that third-attack can pass the ball to one of them, and so forward from man to man toward the enemy's goal. This the defense tries to prevent by covering so closely that poor third-attack will have no friend free to whom he can throw the ball without danger of losing it to the defense. All this time he has to avoid the efforts of his immediate opponent, who is struggling with might and

main to knock the ball from third-attack's stick with his own.

Thinking that he sees second-attack uncovered at last, he throws.

Alas! second-attack is not quick enough and wily second-defense picks the ball out of the air, and in an instant has passed to his own attack, and the whole aspect of the struggle is changed. So fast is this passing that goals, or "games," as they are also called, are sometimes made in a few seconds from the face-off, and meantime the ball may have been in the possession of a dozen players. Again, it may take half an hour to make a single score, and during that period each goal may have been threatened many times, and saved by the true eye and skilful hand of goal-keeper or "point"; for in this position are placed the steadiest and safest men.

It is this rapid change of situation which makes the game so intensely interesting to the spectators. After each score the teams return to their original positions and the ball is faced off as before. The time of playing is usually one hour, or one and a half actual playing time, all time out for any cause being deducted. It is divided into two equal periods, with a rest between, after which the teams change goals. In Canada they change with every score, and the length of the rest depends on the time taken to make the previous goal.

Now let us line up our teams and play over our "famous struggle."

A beautiful June afternoon finds our playing-field, with its long stretch of velvety, bright-green turf surrounded by a gallery of three thousand spectators, a large number of them women, whose bright spring costumes make a lovely frame for the picturesque struggle. And here be it said that the ladies love the game

of lacrosse, for it is so pretty, and so easily understood.

Over the ropes jump the players, clad in the lightest of running-costumes, for they dare not carry an extra ounce of weight to take the edge off their speed. The visitors are in blue, the home players in red. Referee and time-keepers are quickly chosen, and the players take position. A blast from the referee's whistle, and before you have a chance to cheer, the blues have the ball, and, darting here and there with dexterous passing from man to man, are threatening the red goal. "Outside home" has the ball, dodges "cover-point," and whirls round to "shoot." It looks like a score. But look! As the ball leaves his stick at lightning speed, steady "point," hero of many a fray, jumps from his place and nips the ball in mid-air, almost as it leaves the stick. No time for him to seek a friend to aid him, and he must get the ball away from the goal; so a long throw is his only resource. The very instant his feet hit the ground, it comes, and away goes the ball, full ninety yards, to be fought for by the opposing forces at the other end of the field. The red supporters cheer, but only for an instant, for the blue defense have secured the ball, and back it comes, as before. How fast they are, these blue men! What stick-handlers! Why, the reds have no chance at all! Wait. The red players are slower of foot, to be sure, and at times clumsy with their sticks, compared to the blue; but their defense is stone wall, and meets the blue attack in solid fashion. Again the shot is attempted, again stopped, and back goes the ball. Over and over this occurs; and now we are beginning to understand that the experienced and heady red captain has planned his game to meet his opponents' strong points with his own strength, so we have speed and

accurate passing pitted against steadiness and endurance.

If we could have peeped into the room where the red team was gathered to receive the captain's last lecture before the game, we would have heard him say, "Hold them for twenty minutes, and I'll promise you a win," and the hearty response, "We'll do it." So they are playing "defense," and trying to score only if they get a chance, not working for the opportunity, as the blues are. The battle goes on. Once the blues give the reds their chance. First-attack has the ball clear, within seven yards of the goal. No goal-keeper can stop it at that distance, if the shot be true. Agonized screams of "Shoot!" "Shoot!" come from a thousand throats whose owners, unmindful that the player has ears for only one voice, his captain's, see the chance. As if the player did not! Before the word leaves their lips the ball has left his stick. A goal! Alas, no! It hits the slender cross-bar and bounds above. A sure goal without the nets,—for what umpire would dare deny it?—but honestly missed by the quarter of an inch. Hot work this; but no time for regrets, as the blue point (by no means an oyster) is on the ball in an instant and has started it back. Now the blues gain an advantage; for one of the red "fielders," as the three men in the center are sometimes called, has been dodged and passed by his opponent. This compels the next red player to run forward to meet and check the blue runner and force him to throw the ball, thus leaving his immediate opponent uncovered; and this manœuvre, repeated at each successive position on the attack-field, gives the blues each time an extra man to receive and pass on the ball. An enormous advantage. How can it be stopped?

The unhappy wretch who has been "passed" knows

his only chance to retrieve his error, and before his captain's warning "Come back!" has reached his ears, he is sprinting straight down the field to get "ahead of the ball." Can he make it? Third-defense is drawn out, second and first make frantic dashes to stop the rush; but over their heads, or whizzing by just out of reach, goes the ball to the blue man they have just left. Cover-point, who has been doing wonders, starts forward and shares their fate. Point is bending over, ready for his dash, yet keeping an eye on that red shirt that is surely overtaking the play. Now point goes out, makes a desperate spring, and misses the ball by a hair's breadth, and goal-keeper must come out and leave the goal unguarded. Not yet; for the one who is responsible for all this is up at last, and with a tiger's bound is upon the blue "outside home," and spills him, ball and all, upon the turf, from which goal-keeper calmly picks up the little sphere and starts it back whence it came. With a lighter heart, the unhappy red fielder picks himself up and starts a sprint to beat the ball back before it can get to his own position, and with him takes his captain's cheering words:

"Well played, old man; get back quickly."

Hot word indeed, and the best winded of them are blowing a little, though the game is young, and there is no rest for any one till some one scores.

Soon the red goal-keeper has a chance to show his mettle. The blue attack has drawn out his defense, and their "inside home," scarce five yards distant, and with just the suspicion of a sure-thing smile on his face, is posing the ball for his throw. The only hope is to reach him ere he can shoot; so with one quick, strong step to give him momentum, goal-keeper springs through the air right at his victim; and not in vain is his effort, for as they strike both fall heavily, and the

ball rolls harmlessly by the goal. Up they jump, the aggressor profuse in apologies for the roughness of his play; but inside home responds:

"Don't think of it. It was your only play, and mighty well done."

True sportsmen these, boys; are they not?

At last the blue attack-men, with a feint and a dodge, break through and shoot, and the telltale shaking of the net proclaims to all a goal. The backers of both teams break forth in applause, while the players squat for a moment on the turf, and the red captain hails the time-keepers: "How long?" "Twenty-three minutes." He smiles grimly, remembering his promise before the game, and with a "That's all right," seeks the water-pail.

"Face-off, and get at it!" calls the referee; and the game proceeds. Soon the reds try a shot, and miss again by an inch; then the blues, just before the half closes, score again, and leave the field at half-time, with the score "2 to 0" in their favor. How happy they are!

So are the reds; for the captain says: "Our game, boys. We've made them run themselves out. Now you attack-men make up, and you fielders feed the attack steadily. We'll take care of goal, and don't want you back there; though if I do call, come in like lightning."

Back to the field come the twenty-four, and cheers volley round the side-lines once again. The whistle blows, and away they go.

What a transformation in the red players! They charge the blue goal like a cavalry troop, and ere you understand it, bang! goes the ball fairly at the goal-keeper's feet, and bounds through. "Two minutes," says the timekeeper. "Line up quickly," calls the

captain; and they do. Three times in ten minutes the reds score, and the blues are demoralized. Then a cry goes up: "Time!" and the blue captain is on the ground, writhing. Referee calls time. "What's the matter" "Twisted my ankle." "Hurry it up," says referee; but five minutes pass, and up comes the red captain, furious, examines the prostrate figure, and solemnly protests: "He is all right now, Mr. Referee. I demand that the game proceed"; for he sees that by the delay he is losing his advantage. There is probably reason in this. The man is undoubtedly hurt, but is making the most of the accident to give his rattled team a chance to settle down. Referee allows more time; and the red captain tramps off, a much disgruntled citizen, only to return at intervals of half a minute and repeat again and again: "Mr. Referee, I must protest." Referee knows his business, and does n't mind all this in the least, but does the fair thing, and finally orders the man to play or leave the field. Up he jumps, spry as a cat, and off they go.

Now we see how much good the rest has done the blues, for the red rush is stopped, and finally blue scores again in ten minutes, and the game is tie at "three-all."

"Eight minutes to play!" and both captains eloquently exhort their tiring comrades to "brace and play up." "Two minutes to play!" and the reds score again in this way:

First-attack got the ball from a long throw, and with a lightning dodge passed first-defense. This drew cover-point forward, and the ball went by him to reds' outside home, thus uncovered. Point, however, saw the danger, was on him in a flash, and forced him to run back toward the goal line, but away to the left

A ROUGH CHECK



W. S. W. Co.

of the goal. He tried all the time to elude his pursuer and get rid of the ball. This he was unable to do till fairly on the goal-line when he successfully passed to first-attack, who had worked in close before the goal. Inside-home had in the meantime taken a position in front of and to the right of the goal, where he could easily score if he could get the ball. First-attack came a few steps nearer the goal, turned, and feinted a pass to inside-home. The goal-keeper, who all through the game had obstinately refused to be drawn from his post, was caught at last, and charged inside-home, expecting to find the ball with him. The goal thus open, first-attack tossed the ball through, and won the game.

My! how many dainty gloves will need repairs, and what a sale there will be for slippery-elm lozenges in town to-night!

The minute the goal is scored the red captain sees victory, and calls back the trustiest of his fielders to play right before the goal. This gives him an extra man on the defense, and shows that he will take no chances by trying to score again.

Now the blues are desperate, and come down the field like stampeded cattle, but the red defense takes it coolly, and manages to pick out the ball; and then, "Long throw, old man!" and away it goes — anywhere away from the goal. Once more the blues come on; but red second-defense jumps seemingly ten feet in air, and pulls down the ball; and as he does so a time-keeper calls: "Thirty seconds to play!" Then the red player heaves the ball mightily to the farther corner of the field, and, without looking after it, sits down, grunting:

"They can't get to it in thirty seconds!"

“Time!” the whistle blows. The three thousand rush yelling into the field, and the blue captain says to the red: “Congratulate you; you have a fine team.”

That is lacrosse, boys. Is it worth playing?

XXVI

BOYS AND THE AIR-SHIP

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

IN the boy's calendar nowadays the aëroplane season comes in with sledding and runs all through skating, marble, top, kite-flying, and bicycle time. The delights of all the old games seem to be found in this marvelous new toy. The fun in throwing a top cannot compare with that of launching an aëroplane, while kite-flying is a very poor substitute for the actual conquest of the air. To watch one of these fascinating little ships of the air, which you have fashioned and built with your own hands, actually rise from the earth and soar aloft with a swallow's swiftness, is perhaps the greatest boy's sport in the world. Certainly no new game or toy has ever taken such hold of the boy's imagination, and in so short a time enrolled such an army of enthusiasts.

Throughout the country to-day several thousand boy aviators are struggling with the problem of the air-ship. Among these junior aëronauts the record for height and that for distance in flying are matters of quite as lively interest as among the grown-ups. The great contests of aviators here and abroad are watched with intelligent interest. Let a new form of aëroplane, a biplane or monoplane, appear, and it is quickly reproduced by scores of models and its virtues put to an actual test. If a new wing or new plan for insuring stability is invented, a new thought in the steering-

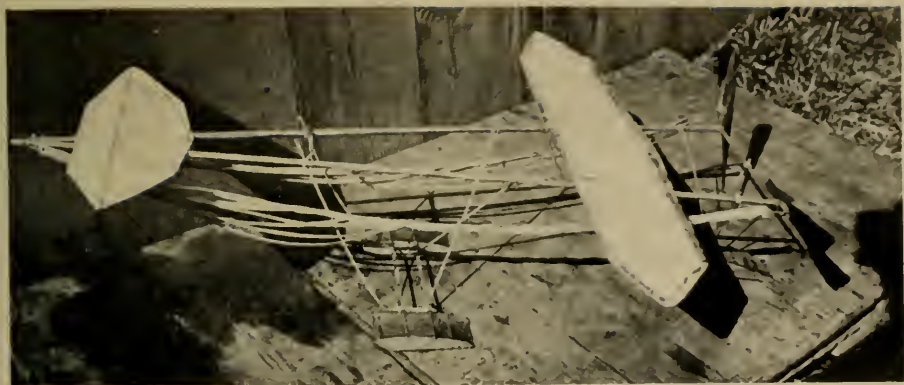
device, or some new application of power, it is instantly the subject of earnest discussion among the junior aëronauts the country over.

Nor are junior aëronauts merely imitators. The mystery of the problems of the air, the fascination of a new world of conquest, make a strong appeal to the American temperament. With thousands of bright boys working with might and main to build air-ships which will actually fly, there is certain to be real progress. Thousands of different models have been designed and put to actual test. This army of inventors, ranging in age from twelve to eighteen years, some of whom will be the aviators of the future, cannot fail to do great service, as time goes on, in the actual conquest of the air.

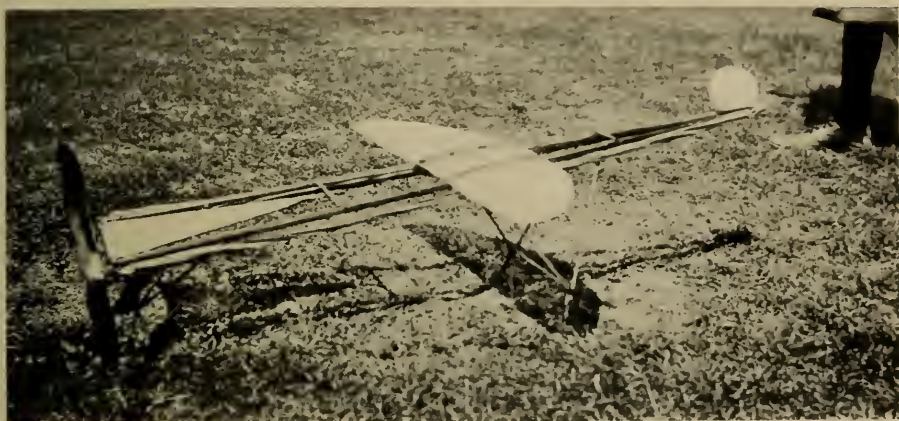
Within a few months this army of inventors was organized into clubs, and a regular program of tournaments arranged. The junior aëro clubs are found in connection with many schools, both public and private; they are made features of the Young Men's Christian Association amusements, or they become identified with various neighborhoods. Tournaments are arranged between clubs of different cities or States.

The junior aëro world has its prizes, which are scarcely less coveted than the rewards for actual flight. Already definite rules have been laid down for conducting these tests and for making official records of flights. It is possible, therefore, to compare the records made in different cities or countries with one another.

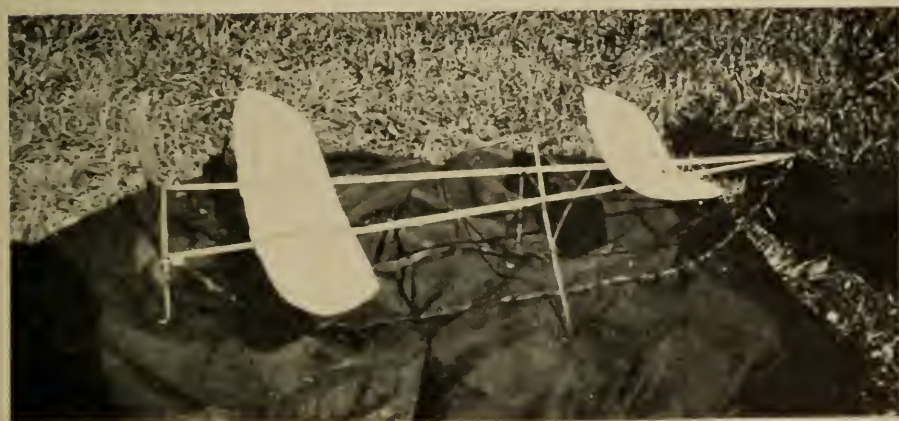
The junior aëro tournaments are likely to be one of the most thrilling experiences in a boy's life. The feats which the world has watched with such breathless interest at aviation meets, are reproduced in miniature in these boys' contests without loss of enthu-



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siasm. The weeks or months of preparation in scores of little workshops are now put to an actual test. The model air-ship, which has cost so many anxious and delightful hours in the building, is to spread its wings with scores of similar air-craft. The superiority of various models is to be tested without fear or favor.

For the young inventors, even for the mere layman in such matters, the scene is extremely animated. On every hand one sees the inventors tuning up their air-craft for the final test. There are lively discussions in progress over the marvelous little toys. The layman hears a new language spoken with perfect confidence about him. The boys have already made the picturesque vocabulary of the world of aviation their own. To hear a crowd of these enthusiasts shout their comments as the air-ships fly about is in itself an education in advanced aëronautics.

Directly the field is cleared, the judges take their position, and the junior sky-pilot toes the mark, air-ship in hand. "One, two, three," shouts the starter, and with a whirl the graceful air-craft is launched. The flutter of the tiny propeller suggests the sudden rise of a covey of partridges. The little craft, at once so graceful and frail, defies all the accepted laws of gravitation. It darts ahead in long, undulating curves as it floats over the invisible air-currents. As in the aëroplanes of larger size, the length of the flight is dependent almost wholly on the motive power. As the little engine slows down, the craft wavers, and then in a long curve, for it can do nothing ungraceful, it glides to rest, skidding along the ground like a bird reluctant to leave the sky.

When the time comes for the races between the air-craft, enthusiasm runs high. Naturally these contests are the most popular features of the tournament.

A line of inventors, air-craft in hand, usually six at a time, take their positions at the starting-line. Each air-craft has been tuned to its highest powers. The labor of weeks, the study of air-craft problems, the elaboration of pet inventive schemes, are represented in the shining model. And the problem before the young inventors is most baffling. There are few models to work from, the science is still so young, and the inventor may well feel himself something of a Columbus in launching his frail craft upon this uncharted sea.

At the signal half a dozen propellers are instantly released, a whirring as of innumerable light wings fills the air. The curious flock of mechanical birds rises and falls, dipping in long, graceful curves as they struggle toward the goal. Some graceful little craft shoulders along beside a glistening monoplane which resembles a great hawk with wings outspread.

The thrill of an aëroplane race is a sensation peculiarly its own. It seems so astonishing that the graceful little craft should remain aloft at all, that they are a never-failing delight to the eye. The varying fortunes of the race, the temporary lead gained by one craft, to be lost the next moment to another, which a second later itself falls behind, and the final heat between the survivors in the race as they approach the goal, are enough to drive the average boy crazy with delight.

The rules for these contests are rigidly observed. Each air-craft is sent aloft by its inventor or owner. The start must be made from a mark, and of course each boy must toe the mark exactly. There must be three judges for each event. One stands at the starting-line and gives the word of command for the start of the race or flight, as the case may be. A second

judge stands midway down the course, and the third at or near the finishing-line. Each young aviator winds up his craft, adjusts the power with his own hands, and sets the rudder for the flight.

The miniature air-craft must act in flight exactly the same as the great working air-craft which carry men aloft. A toy air-ship must make its flight in a horizontal position, and if it turns over in flight, even though it flies farther and faster than any other, it is disqualified. The craft must also fly in a reasonably straight line toward the goal, and should it be deflected for any reason and go off at a tangent, the flight, no matter how successful otherwise, will not be counted. In case of a collision between air-craft, the race is repeated. The responsibility for adjusting the power, arranging the steering-gear, and giving direction to the flight at the start is entirely in the hands of the young engineer himself.

In measuring the length of the flights, again, the point at which the air-ship first touches the ground is fixed arbitrarily as the end. Often the little craft merely grazes the ground to rise and skid for many feet, but in the official count this secondary flight is not considered. First and last, no one but the owner of the little craft is permitted to touch it. The grace with which the ship lands is also taken into consideration in granting the prizes. Each boy is permitted three trials. The present national record for distance in the United States is over one mile. As in the regular aviation world, these records rarely stand for more than a few days at a time.

These air-ships are driven by rubber bands which are turned on themselves until they are tightly knotted, when in unwinding they serve to drive the propeller around some hundreds of times. The rubber is so light

that it adds little to the weight of the craft. Experiments have been made in driving the propeller with compressed air, which is carried in an aluminium rod fastened beneath the planes. But the force of thousands of youthful inventive geniuses is certain to bring forth some satisfactory motive power.

It is characteristic of the American boy that our young aviators should feel themselves disgraced to fly a model not of their own make. As a result, miniature craft of amazing ingenuity and workmanship are being turned out by the amateur aviators all over the country. The materials employed, such as rattan, bamboo, or light lath, and the silk for covering the planes, or the wires for bracing the frame, cost but a few pennies. Toy aviation is one of the most democratic of sports.

There are scores of model aëro-clubs. New York has probably the largest of these clubs, but the movement is very active elsewhere. In Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, and on the Pacific coast such clubs are growing rapidly.

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